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HISTORICAL PORTRAITS

OF

THE TUDOR DYNASTY AND THE REFORMATION PERIOD.

BY

S. HUBERT BURKE,

AUTHOR OF "THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE REFORMATION."

"Time unveils all Truth."

VOL. IV.—SECOND EDITION.

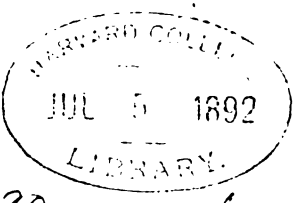
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INTRODUCTION.

In closing this work, I beg to express my grateful acknowledgments to the Dukes of Norfolk and Northumberland for the kind and most welcome interest they have taken in the publication of the "Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty."

Again, I must express my respectful acknowledgments to those clergymen of the Established Church who, in the course of my literary inquiries, have afforded me opportunities of consulting MSS., documents, rare blackletter books, diaries, &c., in their possession.

I cheerfully accord to all those who have in any way assisted me the well-merited expression of my gratitude. To the officials of the literary department of the British Museum I would be more diffuse in my thanks, as they one and all have so long deserved, did not the experience of two-and-twenty years prove that courtesy, kindly attention, and delicate consideration seem to be such unavoidable attributes of the gentlemen who officiate in that important department of an unrivalled institution, as to render superfluous the enunciation of individual gratitude.

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The reviewer of a literary journal who seems to be particularly hostile to my style of relating historical narratives, recently stated that I "re-appear undaunted and unabashed." Yes, I do "re-appear undaunted and unabashed," because I am the advocate of "Historical Truth"—a sentiment which I believe to be esteemed and honoured by every high-minded and chivalrous Englishman. And, in taking leave of my kind readers, may I, without presumption, express a hope that the time is not far distant when the Historical Literature of this country will stand forth without reproach, and English writers will commence a chivalrous rivalry in the honourable and beneficent work of disentombing the true history of the noblest and the grandest nation on the globe?

S. H. BURKE.

London, *April* 13, 1883.

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HISTORICAL PORTRAITS

OF

THE TUDOR DYNASTY AND THE REFORMATION PERIOD.

CHAPTER I.

THE QUEEN AND HER KINDRED.

At the accession of Elizabeth, she had four cousins who had claims to the Crown—namely, Mary Queen of Scots, the granddaughter of Margaret, Queen of Scotland, elder sister of Henry VIII.; next came Catherine and Mary Gray, daughters of Henry, Marquis of Dorset,* and granddaughters of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, by Mary, known as the Queen-Duchess, and younger sister to King Henry VIII. Lady Eleanor Brandon, the second daughter of Mary, the Queen-Duchess, became the wife of the Earl of Cumberland, and the daughter of this lady was known in early life as Margaret Clifford, and subsequently Countess of Derby.

* The reader is aware that the Marquis of Dorset was created Duke of Suffolk by the father-in-law of Jane Dudley, known as the rebel Lord Warwick, who assumed the title of Duke of Northumberland. Several of the parties in question perished on the scaffold; and confiscation, misfortune, imprisonment, or exile, formed the lot of their descendants.

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In the "Hatton Letter Bag" are to be seen four letters which throw some light upon the capricious tyranny exercised by Elizabeth towards those who were "royally connected with her." Three of the letters in question are from Margaret, Countess of Derby, to Sir Christopher Hatton, begging of him to intercede with the Queen for her. This "poor, wretched, abandoned lady," as she touchingly calls herself, was the only surviving child of Henry De Clifford, second Earl of Cumberland, by his first wife, Eleanor, daughter and co-heiress of Charles, Duke of Suffolk, by Mary, daughter of King Henry VII., and "some short time" Queen Dowager of France. This lady was consequently first cousin, once removed, to Queen Elizabeth. Lady Margaret De Clifford, in February, 1555, married Henry Stanley, fourth Earl of Derby,* by whom she had four sons. The letters to which I have referred contain the only evidence known of the Queen's fierce resentment to the Countess of Derby, who had been many years a captive without having an opportunity of being publicly accused of any crime.

It is a remarkable fact that the husband of Lady Derby made not the slightest effort to obtain her liberation, but continued to be a Royal favourite all the time his wife was languishing in a dungeon.† Upon this case of Tudor despotism and cruelty Miss Strickland remarks, "The ill-treatment

* Edward, the third Earl of Derby (of the House of Stanley), was celebrated for his unbounded liberality in money transactions, and the profuse style of his different establishments. He died in 1572. Camden says, "With this most worthy noble of the House of Derby, the glory of English hospitality was in a manner laid asleep." Lord Derby had two hundred and twenty servants on his cheque roll for forty-two years. Twice a day sixty old and decrepid poor were fed with bread, meat, and beer at the expense of this munificent nobleman.

† Miss Strickland's Tudor Princesses.

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of this noble lady affords a striking picture of the Golden Days of the Good Queen Bess."

At one period the Earls of Derby were Kings of the Isle of Man, and kept court at Rushen Castle—once a very interesting place. The Countess of Derby in question, after her marriage, held a gay court, as Queen, in the Isle of Man, which was her lawful privilege. It was supposed that this ancient title excited the jealousy of Elizabeth, but there were other causes.

Lady Derby says "that Hatton was the only person in the Court that had shown any compassion for her, and he exerted himself in obtaining some alleviation of her sufferings."

It is said that the Queen's hatred of Lady Derby had its origin in the gossip of Court ladies, who reported that the Countess of Derby "remarked many years back that the descendants of Henry VIII.'s two sisters had a better claim to the Crown than *Nan-de-Boleyn's bastard.*" It was also bruited that Lady Derby made a solemn declaration of the falsehood of the above allegations to Sir Francis Walsingham, who appears to have been friendly to her cause. The Countess was on intimate terms with the Queen of Scots, which, in itself, would create a suspicion in the mind of Elizabeth. Mary Stuart frequently wrote of the English Queen "as Nan-de-Boleyn's bastard." Through the agency of Cecil, more than one of the Queen of Scots' letters, using those epithets, were shown to Elizabeth by Court ladies. Cecil would not dare do it himself, because he well understood the fierce passion of the Queen. The upper classes were surrounded by Cecil's secret agents, who coloured and misrepresented everything they heard related in private society. It was likewise difficult to ascertain who were playing this dishonourable and wicked game. One lady who had been the most trusted by the

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courtiers—men and women—had been twelve years the well-paid spy of Cecil. Two years after her death the secret was accidentally discovered, but was quickly hushed up, from the fact that her daughters were then connected with the Court, and in high favour with Lord Leicester—an incident which goes far to impeach their honour.

The Queen took possession of the Countess of Derby's lands, and acted with dishonesty as well as cruelty, yet the unfortunate lady writes to her Royal oppressor in the most abject style. Here is a specimen :—

"My dread and gracious Sovereign, *most renowned in all clemency and justice, I do prostrate myself and most humbly crave that it will please your Highness favourably to read, and mercifully to conceive,* of these few lines and wretched estate of a very poor distressed woman."

The purport of the letter was to supplicate the payment of her debts out of the rental of the lands which the Queen had taken into her own hands. Lady Derby concludes in these words :—

"*I kneel most humbly at your Royal and gracious feet,* and pray to God that shortly my heavy and dry sorrows may be quenched with the sweet *dew and moisture of your Majesty's abundant grace and virtue.* . . . And again: I remain, *your most woful* and *miserable thrall,*

MARGARET, COUNTESS OF DERBY."

The Countess of Derby was a close prisoner from her husband and children for ten years, for "a supposed crime," of which, with all the judicial machinery of the Star Chamber at hand, the Queen did not dare to offer proofs. As to the husband of this unfortunate lady, he was thoroughly despised by whatever virtue and manliness remained amongst the venal

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aristocracy of the realm. The last infamous action of his life was that of "volunteering" his services to the Queen in carrying through the judicial murder of the Queen of Scots.

The sad history of the granddaughter of the Queen-Duchess is still a mystery. The above letter was written about 1580. Lady Derby lived sixteen years later, and it is supposed that she died at one of the Queen's private prisons. For instance, Mary Gray and Anne Scudamore were in the "safe keeping" of Bishop Horne's reputed wife—a dame who is said to have been as great a virago and persecutor of female prisoners as "Bess of Hardwick" (Lady Shrewsbury), had been to the Queen of Scots, when at Tutbury Castle.

In the thirty-third year of Queen Elizabeth's reign (1581) all the women of the Gray family, including Mary Gray, had passed away; persecution and poverty were their fate under the rule of Elizabeth.

Elizabeth looked upon her mother's relatives in a different light from the descendants of her father's sisters—the Princesses Margaret and Mary Tudor—whom she hated with malignant fervour. The Butlers of Ormonde were Elizabeth's Irish cousins at the "Boleyn side." In the first year of her reign the Queen conferred the Order of the Garter on the young Duke of Norfolk, who was her second cousin. This nobleman was the son of the Earl of Surrey, whom, as the reader is aware, Henry VIII. sent to the scaffold.

Elizabeth's great-uncle, Lord WILLIAM HOWARD, was created Baron of Effingham by Queen Mary; under Elizabeth he enjoyed the office of Lord Chamberlain.

Lord THOMAS HOWARD, who was first cousin to Anna Boleyn, was created Viscount Bindon by the Queen, and continued much in Royal favour to the end of his life. He was a zealous Catholic, but her Highness never interfered with his

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practice of the Olden Creed. Blanche Parry states that the Queen had immense faith in her Catholic relatives.

Sir RICHARD SACKVILLE, another of Anna Boleyn's cousins, filled different fiscal offices under the Tudor family. Sackville was a man of varied abilities and business habits—talents not much prized in the reign of Elizabeth. The fact of being one of the Queen's relatives did not tend to make Sackville popular with the time-serving courtiers; yet he fully represented the bad qualities of those who censured him, for he was mean, vindictive, and unprincipled. He derived large estates from his family in Sussex. The people of Sussex disliked him for his exacting mode of dealing, and they styled the Royal favourite "fill-sack." In Queen Mary's reign Sackville returned to the creed of his fathers; and upon the accession of Elizabeth — unsolicited — became a Protestant again. Elizabeth had little confidence in those men who were constantly changing their religion, and in many cases she "set spies upon them." The complications attending the political situation of Elizabeth compelled her to accept the services of such men as Sackville. Richard Sackville was father of the poet of that name, subsequently known as Lord Buckhurst, who succeeded Lord Burleigh in the office of Treasurer, or, as now styled, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Sir FRANCIS KNOLLYS, whose wife was a near kinswoman to the Queen, became a Puritan at an early period of life. His sons gained influence at Court, and received various grants of land. His beautiful daughter, the mother of the ill-fated Robert, Earl of Essex, and subsequently the wife of Lord Leicester, was long an object of deadly hate to Queen Elizabeth.

Of all Elizabeth's relatives the one who deserved most at her hands was Henry Carey, brother to Lady Knollys and

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son to Mary Boleyn, the Queen's aunt. Carey had expended a large portion of his own private fortune upon Elizabeth during her imprisonment, and she liberally requited his friendship when Queen. He was created Baron Hunsdon, and received several of the confiscated estates. He proved to Elizabeth a most loyal subject and devoted friend. Lord Hunsdon was skilled as little in the ceremonies and sentimental gallantry which his Royal Mistress required from her courtiers as in the "circumspect and winding policy" which she so much approved in the actions of her statesmen. It has been affirmed by a contemporary that, as "Hunsdon lived in a ruffling time, so he loved sword and bucklermen." He had the reputation of "high integrity," according to the notions of honesty in practice in those days of religious hypocrisy and cant. It was said of him that his Latin and his dissimulation were both alike—"equally bad." Elizabeth thoroughly understood such men, but "circumstances" made the otherwise courageous woman silent.

THOMAS RADCLYFFE, Earl of Sussex, has been styled the "most courtly and grand of Elizabeth's Peers." He hated Lord Leicester, and openly displayed a hostility, which was more than reciprocated by the Royal favourite. The manner in which the mutual rancour was exhibited became characteristic. It was courageous, manly, outspoken on the part of Sussex—base, cowardly, and underhand on that of Leicester. Thomas Radclyffe was the third of his name who bore the title of Sussex. He was the son of the man styled the "good Earl," who so effectually befriended Elizabeth when in adversity, and proved in all ways worthy of her respect. The Earl of whom I write (Thomas) was, by his mother, daughter of Thomas, second Duke of Norfolk, and first cousin to Anna Boleyn. During the reign of Mary his high

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character and well-known loyalty caused him to be employed, first in an embassy to Charles V. to arrange the Queen's marriage articles, and afterwards in the post of Lord-Deputy of Ireland; whilst in the latter office, it is contended that Lord Sussex acted with great severity to the native Irish. The State Papers of Mary's reign are silent as to such proceedings.*

In September, 1556, Sussex was in Dublin as Queen Mary's Lord Deputy. The Catholic worship was restored, and the "accommodating" representative of the Queen went to Mass in state, surrounded by a number of knights and squires in elegant attire. So far he was popular with the Irish—*the Irish of the Pale*—but the O'Moores, and the O'Connors, like other septs, were still the deadly enemies of the English connection. About the period of Queen Mary's accession, the O'Moores and neighbouring clans made a well-organised attack on the English of the Pale, and "put man, woman, and child to the sword;" they also wantonly destroyed property by fire, and did many acts of barbarism uncalled for by the conduct of the settlers, who were not always in the wrong—far from it. At this period there was not the slightest difference in doctrine or discipline between the Church *without* the Pale and the Church *within*.

The "lawless wanderers," who lived by making incursions upon their neighbours' lands, are styled in the despatches to the English Council as "Redshanks."

A vast expenditure of blood and money took place in the reign of Henry VIII., in order to put down the movements of

* A fire took place in the Government Offices of Dublin Castle on the 15th of April, 1711, by which a large quantity of State Papers, ranging over centuries, were consumed. Amongst the correspondence were the "high-handed" letters of Wolsey, suggesting a more rigid policy for subjugating the native Irish.

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the O'Moores and O'Connors. The English officials of those times seldom made any attempt at conciliating the native inhabitants. To exterminate, debase, and insult the people seems to have been the only permanent policy adopted by the Lords of the Privy Council in Ireland.

The "Scotch intruders" were the people who gave most trouble to the Government of Queen Mary in Ireland. The Irish Parliament—acting in the interest of England—passed a statute making it treason "to encourage in any form the Scotch soldiers of fortune." In the reign of James I. the opposite policy was unscrupulously carried out by the extermination of nine-tenths of the Ulster Catholics.* According to the statement of Judge Coxe and Father Campion—both eminent Englishmen †—it was made felony for the Irish or the English of the Pale, to intermarry with the Scots without a licence under the Great Seal.

Queen Mary's Council expended the sum of £25,000 in putting down "risings in Ireland." The Queen considered the Irish Catholics very ungrateful to her. But for what, it may be asked, could the Irish be grateful to any member of the Tudor family, whether Catholic or Protestant?

On the last visit of Lord Sussex to Ireland he represented Elizabeth. On this occasion he aided in "pulling down the Church which he had so recently uplifted." It would, however, be unjust to attach all the censure of unreasoning

* See Macnevin's Plantation of Ulster.

† Coxe filled the office of Recorder of Kinsale, a place of some importance in those days. Mr. Coxe was the author of a work entitled "Hibernia Anglicana." He is described by O'Dempsey, "the learned Franciscan," as "a man of extensive learning, wit, and honesty." I question the latter, for honesty was a rare virtue amongst public men in those times.

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oppression to the English Protestant party, for long before Protestantism appeared in this realm the Celtic Catholics were ground down and misgoverned by the English Catholics. The State Papers of Ireland, and the records of Dublin Castle, are quite conclusive on this subject. However, Ireland under Elizabeth's rule startles humanity. The barbarous and treacherous conduct of her Lord Deputies and the "soldiers of fortune" who visited the Irish shore, stand forth without a parallel in the history of civilised nations. Indeed it would appear altogether incredible, but that it has been so accurately certified in the boastful despatches of the times, where the name of the Almighty is so frequently invoked in papers recording the commission of deeds of wholesale carnage and plunder. Anon I shall return to the "Irish difficulty."

Queen Elizabeth, wishing to avail herself of the services of Lord Sussex at home, recalled him in 1565.

The apparent cause of quarrel between Sussex and Leicester seems to have been their difference of opinion respecting the Austrian match for the Queen; but this was more the pretext than the motive of an animosity deeply rooted in the nature and position of each, and probably called into action by provocations hitherto unchronicled. According to a contemporary of critical judgment, the disposition of Sussex was courageous and sincere; his spirit high, his judgment clear and strong; his whole character honourable and upright. In the arts of a courtier, which he despised, he was incomparably inferior to Leicester. Sussex was, however, endowed with penetration sufficient to detect, beneath the garb of hypocrisy and artifice in which they were involved, the vices of Leicester's disposition, and he could not without anger and shame behold a princess whose blood he shared, whose character he honoured, and whose service he had him-

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self embraced with pure devotion, the unconscious dupe of an adventurer so despicable in the estimation of all honourable and true men.

The sarcasms of Sussex roused in Leicester an animosity which he made no effort to disguise: with the exception of Cecil and his friends, who stood neuter, the whole Court divided into factions upon the quarrel of these two powerful Peers; and to such an extremity were matters carried that for some time neither of them would stir abroad without a numerous train, armed, according to the fashion of the day, with daggers and spiked bucklers. Scarcely could the Queen herself restrain these "angry opposites" from breaking out into acts of violence. At length, however, summoning them both into her presence, her Highness forced them to a reconciliation, just as sincere as such pacifications by authority have for the most part proved. The open and unmeasured enmity of Sussex seems to have been productive in the end of more injury to his own friends than to Leicester. The storm under which the latter had bent for the instant rapidly passed away, and he once more stood erect in the plenitude of power. To revenge himself by the ruin or disgrace of Sussex was yet, however, beyond his strength. The well-founded confidence of Elizabeth in the abilities and attachment of Lord Sussex, Leicester found to be invincible; but against his friends and adherents, and against the Duke of Norfolk himself, his malignant arts succeeded to his best wishes, and it seems not improbable that Leicester, for the purpose of carrying on without interruption his practices against them, concurred in procuring for his adversary an honourable exile in the shape of an embassy to the Court of the Emperor, on which he departed in the year 1567. After his return from this mission, the Queen named the Earl of Sussex Lord President of the North, an

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appointment which effectually removed him from the theatre of Court intrigue.

Lord Sussex died in June, 1583. He retained his hatred of the Royal favourite to the last. "I am now passing into another world," said he to his friends, who surrounded his death-bed, "and I must leave you to your fortunes and the Queen's grace and goodness. But beware of the gipsy,* or he will be too hard for you all; you know not the nature of the beast as well as I do."†

On his death-bed Sussex, like many others, returned to the religion of his fathers. He died at his mansion in Bermondsey —a locality where many of the notables of those times resided. The domestic life of Sussex was "clouded and unhappy." Queen Elizabeth had some personal dislike to the Countess of Sussex, and caused much mischief between husband and wife. The character of Lady Sussex was "without spot or stain."

The Queen appointed her cousin, Hunsdon, to fill the office vacated by the death of Sussex. Hunsdon and his Royal mistress did not agree on many matters. Elizabeth threatened to "put him up by the heels;" or to imprison him. He coolly replied, "Any imprisonment your Highness may put on me shall redound to your dishonour, because I neither have, nor will I deserve it." "The cousins" understood one another. Both were prone to outbursts of violent and uncontrolled passion. On those occasions Elizabeth seemed to forget the natural modesty of her sex and the dignity and honour of the Sovereign.

* It was bruited for many years that Leicester, when an infant, was carried off by a gipsy woman, and not discovered for three years, and then "doubtful." Subsequent events, however, proved that the child was "a thorough Dudley."

† Naunton's Fragmenta Regalia.

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I refer the reader to a chapter further on, entitled "The Northern Rebellion," for some particulars concerning Lord Hunsdon, which place his character in a somewhat amiable and independent light before posterity. The case to which I refer is that of Hunsdon and his noble prisoner, the chivalrous and unfortunate Earl of Northumberland.

Great interest naturally attached to everything connected with Queen Elizabeth. Her watch, her gloves, her riding whip, and her little silver goblet are preserved by some families as souvenirs of her abiding at favoured residences of the nobility. Several books have been produced by persons who alleged that they were once the property of Elizabeth, and who obtained liberal recompense for the attestation. It is pleasant to be able to endorse a few. There is at present in the county of Kerry, Ireland, an ancient and honourable family—that of Denny. It is probable that in the archives of that house are still preserved the interesting treasures bought on March 6, 1759, at the sale of "the Earl of Arran's curiosities," which sale took place at the period mentioned at his house in Covent Garden. Sir Thomas Denny, a lineal descendant of Sir Anthony Denny, one of the executors of Henry VIII., commissioned the following purchases :—The mittens given by the Queen Elizabeth to "Sir Edward Denny's Lady" brought £25 4s.; the gloves given by King Henry to Sir Anthony Denny £38 17s.; the gloves given by James the First to Edward Denny, Esq., son of the above Sir Anthony, £22 1s.; a scarf given by King Charles the First, for ten guineas. At the sale of the Duchess of Portland's valuable museum in 1786, some genuine books of Queen Elizabeth's were offered for competition, one of which is described as "Queen Elizabeth's little prayer book," containing six prayers composed by her, and written in a small neat hand on vellum.

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It is said the writing was that of the Queen herself. Two of the prayers were written in English, the other four in Latin, Greek, Italian, and French. On the inside of the cover were discovered two portraits, one of Elizabeth and the other of the Duke of Anjou. The binding was of black and green, with enamel clasps, and in the centre of each a ruby. After much competition for this interesting memento of the "good Queen Bess" it was sold for one hundred guineas. Amongst the curiosities taken by Joseph Buonaparte from Madrid was a picture of Elizabeth, presented by her to the astute De Quadra, the Spanish Ambassador; and likewise a ring containing a lock of her hair when fourteen years of age—that period of life when Blanche Parry described her as "My lovely young mistress." The ring is traditionally glorified by a pervading belief that it was presented to Elizabeth by Sir Thomas Seymour, her earliest lover, who had in her youth so many opportunities of "beseeching the golden honours of her queenly hair."

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CHAPTER II.

RESULTS OF THE CLERICAL REVOLUTION.

THE pension stipulated for certain classes of the monks and nuns was subsequently withdrawn by the Protector Somerset,* and again by Queen Elizabeth, who seldom evinced sympathy for the aged religious of her own sex. The sum granted for the old nuns was so scant that, in the words of Pomeroy, "it would scarce keep body and soul together." Three of the nuns received back their pensions through the intercession of Lord Leicester, to whom they were related. The prioresses of some particular convents received a pension of one hundred shillings per annum. This allowance did not continue long, for the high officials in the reign of Edward VI. were thoroughly dishonest, and it was dangerous for the pensioned monks to complain of not having received their moneys at the stated period. The pensions were supposed to be paid by the Treasurer of the Court of Augmentation; but it happened that the Treasurers and their confidential secretaries were not unfrequently defaulters to a large amount. The monks were paid more regular than the nuns, for some of them "spoke boldly," but the poor old ladies feared to approach the officials, or to complain of their grievances. So they quickly disappeared from the scene. Canon Dixon admits that "the

* Fuller's Church History, p. 387.

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nuns were dashed upon the world in a state of destitution." Several of "the wandering nuns" were from eighty to ninety years of age; some blind; some paralysed from the cold of winter and the want of warm clothing. Many of those ladies had good fortunes, which they spent in the relief of orphans, in succouring old age, in attending the sick; in protecting young maidens from the snares of the licentious; and in releasing poor debtors, who in those times were cruelly used by the Lombard Shylocks, who were exacting "the pound of flesh" without mercy or pity. At a later period Archbishops Whitgift and Hutton were the unmanly persecutors of the few monks and nuns that remained. The last monk who received the pension died blind in the reign of James the First. Paul Whittington, for such was his name, had reached his 97th year, a few days before his death. He was once honoured as an eminent Greek and Hebrew scholar. He died in great poverty near Bury St. Edmunds. Whittington was possessed of a marvellous memory, and in his old age he received visits from Shakspeare, Spenser, Ben Jonson, and Walter Raleigh. The Story Telling Clubs were delighted with Whittington's anecdotes. Many eminent scholars met the fate of Whittington.

Many of the nuns died from starvation and cold in the reign of Elizabeth; they wandered along the ditches and hedges in the rural districts, where they had once been the comfort and hope of the peasant classes. The new clergy denounced them, and too many of the ungrateful people scoffed at them; but there were some who sympathised with their sufferings, and divided their last loaf with those poor ladies who had once been the guardians and benefactors of their fathers and mothers. The populace of London acted in the vilest spirit towards them, and in no part of the realm had more been

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done for the relief of the poor overcrowded districts than by the ladies of the religious orders, who were both physicians and nurses. In the second volume of this work I have referred at some length to the hospitals under the superintendence of the religious orders, and their conduct during the period of the plague and the sweating sickness. Sir Thomas Wyatt has left on record a description of a visit to an hospital where hundreds were dying of the plague. The groans of the dying, and the wild lamentations of widows and orphans, are depicted with great force and feeling by the courtier Wyatt. "The monks and nuns," writes Wyatt, "were fearless and busy in attending the sufferers, whose dreadful agonies lasted some fifteen hours before their dissolution. . . . The churches were thrown open day and night for prayer; and the confessors were in constant attendance to receive back to the Fold the fallen and the wicked." Sir Thomas Wyatt states that, to his own knowledge, the monks and nuns buried in three days nearly five thousand bodies of people who died of the plague.

For centuries London was noted for its hospitals in connection with the monastic houses, and the kindness with which the patients were treated. French and Spanish physicians have left on record their opinions as to the London hospitals, and at the head of that list may be placed Carlo Logario and Paul de Monfred, a very eminent physician, who studied in Paris, and was known in all the high social circles in England.

There has been much misrepresentation as to the amount of property held by many of the monastic houses, which were constantly suffering from the dishonesty of kings and nobles. Between the Conquest and the accession of the Lancastrian dynasty—during the reigns of twelve kings—nearly nine hundred houses of monks, or of friars, were founded, which,

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along with those that were in existence previously, made up a total number of about twelve hundred. But their prosperity had ceased long before the hour of their destruction arrived. From the time of Henry the Fourth the stream of benefaction was diverted from them; and while colleges and public schools were planted in numbers and magnificence, the scanty sum of six or seven foundations of monks and friars in the course of one hundred and thirty years bore witness to the change of the inclinations of the nation. Nor must it be supposed that the religious houses had been suffered to remain unmolested in the enjoyment of their possessions at any time. In their most flourishing days they were never in peace; when they acquired most, they were never free from the hands of the spoiler. One of the most constant characters assigned to Lord Abbots in the ancient chronicles is, that they defended the property of their community. King John, Edward the First, and other members of the same family plundered the Abbey and Church lands at different times. Still those princes gave large endowments. Henry the First took a portion of the revenues of the See of Ely for some years, and at another period he endowed the famous Convent of Buckland, in Somersetshire. Henry the Fifth sequestered the property of several monastic houses. The statistics put forward by Lord Crumwell's agents as to the value of the monastic property were immensely overrated.

Glastonbury was certainly a wealthy establishment, presenting the most interesting memories of any monastic house in England. The most remarkable man connected with Glastonbury at the period of its fall was Hugh Whiting, the aged Abbot. He was a model of the monastic virtues of the olden times. "This grand old abbot," as Leland describes him, "became renowned as the preceptor of the sons of the English

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nobles, knights, and squires." During his time not less than three hundred young gentlemen were educated under his inspection. The religious training was of a grave and solid character, and the pupils retired from the Abbey "well furnished in morals and learning." The Abbey was said to be the richest in the realm, and Fortescue proclaims its antiquity.* It had an annual income of £3,000, derived from lands; four parks; domains and manors; furniture, jewels, and ornaments reputed to be of priceless value. The library was also a treasure, but Crumwell's inquisitors cared little for books. Amongst the charges made against the Abbot was, first high treason; and next robbery and sacrilege. The Abbot went through the form of a trial, and was, as a matter of course, pronounced guilty. The robbery with which Whiting was charged consisted in a timely removal of money and plate belonging to the community. Layton, the inquisitor, declared that all property connected with the Abbey was, according to law, belonging to the King. The trial of Abbot Whiting lasted but one day. Two days subsequently he was taken from Wells to Glastonbury, drawn on a hurdle through the town; and on the tor, or hill, which overlooked the Abbey, where still stands a magnificent tower, which once crowned the subjacent structure, the learned and holy Abbot was executed in the most horrible manner. Fragments of his quartered body were set up at Wells, Bath, Ulchester, and Bridgwater. The head of the Abbot was placed over the grand entrance of Glastonbury. The judicial murder of the venerable Hugh Whiting and the sack of Glastonbury created

* In Volume I. of the "Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty" is to be seen a chapter bearing upon the topography of Glastonbury, and the fate of its learned and self-sacrificing community.

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a profound sensation throughout England ; and was likewise a topic of conversation at every university in Europe, for Glastonbury's renown for learning and hospitality was known in the most distant climes, and wherever civilisation raised its head.

After much suffering the heroic Katharine Bulkeley received a pension of fifty pounds. Her convent at Godstow was presented to Dr. Owen, one of the King's physicians. The conduct of Dr. London to this good lady and her sisterhood has been described by contemporaries as "base and infamous."

The superb and venerable foundations of Westminster, Waltham, and Canterbury, by a simultaneous fall, consummated the extinction of the abbeys. Westminster, the great foundation of the East Saxons, second perhaps in antiquity to Canterbury alone, refounded on the Benedictine model by Edward the Confessor, possessed at the time of its dissolution a brotherhood of twenty-eight religious, and a revenue of nearly four thousand pounds. Waltham, the rival secular foundation of the heroic Harold, which had been changed by the last of the purely Norman kings into a convent of Austin Regulars, an order which rivalled the Benedictines in extent and wealth, consisted of eighteen persons, and was valued at one-fourth of the large sum set down by the monastic inquisitors. The mother monastery of England, Christ Church in Canterbury, though marked to have fallen amongst the first, had inspired some caution in the breast of the spoiler, and it was by careful degrees that the dissolution of so renowned a place was managed. It had been visited again and again ; it had been basely defamed by art and malice, for those were the days when all charitable sentiment was cast aside. With this noble institution fell the subsidiary Rochester, the second

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foundation of the Kentish Ethelbert, of the annual return of five hundred pounds. Canterbury College in Oxford was dissolved at the same time. To these great catastrophes are to be added Thetford in Norfolk, a Cluniac priory of fourteen monks and three or four hundred pounds, which came by exchange to the Duke of Norfolk, who had the intention of refounding it for secular priests, and next came Walton, the last Gilbertine priory of Yorkshire.

A great mass of particulars relating to the property of the religious houses is to be found in the "Ministers' Accounts" presented to Henry VIII. by his bailiffs and other public officers, who were notorious peculators, so that it is difficult to ascertain the real financial condition of the monastic property seized upon by Lord Crumwell in the King's name.

Canon Dixon frankly admits that the old monastics had been the best of landlords. They always resided on the property, and encouraged local trade and industry. The abbot, or prior, acted as a magistrate, and settled many disputes between the farmers and their men. Abundance of good food was daily distributed at the monastery and church doors to the "wretched and the unfortunate of both sexes."

Canon Dixon, and the Rev. J. H. Blunt, a more recent writer upon this great revolution in property, candidly acknowledge that the new lords of the soil were rack-renters, who more than doubled the income of the estates which they had received for little or nothing from the King, and in some instances as the reward of disgraceful actions—for instance, such men as Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Lords Clinton, Rutland, and Audley, the companions of the monarch's convivial and gambling pastimes. Canon Dixon's immense research amongst the records of those disastrous times affirms that the face of the kingdom was changed by those

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memorable events. Foreign nations stood aghast at the condition of England. The land was strewn with hundreds of ruins. Stately buildings, churches, grand halls, chambers, and cloisters—a whole architecture, into which the genius of ages and of races had been breathed—were laid in dust and rubbish. Vast libraries, the priceless records of antiquity, the illuminated treasures of the Middle Ages, were wrecked with a waste so ruthless as to have wrung a cry of anguish from even such men as John Bale.* In his lamentation over the ruins of the "grand old libraries," Canon Dixon remarks—"We cannot tell what we have lost." Very true indeed.

In the disposal of the monastic property, the King rarely bestowed his bounty according to virtue or public service. The courtiers and servants of the palace received much; every cook who could please the Royal palate with some "new dainty" received "something from the confiscated lands or houses." Even the Royal tailor was not forgotten. The King's gambling debts were also discharged—for a time at least—from the monastic funds. Besides the creatures of the palace, there were what may now-a-days be called land-jobbers of every kind, who made their names and claims known to the King,† who was "a liberal dispenser" of his subjects' property.

By his last "testament" the dying monarch evidently desired to make some restitution, however small, to the nation for his wholesale plunder of the heritage of the poor. A special clause of the King's will provided that all his debts, whether for the Crown or his private use, were to be discharged, and

* See Fuller's Abbeys, p. 335; also Leland's Journal, or Record of his Visits to the English Libraries connected with the Abbeys and Convents.

† Canon's Dixon's History of the Church of England from the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction, vol. ii. pp. 210-11.

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the servants' wages paid up to a certain period, "with a liberal sum to aid them in the social battle of life." The Royal will was violated in this, as well as in every other bequest, by Lord Hertford and the Council. The appetite for the plunder of property intended to aid "God's poor," was not confined to any party or creed. However, the most cruel action in connection with the monastic confiscation was that of seizing upon the very limited property belonging to *one hundred and ten hospitals*. Let the admirers of Dr. Cranmer remember that the Archbishop, his relatives, and retainers received "several allotments" of this property, which should have been held almost sacred in the estimation of humanity.*

* See Records of Monastic Confiscation; Strype's Memorials of Archbishop Cranmer, vol. i.; Jenkyn's Cranmer, vol. i. p. 161; Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty, vol. ii. p. 394.

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CHAPTER III.

ELIZABETH AS A WOMAN OF LEARNING.

It has been oracularly remarked by one from whom the world would not have expected so much philosophic acumen, that "learning, in its best sense, is only nature at the rebound; it is only the discovery of what is; and he who looks upon nature with a penetrating eye derives learning from the source."

With the art of printing, and a more peaceful disposition amongst the rulers of the people, came the revival of a more material learning, which was soon held in high esteem by princes and nobles. To speak and write pure classical Latin was regarded as a valuable and polite accomplishment, to attain which was the ambition of the highest in rank of both sexes. To aid the aspirations of these knowledge-seekers, the greatest scholars of the age—Erasmus, Linacre, Buchanan, and Ascham—spent much time in writing grammars, rudiments, colloquies, and vocabularies. Henry VIII. wrote an introduction to grammar, and Cardinal Wolsey composed a system of instruction for the school which he founded in his native town of Ipswich—a task for which he was the better qualified from having been once a trainer of youth. Erasmus went to Oxford in 1497, but he received less encouragement from the College than from lay patrons, several of whom became proficients in Greek, and imparted their learning to others.

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Erasmus bestows high praise on Wolsey as a patron of letters and learned men. By his generous provisions he secured the services of the most able professors, and he formed the nuclei of some libraries which are still the glory of bibliophilists. He founded seven lectures at Oxford, and would have done much more if his Royal Master had not changed his opinions of what were the duties of a learned citizen. Gardyner, Cranmer, and the eccentric Hooper had also drunk deeply of the "Pierian spring," and exhibited many proofs of sterling scholarship and advanced knowledge.

In imitation of, or in concurrence with, the disquisitional tourneys of scholars upon the Continent—especially in the universities and schools of Italy and Spain—the abnormally learned monarch of England, the gifted Elizabeth, would likewise have her literary tournaments, and incite to the learned arena those torpid spirits obscured by the "dust of the schools, but aroused at the trumpet voice of their Queen to manifest the lore which they had so long gathered amidst the groves of Academus." Saturday, the 5th of August, 1564, was a memorable period in the history of the University of Cambridge. There appeared the great Greek scholar, Roger Ascham, and his illustrious pupil, the young Queen of England, to discourse upon learned and classic subjects to the delight of professors and students. Roger Ascham considered the Queen's visit to Cambridge the proudest and the happiest period of his existence. Lord Leicester was present as Steward of the University, and Cecil as its Chancellor. Sir William Cecil communicated with those "learned men by Cam-side," to write a respectful letter to Leicester, entreating him to commend to her Majesty "their good intentions," and that "she might excuse their default in their endeavour to do honour unto her, and that she might

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be inclined to receive in good part all their efforts to entertain her." This letter of the "heads of colleges," who should be the *magistri morum*, to the Queen's favourite, manifests more worldly wisdom than sense of self-respect in those "grave and reverend seigniors." Everything was carried on at this visit in consonance with the characters of all concerned. Cecil went to Cambridge the day before the Queen's arrival, to see all matters arranged, and lay down the programme. In compliance with an old custom, Cecil received an offering of "two pair of gloves, two sugar-loaves," and other things. Leicester and the Duke of Norfolk received special gifts; and the Queen's presentation merely varied in gloves of fine texture and confectionery, all fashioned with more elaborate and exquisite taste and design. The Queen was dressed on the first day in a gown of black velvet pinked; a call upon her head, set with pearls and precious stones; a straw hat spangled with gold, and a profusion of flowers. Some twenty ladies of rank and learning accompanied the Queen. Amongst those ladies was the Queen's faithful friend, Blanche Parry, one of the most learned women of Elizabeth's reign.

It must have been trying to the Queen's facial muscles to keep countenance at the door of King's College when the Chancellor, in an attitude alternating between "all-fours" and kneeling, commenced the delivery of an oration lasting half-an-hour.* "First," says Nichols in his "Progress," "he praised and commended the many and singular virtues planted and set in her Majesty, which her Highness, not acknowledging of, shaked her head, bit her lips and her

* A few days before the "learned gathering," Cecil hurted his leg, and had to walk on a crutch with a halting step, upon which the Queen remarked, "I hope my Treasurer will never *halt* in doing justice to my subjects."

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fingers, sometimes broke forth into passion, and these words: *Non est veritas, et utinam.* ('This is not the truth ; would that it were!')" The Queen had the honesty not to use the aspiration when the orator dwelt on the praise of virginity, and merely exclaimed, "God's blessing of thy heart—there continue." The orator, however, pursued that theme no longer, and launched into expressions depicting the joy and honour felt by the University at the advent of their illustrious visitor.

The Queen answered the Chancellor that she would reply in Latin but from fear of false quantities, and consequent ridicule—fear which, if her humility were even real, she needed not to stand in much fear of amongst the obsequious scholiasts. This was Saturday, and the next day (Sunday), after a Latin sermon in the morning at seven of the clock, the church was transformed into a theatre for "evening service," when the Queen was treated to the performance of the "Aulutaria" of Plautus. Anyone who has read the original of this prurient play will acknowledge that a Christian Church and a virgin Queen are accessories not calculated on by the modern idea of the fitness of things. The fifth day of this celebrated visit was the most remarkable, for on that day the Queen went to all the colleges in rotation, and at each received a Latin oration, a present of gloves, and the *aliquid dulce* of "confectioneries," which seemed to intimate that even the eloquence of Cambridge lacked some dulcified qualification. On this, the last day, the Queen excelled her bygones in bashful consciousness of learning. She blushed like a young virgin, "as she was," when informed that English could not be spoken openly to the University, and "fluttered like a rose leaf" as the kneeling Dudley (her own "Sweet Robin") and the Duke of Norfolk besought her to say something to the

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University, "and in Latin." The Bishop of Ely (the "wondrous Coxe"), also kneeling, said "three words were enough," but the Queen did not think so, and accordingly delivered a speech, the facile flow of which proved how well it deserved the claim she made of its being "unstudied." Some writers state that this speech was the production of Cecil. Why so? The Queen was well able to write it, and if she presented it for examination to Cecil, she merely did what any large-hearted scholar would do with another—that other being the most devoted servant, for evil, or for good, that perhaps any monarch ever possessed.

The following passage in this speech is well worth translation:

"I saw this morning your sumptuous edifices founded by illustrious princes, my predecessors, for the benefit of learning; but whilst I viewed them my mind was affected with sorrow, and I sighed like Alexander the Great when, having perused the records of the deeds of other princes, turning to his friends and councillors, he lamented that anyone should have preceded him either in time or in actions. When I beheld your edifices, I grieved that I had done nothing in this kind; yet did the vulgar proverb somewhat lessen, though it could not entirely remove, my concern, that 'Rome was not built in a day.' For my age is not yet so far advanced, neither is it yet so long since I began to reign, but that before I pay my debt to nature—unless Atropos should prematurely cut my thread—I may still be able to execute some distinguished undertaking; and never will I be diverted from the intention while life shall animate this frame. Should it, however, happen—as it may, I know not how soon—that I should be overtaken by death before I have been able to perform this my promise, I will not fail to leave some great work to be executed after my decease, by which my memory may be rendered famous, others excited by my example, and all of you animated to greater ardour in your studies."

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Pity that such grand promises ushered in performances so scant. No result can be found save an annuity of twenty pounds per annum bestowed, with the title of her "scholar," on a young gentleman named Preston, whose graceful performance in the Latin play of "Dido," aided by his personal beauty, caught the fancy of England's Virgin Queen. Camisians have felt chagrin at the Queen's parsimonious remissness, but was not their College splendidly endowed? And did not the Royal visitations, so exhaustive elsewhere, benefit them marvellously by confining themselves to this famous one?

Amongst the many things stated by the Public Orator to the Queen was an assurance that Cambridge University was much older than Oxford, or even Paris, for those seats of learning derived their inspiration from Cambridge, which was like a mountain spring supplying pure water to distant streams. The antiquity of Cambridge as a school of learning is spoken of by several Spanish professors of the fifteenth century.

If Elizabeth did not raise any great memorial to learning, she cannot be denied the honour of her far-known Grammar Schools, and if Jesus College, Oxford, and Trinity University in Dublin, do not satisfy the exigent requirements of those who guard so jealously the reputation, in this respect, of our hitherto greatest female Sovereign, it was because the pressing complications of State, unceasing calls upon her revenues, a narrow exchequer, unwilling replenishment thereof consequent on public poverty, and, not least of all, the absence of even one grand soul amongst her Ministers, concurred to make Elizabeth forget to raise to the learning which she loved a monument to its promotion and to her own renown.

The Puritans were the great enemies of learning. At

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Oxford those Vandals seized upon an enormous number of books and MSS. In fact, the shelves and benches were sold in 1556 as old lumber.* In the reign of Charles the First a large portion of the priceless MSS. library of Archbishop Ussher was destroyed by a party of English Puritans.

* Maccay's Annals of the Bodleian Library, p. 12.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE REFORMATION IN IRELAND.

THE men who first broached the Reformation in Ireland were three English priests—Browne, Archbishop of Dublin; Staples, Bishop of Meath; and Bale, Bishop of Ossory. These men were a scandal to the clerical order, and were notorious for immorality, drunkenness, and blasphemy. Archbishop Browne had originally been Cranmer's private secretary, and in this position became acquainted with Lord Crumwell and King Henry. He was then "saintly and pious," but when the Monastic confiscation and Supremacy questions were discussed he gave the King and Cranmer "the benefit of his advice." Upon Cranmer's recommendation the King appointed George Browne Archbishop of Dublin, and he was consecrated for that office by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in March, 1535. The correspondence of Dr. Browne with the King and Lord Crumwell proves that he was determined to carry out his Sovereign's policy in Church matters. The Catholics of the Pale districts stood up earnestly for the olden creed, and on this point they joined the native Irish with enthusiasm. The description furnished of themselves by the three prelates above named, and the picture of their clergy,

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drawn by their own hands, are not edifying.* Dr. Browne accuses the Bishop of Meath of "divers irregularities," and also finds fault with his sermons.

The name of George Browne has already appeared amongst those who assisted in the monastic persecutions in England. Provincial of the Order of Austin Friars, he had accepted and discharged the office of imposing on his brethren the Oath of Supremacy in the middle of the year 1535. The Cranmer of Ireland, for such he may be termed in respect of the work set before him, was a man of activity and ability, who performed with tolerable skill a difficult task amidst the taunts of his employer, the insults of his associates, and the malediction of his spiritual subjects or rivals. To George Browne, however, in common with most of the English officials who were employed in those times in the affairs of Ireland, there belongs a pettiness of character which deserves the contempt, and might receive oblivion from History, were it not that the smallest creatures of a great tyrant may influence the destiny of nations. After the appointment of Browne to the See of Dublin, he was treated with disregard by Crumwell and his Royal Master, and remained many months without sufficient funds to convey him to Dublin, whilst other officials were well supplied with money. Crumwell evidently looked upon Browne as one of the "usable instruments" that were to be found in numbers subsequent to the break-up of the monastic houses. Detained in London for nearly one year longer, Archbishop

* In the report of a Commission of Inquiry issued in 1538, "On Irish Affairs," Dr. Browne's clergy are accused of extortions for baptisms and marriages; also of not officiating at appointed times. They were further charged with "taking wives and dispensing with the sacrament of marriage altogether." This report horrified Henry VIII. as to the character of the men whom Cranmer sent to Ireland as priests. The Archbishop pacified his master, and things remained as before.

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Browne arrived in Dublin on Saturday, the 15th of July, 1536.*

In the Irish Parliament the Catholic clergy gave a bold and determined opposition to Browne. The scaffold produced no terror in Ireland; and the most reckless and depraved Catholics were willing to die for the faith of their fathers.

Archbishop Browne found himself surrounded in Dublin by such a class of officials as might be expected in men selected by Henry VIII., and his Minister, Thomas Crumwell. The members of the Council were spies upon their brethren, and each one knew that his safety depended on the unscrupulous zeal with which he served the most exacting of masters. The Archbishop was no favourite with the Lord Deputy, Leonard Gray, or the members of the Council; and the English of the Pale were nearly all hostile to him. The revolution Browne was sent to introduce into Ireland was opposed by the English of the Pale, who entertained a very strong feeling towards the prelate. Here is a scene described by the pen of Canon Dixon:—"The bitterest opponents of Archbishop Browne were amongst his own chapter, and the prelate who presided over the diocese of Meath. Humfreys, a prebendary of St. Patrick's, and incumbent of St. Owen's, in Dublin, with scorn refused to read a new order of 'bidding prayers' which Dr. Browne put forth, and when a more pliant priest went into the pulpit and began to read it, Humfreys set the choir to sing him down. Browne put Humfreys in prison for this action. Staples, the Bishop of Meath, was the most formidable antagonist that Browne had to battle against. . . . In a sermon, at Christ's Church, Dr. Staples inveighed against Archbishop Browne in the presence of the Royal Commissioners and the Council; and

* Canon Dixon's History of the English Church from the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction.

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again in Kilmainham Church, when Browne himself was in the congregation, Staples called him a heretic and beggar; and raged against him with such a stomach that the three-mouthed Cerberus of hell could not have uttered it more viperously."*

Dr. Browne and his coadjutors utterly failed in promoting the "new learning" in Ireland.

The Irish party established the charges of taking bribes against Browne. The lawyers, the Council, and the Catholics of the Pale, as well as the native Irish, were all banded against the preachers of the "new Gospel."

"Whilst celebrating Mass, Staples had a wife and several children." Dr. Bale complains bitterly of the "bad conduct of the Archbishop of Dublin." In 1553, Bale writes, in a "moment of unconscious virtue," of the "evil life" and "bad example" of his Grace of Dublin, and excuses the corruption of his own clergy † in Ossory by stating that "they would not obey, alleging for their excuse the lewd example of the Archbishop of Dublin, who was always slack in things pertaining to God's glory." Bale thus proceeds with his description of Browne :—"*He was an epicurious Archbishop; a dissembling proselyte; a brockish swine; a glutton, a drunkard, a hypocrite, and a frequent supporter of bawds, and*—"‡

Curwen, the successor of Archbishop Browne, was, if possible, a still worse man. In Queen Mary's reign, Bale fled from Kilkenny before the Queen had time to supersede him. He

* Canon Dixon's History of the Church of England from the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction, vol. ii.; Scenes in Ireland.

† The clerics alluded to by Bale were not Irishmen, but a selection from Archbishop Cranmer's diocese of Canterbury, or other parts of England.

‡ Bale's "Letters to Poynet;" "Letters from Ireland;" Irish State Papers.

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was detested and despised in the Diocese of Ossory, and his life was several times in danger. The Irish people never could tolerate licentious preachers of any religion. He repaired to Switzerland, where he remained until the accession of Elizabeth, but never desired to return to Ireland. He was more content to accept the inferior office of a prebendary in Canterbury ; and Archbishop Parker, his canons and clergy, seemed to feel no access of honour in becoming associated with the fallen Bishop of Ossory, whom Mr. Froude indignantly denounces as "a foul-mouthed ruffian," and in another chapter describes him as the "most profane and indecent of the movement party."*

Bale had been twice imprisoned in London and York for preaching "sedition and disturbing the public mind." He died in 1563, in his 68th year. Many Protestant historians agree as to the brilliant talents, but evil character of John Bale. Collier describes him as "a man of a furious tempestuous spirit. He misbehaved himself to a scandalous degree, and failed both in temper and probity."† In Henry's reign Bale belonged to the Poynet school of clerical thinkers, and practised the same duplicity. He frequently celebrated Mass, with affected devotion, before the King. Wharton, another Protestant authority of high repute, writes in these words :— "I know Bale to be *so great a liar* that I am not willing to take his judgment against any man to whom he is opposed." Bale's private life, as exhibited in Ireland and in England, is quite unfit for further exposure.

The King of Spain had frequent reason to complain of the conduct of Elizabeth and her Council in subsidising such men

* Froude's History of England, vol. v. p. 58.

† See Collier's Ecclesiastical History, vol. vi. p. 21.

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as John Bale to write libellous books against his Majesty and the members of his Government.* Those books were circulated in several countries. De Quadra protested against such a dishonourable and malicious proceeding; but the Queen and her Ministers denied all knowledge of sustaining Bale's indecent accusations. After Bale's death papers were discovered that left no doubt as to his having been one of the agents employed by Walsingham for slandering King Philip. The language used by Bale in his book might shock even the then denizens of Bankside.

Hales, a preacher, states that Bale was unhappy in his latter days. "He seemed," writes Hales, "uneasy in conscience. I told him to search the Scriptures, where he would find comfort, when he said 'he wished he had searched them less.' He spoke other words, which showed me plainly that he had become a 'troubled spirit,' and was likely to die in that condition." Farlow relates that some female relative brought a confessor to Bale when on his death-bed, but he rejected his services, stating, "If I have done wrong, I have also assisted in a glorious work to pull down Popery." So John Bale died as he had lived.

It is a curious fact, and by no means complimentary to the Diocese of Oxford, that Curwen was Bishop thereof at the time of Bale's connection with Canterbury. This Curwen had been previously expelled for "indescribable wickedness" from the Archbishopric of Dublin by Loftus, the Primate of Ireland, for, as he stated, "crimes unfit to relate;" but as Elizabeth and Cecil thought it necessary to provide for Curwen, in consequence of the great assistance he had given to the Reformation, Oxford was compelled to accept the worst specimen of

* In one of De Quadra's secret despatches to King Philip, dated June, 1562, he makes special reference to the above transaction.

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episcopal venality and fraud that the 16th century produced. Curwen was, if possible, more depraved than John Bale. I shall not further touch upon the history of this fallen priest, whose character represented every phase of immorality in its worst form.

Whilst in England professing Catholics, induced most probably by political and financial causes, persecuted the Reformers, a far different mode of procedure was taken in Ireland. A Low Church writer some time since deplored that "unfortunately there were no martyrs in the *Irish* Church." The simple reason is that no such Church, in the sense of the writer, existed. The Protestants in Ireland, called a Church for the purpose of confiscation, consisted merely of English officials and the hangers-on of the Lord Deputy and his semi-military court.

In the reign of Edward VI., Protestantism had failed to win a single Irishman from the Olden Faith. Protestantism had, however, succeeded in uniting all Ireland against the Sovereign and Government of England. The old political distinctions which had been produced by the conquests of Strongbow and his "soldiers of fortune," had faded before the new struggle for a common faith.* In Ireland the re-establishment of the Olden Religion under Queen Mary was effected without violence. No persecution of the small Protestant colony was attempted, and several of the English Reformers who fled from the zeal of the inquisitors at home found a safe retreat among the Catholics of Ireland. "It is but justice to this maligned body," writes Dr. Taylor, "to acknowledge that on the three occasions of their obtaining the upper hand *the Irish Catholics never injured a single person in life or limb for professing*

* Green's History of the English People, vol. ii. p. 236.

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a different religion from their own. They had suffered persecutions and learned mercy, as they showed in the reign of Mary, as in the wars from 1641 to 1648, and during the brief reign of James the Second."* Dr. Leland, another Protestant historian, bears similar evidence as to the conduct of the Irish Catholics towards the Reformers. "Those Reformers who went to Ireland," observes Leland, "there enjoyed their opinions and worship in privacy, without notice or molestation."†

The religious orders and the secular clergy in Ireland were zealous in preaching and instructing the people at this period. They, of course, denounced the newly introduced doctrines, but were opposed to violence and persecution, declaring that "the principles of the Catholic Church were those of kindness, persuasion, and charity."

The Dominicans were the most remarkable body of clerics in Ireland for centuries. In the olden time this community was immensely esteemed by the Catholic Church. In 670 years ninety-two Dominicans were consecrated bishops; ten for foreign countries, and eighty-two for Ireland. Ten Dominicans became primates of Armagh; four Archbishops of Tuam; three Archbishops of Dublin, and one Archbishop of Cashel. The two Dominicans who first filled the See of Dublin were Englishmen of "the Pale"—namely, John de Derlington, 1271; William de Hotham, in 1297; and the last, John Thomas Troy, translated from Ossory in 1787, as the successor of Dr. Carpenter. For thirty-six years Dr. Troy presided over the Archdiocese of Dublin. He died in 1823. At the time of his death he was worth about *tenpence.*

* Taylor's History of the Civil Wars of Ireland, vol. i. p. 169.

† Leland's History of Ireland, book iii. p. 18.

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This incident must have been the topic of conversation in the high circles of England, when it is noted in Thomas Moore's diary.* The history of the Irish Dominicans is highly interesting. The two first bishops of New York were of this order—namely, Concannon and Connolly. It is also worthy of remark, that every diocese in Ireland had a Dominican as a bishop except Clogher.† They have been represented as the "Good Shepherds who guarded the sheep by day and by night." On the more open introduction of the Reformation in Edward's reign, and that of Elizabeth, "neither fatigue, danger, nor the prospect of the dungeon, could intimidate or awe the Dominican Fathers." In Mary's reign they gave "protection, food, and lodging to numbers of the English Reformers, telling the people to treat them with kindness, and pray that God might turn them from the error of their way."‡

Many of the English Reformers settled in Dublin, Drogheda, Kinsale, Cork, and other towns, and became the founders of large mercantile communities of subsequent periods. The reign of Elizabeth especially forms one of the darkest pages in the history of English rule in Ireland. It stands forth without a parallel in the annals of Civilisation. It is a history traced in blood, and blotted with the tears of the most generous and forgiving people in the world.

Edmund Spenser, who had a personal knowledge of Ireland, having obtained a large confiscated estate in the county Cork, and aided in rocking Protestantism in its Irish cradle, thus writes of the newly created bishops a few years later :—

* Thomas Moore's Diary, vol. iv. p. 117.

† Burke's History of the Irish Dominicans.

‡ Letters of the Rev. Roger O'Shaughnessy, "On the Dominican Fathers and the English Reformers;" printed in Brussels, A.D. 1601.

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"Some of the bishops whose dioceses are in remote parts, somewhat out of the world's eye, do not at all bestow the benefices which are in their own donations upon any, but keep them in their own hands, and set their own servants and horse-boys to take up the tithes and fruits of them; with the which some of them purchase great lands, and build fair castells upon the same. Of which abuse, if any question be moved, they have a very seemly colour and excuse, that they have no worthy ministers to bestow them upon."*

Waterhouse, a military agent of Elizabeth's, "suggested that the Irish bishoprics should be conferred upon experienced soldiers, as there could be no room for justice till the sword had made way for the *law*."†

At a subsequent period several military men entered the Irish Church, and through political interest received lucrative livings. Those "old soldier parsons" were Puritans, and most hostile to the native Irish.

Thus the bishops, we see, had but few ministers, and the ministers no flocks. In fact, so far as Protestantism was concerned in propagating its tenets in Ireland, it exactly accorded with an Irish writer's quaint definition of nothing, "a footless stocking without a leg."

Spenser, after disposing of the prelacy, comments upon the merits of the clergy. He observes:—

"Whatever disorders you see in the Church of England, you find there (Ireland) and many more—namely, gross simony, greedy covetousness, fleshly incontinencies, careless sloth, and generally all disordered life in the common clergymen."‡

* Edmund Spenser on Irish Affairs, p. 140.

† Colonel Waterhouse to Sir Francis Walsingham; to be seen in the Irish State Papers of June, 1574. Waterhouse was concerned in the massacres perpetrated in Ulster by Lord Essex and Colonel Norris.

‡ Edmund Spenser on Irish Affairs, p. 141.

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Be it remembered that the men so described were ordained and inducted by those who were the "Fathers of the Reformation." Carte, an Anglican ecclesiastic, writing of a later date, corroborates the statements of Edmund Spenser. "The clergy of the Established Church," observes Carte, "were generally ignorant and unlearned; loose and irregular in their lives and conversations; negligent of their cures, and very careless of observing uniformity and decency in Divine worship."

Carte and Leland must be considered very high Protestant authorities. "I loathe and abhor those Popish priests," was the observation of Spenser; yet he has drawn this contrast between the clergy of the olden creed and those of the new one, as he witnessed them in Ireland:—

"It is great wonder to see the odds which is between the zeal of Popish priests and the ministers of the Gospel, for they spare not to come out of Spayne, from Rome, and from Remes by long toil and dangerous travelling hither, where they know peril of death awaiteth them, and no reward or riches is to be found, only to draw the people into the Church of Rome; whereas some of our idle ministers, having a way for credit and estimation thereby opened unto them, and having the livings of the country offered to them, without pain and without peril, *will neither for the same, nor any love of God, nor zeal for religion, or for all the good they may do by winning souls to God, be drawn forth from their warm nests to look out into God's harvest.*"*

Godwin, the Puritan writer on the Commonwealth, describes the "Mass priests" of Ireland, in the hour of persecution, as disinterested and fearless in sustaining their wretched flocks and upholding their religion. "In the hour of their trial," he says, "they stood forth superior to human infirmity; with resolution inflexible they encountered every possible calamity,

* Spenser on Religion in Ireland as he witnessed it, p. 254.

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suffered the utmost hardships and privations, and counted nothing worthy of their attention but the glory of God and the salvation of souls." *

Sir William Petty has drawn a terrible picture of the condition of affairs in Ireland under Elizabeth. Lord Clarendon also affirms that it "*could only be surpassed by the destruction of the Jews by Titus and his Roman legions.*" The English rule in Ireland must have been something unheard of for barbarity when such a man as Clarendon makes the admission here quoted, for he was a determined enemy of Ireland and its creed; but nevertheless he had some grains of humanity in his nature, and his conscience rebelled against *reforming* Christians by such agencies as Elizabeth put in motion.

It has long been the fate of Ireland to be misrepresented in its people, its history, its religion, and its social condition. It must be an irksome task for the apologists of an enduring mistake, like English government in Ireland, to endeavour to make out a conscientious reason, apart from the true one, for the state of that country; but the greatest misapprehension extant is the belief that the creed which the advisers of Elizabeth would force upon the unwilling people of that land was simply that which existed *before* the Norman invasion. Many Protestant writers have stated that Elizabeth did not abolish the ancient Church of Ireland, but merely removed the "abuses of Rome, its priesthood, and their superstitions."

All the notable Irish scholars and confessors before the English invasion are *now* claimed as "Protestant Saints," because, as those who make the false and preposterous claim allege, Ireland was only brought into connection with the See of Rome through her Norman invaders. Well, for Historical

* Godwin's Commonwealth.

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facts. Thirteen hundred years ago S. Columbanus addressed Pope Boniface in these words:—"We are the scholars of S. Peter and of S. Paul, and of all the disciples subscribing by the Holy Ghost to the *Divine Canon.* We are all Irish inhabitants of the most distant part of the world, receiving nothing save what is the Evangelic and Apostolic doctrine. None of us have been a heretic; none a Jew, none a schismatic; but the *faith, just as it was delivered to us by you, is still held unshaken.*"

Again, I repeat, the records testifying to the above are numerous, both in Rome, on the Continent, and in Ireland itself. I refer the reader to Dr. Brady's "Marian Bishops," and his other learned works bearing on the Irish Church. Dr. Brady has spent many years in his researches amongst the archives of the Vatican; and he has made out a triumphant case to prove that the Irish Church was never anything but *Roman* Catholic, and in communion with Rome from the days of Pope Celestine. In the archives of the Cathedral of Tours are to be found many valuable Latin papers, which go further to prove the connection between the ancient Church of Ireland and the See of Rome.

No amount of honest inquiry has yet shown that the Irish in the sixteenth century were not as devoted to the belief of Rome as their fathers, who more than a thousand years before had journeyed through the forests beneath the starlight,* to visit at rise of sun those lone shrines and holy wells sacred to the saints and sages of their faith. No change can research find between the religion professed *after* the Reformation and that cherished by "the Red Branch Knights;" the same as that held by the envoys of literature whom Ireland

* The ancient Irish generally commenced their pilgrimages on nights when the moon or stars shone brightest.

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sent to the Court of Charlemagne, to illuminate Germany, Hungary, and Italy, or confound the syllogists of Paris; the same as that bled for by the true men whom the most famous of a long-descended line of kings led to victory at Clontarf. The Irish Celts, under their olden monarchs, professed the same creed as the Saxon, English, and Norman did under Alfred and the Plantagenets. The Reformation in Ireland was more a political revolution, accompanied by its equivalent confiscation, than a religious change; and, from the temper of the times and the social condition of the country, was doubly distasteful to the Celtic race—antagonistic to a long-cherished belief as well as hostile to their temporal interests. The last boon a conquered land will receive at the hands of its victors is their creed. The religion of the olden race of Ireland has been written imperishably on the national heart—written in a long-derived and pitiable history; and even perverse inquiry is unable to impeach its immutability. The mixture of temporal and eternal interests has not only intensified the Anglo-Irish contest, but it has also imparted to it much of its melancholy interest, enabling its Historians—by exhibiting the struggles of energy against wrong; depicting the transient sunshine of success amidst the darkness and sorrow of perennial discontent, and, now and again, displaying the elements of Hope—to weave a rainbow over a land which had been so long a valley of tears.

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CHAPTER V.

DOMESTIC LIFE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE rising Puritanism of the reign of Edward VI. soon disappeared. However, the nobles and knights did not lack that elegant taste for dress which characterised them in the reign of Edward the Fourth, and again under Henry the Eighth. In Henry's days a great public parade was necessary to obtain that reverence without which the public subordination would have rested only on caprice or calculation. Therefore, show and pomp may have been as beneficial in those times as it might now be considered ludicrous; the London guilds, shopkeepers and merchants, reaped a plentiful harvest from the annual pageants of the Court. The "common people," too, gazed on a Royal procession with admiration; they were amused, gratified, and their national vanity flattered. The display of decorations on the occasion of Elizabeth's triumphal procession was not inferior to anything exhibited in the more chivalrous days of Edward the Fourth, or those arranged by Wolsey, or Henry, or Francis, I., aided by the Knights of the Golden Cloth. The stately Venetian and Florentine visitors looked with wonder at the display made by the citizens of London when clad in gowns of velvet or satin, richly trimmed with silk, furs, or gold lace; costly gold chains and caps or hoods of rich materials, adorned with feathers or diamonds; decorated on all occasions of display the persons not

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only of nobles or courtiers alone, but of their crowds of retainers and higher menials, and even of the plain substantial citizens. Female attire was proportionally sumptuous. Hangings of cloth, of silk, of velvet, cloth of gold, or cloth of silver, or "needlework sublime," adorned on days of family festivity the upper chamber of every house of respectable appearance; and these on public festivals were suspended from the balconies; and, uniting with the banners and pennons floating overhead, gave to the streets almost the appearance of a suite of long and gaily-dressed saloons.

I have reserved till this stage of my narrative to introduce to the reader the Domestic Life of the Queen, and the fashion in which her Court was conducted. The pictures of Elizabeth, and the style in which they have been executed, are naturally topics of interest to the lovers of the Fine Arts. The miniatures of the Queen are rare, and in better taste than her portraits in oil. There is one in the Tollemache collection, at Ham House, highly worthy of attention. From the softness of the features, the youthful appearance, and the utter absence of regal attributes, it must have been painted when she was styled the Lady Elizabeth, and would be the more valuable on that account, independently of the fact that she is represented as prettier, more feminine, and, above all, more unaffected than in her maturer portraits. Her age is apparently about eighteen; she wears a black dress, trimmed with a double row of pearls, and fastened down the front with bands of rose-coloured ribbon. Her elaborate point lace ruffles are looped with pearls and rose-coloured ribbon. Her hair, which is of a light auburn colour, approaching to red, is rolled back from the forehead, and surrounded with a stuffed satin fillet, decorated in front with a jewel set with pearls, and from which three pear-shaped pearls depend. She has large pearl

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tassel earrings. This miniature is a very small oval, with a deep blue background.

Many were the extravagant encomiums paid to the personal charms of Elizabeth. The Venetian Ambassador describes her at the period of her accession as a lady of great beauty, of good stature, and of an excellent shape. "In her youth she was adorned with a more than usual maiden modesty; her skin was of pure white, and her hair of a yellow colour; her eyes were beautiful and lively. In short, her whole body was well made, and her face was adorned with a gloss of beauty that made an impression on those who had the privilege of speaking to her that was long remembered." This order of beauty lasted till her middle age, and gradually changed.

Pennant remarks that, the portrait of Elizabeth at Hatfield House is well worth notice, not only because it is the handsomest we have of her, but as it points out her turn to allegory and apt devices.

Castiglione, Elizabeth's early Italian master, states that his Royal pupil possessed two qualities that were seldom united in one woman—namely, "sparkling wit and a wonderful stomach."

Elizabeth's hands are described as "very white and beautiful;" and that the Queen removed her gloves very frequently in the presence of foreigners of distinction, especially if they were handsome young men. King Philip more than once complimented his sister-in-law on the beauty of her eyes and hands.

In one of the Royal chambers at Holyrood Palace is to be seen a remarkable picture of Queen Elizabeth in an unamiable mood. The chin is pointed; the face long; the complexion very fair; the hair golden, and the eyes dark and piercing, while the large ruffles give the appearance of the head being

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buried between the shoulders. Amongst critics there is a diversity of opinion concerning the merits of this picture.

Elizabeth was as near-sighted as her sister Mary; but a "luminous spirit started from her eye," which, according to all reports, could not be mistaken in its intelligence by lover or statesman. The power of the speaking eye ascribed to the daughters of Italy—especially those of Venice—was all Elizabeth's; and "the softness with which she could indue those eloquent orbs conveyed honour, whilst imparting, or inciting—love. No one, when she pleased, could be more amiable, when young."

Few English monarchs felt a greater interest in the social position of the operative classes of London and its vicinity than Elizabeth, and whenever the extortions of her servants or purveyors reached the Royal ear, the people were sure to receive redress. The farmers who resided in the metropolitan districts were also an object of her solicitude. On one occasion, when her Highness visited Greenwich, a bluff countryman awaited her on the road when taking her morning walk with a few female attendants. "Which of ye," exclaimed the cunning farmer in a loud voice, "be the good Queen Bess?" The Queen, turning to him with that gracious demeanour she always assumed towards the lower classes, answered him in sweetest accent, "My good man, I am your Queen. What wouldst thou have me to do for thee, my man?" "You!" rejoined the farmer, gazing with affected simplicity at her Highness, "You are the Queen, then? Well, you are one of the rarest women I ever saw; and yet I think you can eat no more than my daughter Madge, who is thought the properest lass in all our parish, though short of you; but the Queen Elizabeth I look for devours so many of my hens, ducks, and capons that I am not able to live. What then will I do?"

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The Queen was much amused at the rustic's appeal for justice, and, having inquired into the case, dismissed the purveyor from her employment. It is added that having ascertained that this purveyor had plundered several other farmers in a similar manner, she ordered him to be hanged, under a statute for the punishment of such thefts. This statement, however, is not probable, as Elizabeth was more or less attached to everyone in her employment.

In the Queen's progresses she was always most easy of approach; private persons, and magistrates, men, women, and children, came joyfully and without any fears to wait upon her. The conduct of the Queen's Ministers was the very opposite. They invariably suppressed petitions and private letters to their Sovereign. The members of the Council were ever open to bribery, not always graduated, by position, as to amount.

The Queen passed much of her time at Windsor Castle, on the spacious terrace erected by her for a summer promenade in the north front of the castle. She generally walked for an hour before dinner, if not prevented by wind, to which she had a strong aversion, because it renewed her toothache. Rain, if it were not violent, was no impediment to her daily exercise, as she took pleasure in walking under her umbrella—a curious and novel article. Elizabeth conversed in a homely manner with the labourers and gardeners about Windsor, asking the number of their children, the means of living, &c. She was also very particular to ascertain how those rustics treated their wives.

On the 3rd of September, 1572, Elizabeth made her public entry into the ancient episcopal city of Canterbury. One of the MS. wardrobe books of the period bears the following record:—"Lost from the Queen's hat, one small fish of gold

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with a diamond in it." The "gold fish" in question was one of the last gifts the Queen received from her French suitor, the Duke of Anjou. Elizabeth became sad over this mishap, but soon recovered her spirits.

The Queen resided, while in Canterbury, at the episcopal palace of St. Augustine, where she was entertained for fourteen days by Archbishop Parker. Her retinue on this occasion amounted to 113 people, and the expenses of the banquets which took place daily had to be defrayed by Dr. Parker, who was by no means wealthy. The Queen's birthday having occurred during this visit, the Archbishop of Canterbury entertained his Sovereign to a "special banquet" in the great hall, which had been newly decorated for the occasion. "Her Highness was seated in the midst, in a marble chair covered with cloth of gold, having two French ambassadors at one end of the table and four ladies of honour at the other end." The Queen, it is related, "made herself immensely agreeable to all the company." So grand an assembly had not been seen in Canterbury since Henry VIII. and the Emperor Charles dined with the Archbishop of Canterbury in the year 1519.

The records of Sandwich furnish a quaint account of the banquets given to the "Good Queen Bess" in that town. The people made great preparations for the entertainment; the streets were newly gravelled and strewn with rushes and flowers; flags bearing complimentary mottoes were hung from windows and house tops. The enthusiasm of all classes in favour of the Queen was immense, and the multitude with almost one shout exclaimed, "God save our Virgin Queen." Elizabeth was greatly affected, and it has been affirmed by Maister Silvertop, one of the officials present, that the Queen assured her loyal Protestant subjects that she remained a "Virgin Queen in order that she might more effectively attend

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to the peoples' wants." On this occasion the town orator presented her Highness with a Greek Testament, which she was pleased to accept, offering some interesting observations upon the study of Greek in the English Universities.

During the Royal visit to Sandwich, the Mayor's wife gave a special entertainment to the Queen. The banquet presented one hundred and fifty dishes. We are informed that a "large number of comely virgins" were present in honour of the Virgin Queen. "The Queen was very merrie, and ate of divers dishes without any assay"—that is, she showed her confidence in the affection of the Mayoress and the women of Sandwich who surrounded her by dispensing with the usual ceremony of having the dishes "tasted first."

On the day of the Queen's departure from Sandwich, a large number of children were exalted on a bank, built up of turf, and spun fine baize yarn, for the amusement of the Royal lady, who was always well pleased at exhibitions tending to the encouragement of industry amongst the humbler classes. Having said a few kind words to the girls assembled, exhorting them to love and honour their parents, and to be truthful and honest, the Queen bade adieu to her loyal subjects of Sandwich.

In 1575 Elizabeth visited Kenilworth, where she was magnificently feasted by the Earl of Leicester for nineteen days, and every day produced some fresh novelty in the shape of amusements. Such an extensive or expensive entertainment had not taken place in England since the days of Henry the Fifth.

In the course of Elizabeth's provincial tours she visited Ipswich, where she was well pleased with the entertainment and the enthusiasm of the people; but she found fault with the clergy for not wearing surplices, crosses, &c.

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In Harwich the Queen was so delighted with the public entertainments that she inquired from the Mayor if she could do anything for the town.

"No, your Highness," replied the civic functionary, "we do not require anything at present, and are delighted to see you look so well."

Upon her departure, looking back at the town, with a playful smile, she remarked :—"A pretty town, and a people that *want nothing*."

In Colchester, also, "feasting and acclamations awaited the Queen." Here, for the first time, she tasted the celebrated Colchester oysters, and the records of the town affirm that the oyster became a favourite dish with the Queen and her courtiers, and were sent for "by horseloads."

The Queen's visit to Coventry was, perhaps, one of the most interesting in her provincial tours. At this time the wakes, or country servants' hirings, were a rural institution, carried down, without its picturesqueness, to our later years. In no place were they more observed than in and near Coventry and its celebrated fair. The Queen was received with all the honours by a Mayor and Corporation, at the period more famed for industry than erudition ; but it would be untrue to say that they did not do their best to please the Queen, who, unluckily for them, had before her recent memories of Kenilworth. The procession of "Lady Godiva," and the punishment of "Peeping Tom," the last now looking sorrowfully, passed down the Parliament Street of the fine old town, were presented to the Queen by eager Mayor and townsfolk. The gift of golden angels from the Civic Council was well enhanced by the Mayor, when he said the "hearts of her subjects were in the dotation;" and the Queen thanked the Mayor, and assured him that she believed there was far

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more; and the Mayor and Corporation were invited to Kenilworth. The quaint old town of Warwickshire cherishes among her annals the greeting of the Queen on this occasion. The lines are said to have been written by a very "learned gardener" of the Mayor's establishment, who insisted on the civic chiefs reading it, when made legible by means of a marvellous local printer. The letters were of "tallest type and rarely fashioned":—

"We men of Coventry
Are very glad to see
Your gracious Majestie—
Good Lord, how fair ye be."

The Queen, in one of her pleasant moods, replied:—

"Her gracious Majestie
Is very glad to see
The men of Coventry—
Good lack, what fools ye be!"

In Coventry, Elizabeth attended a play, entitled "The Slaughter of the Danes at Hock Tide;" and during her visit to Kenilworth the same drama was specially produced for the amusement of her Highness, and that, too, on the Sabbath evening. While enjoying the hospitality of her "Sweet Robin" at this once regal palace, Elizabeth joined the country folk in honouring the festival of St. Kenelm. She went to the parish church, heard a "fruitful sermon, and gave alms." The social festivities of the day, as was the custom, ended in "uproarious hilarity." Perhaps, like her own adopted saint, the Queen honoured Kenelm's Day because he was a Royal scion of the old Saxon line whom she esteemed with special veneration. She delighted in hearing a Saxon love story.

The Queen was no admirer of machinery. When solicited to grant a patent to a gentleman who invented a stocking

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frame, which produced hose at least seven times as fast as the most perfect female fingers could knit them, Elizabeth refused her patronage to the stocking machine. "I have too much regard," said the Queen, "for the poor women and unprotected young maidens who obtain their daily bread by knitting to forward an invention which, by depriving them of employment, would reduce them to starvation. My sympathies are entirely with the poor and unprotected of my own sex, who have many grievances to complain of already, and which I desire to remove before I quit this world." Lord Hunsdon used his influence with the Queen in vain. She would not sanction the stocking machine, and publicly spoke against it. Hunsdon became so enthusiastic about the newly invented machine that he absolutely apprenticed his own son, William Carey, to the patentee. So the son of a peer became one of the first apprentices to a stocking maker.

There are several accounts chronicled as to the origin of the first stocking machine. It has been affirmed by an old Leicestershire tradition that a certain clergyman of the Church of England was in love with a comely maiden named Rachel Goodchylde, and whenever the parson went to visit the young lady she seemed more mindful of her knitting needles than of the presence and addresses of her suitor. This apparent slight created such an aversion in the young curate's mind against knitting by hand that he determined to contrive a machine that should turn out work enough to render the common knitting a gainless employment. The rejected lover, having a mechanical turn of mind, set to work, and after six years' toil and anxiety he finally accomplished his design in 1589. Although the Queen obstinately opposed the use of the stocking machine, still it succeeded. The opposition of Royalty to the machine sprang from the most kindly feeling

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towards the down-trodden women of the period. The Virgin Queen, however, was not always in this humane mood towards her own sex; yet I gladly desire to give "golden Eliza" credit for every good action she performed. Her charities, for instance, were numerous and unseen by the world: still this amiable feature in the character of a Queen involves an extraordinary contrast with Elizabeth's persecution of conscience, her despotism, and disregard of every honourable principle that gives confidence to a people in the integrity of its Sovereign.

In the spring of 1580 Elizabeth thought proper to check the "presumptuous disposition"—such were her words—of her subjects to emulate the height and amplitude of the Royal ruff, which formed so characteristic a feature in her costume, and an Act was passed in Parliament empowering certain officials to stand at corners of the streets armed with shears for the purpose of clipping all ruffs that exceeded the size prescribed by this petty and tyrannical exercise of power. Several riots ensued, but the most serious results were likely to occur in interfering with the ruff of the French Ambassador, who would not submit to such an indignity. The Queen did not intend that her arbitrary law should extend to ambassadors or foreigners of rank, and rebuked the officials severely for their want of discrimination.* The English courtiers had, however, to submit.

Cecil, whose mental qualities should have raised him above those of a mere Court creature, on some occasions addressed his mistress in these words:—"I have had the wonderful honour and happiness to receive a letter written with the Queen's blessed hands, and suggested by her wise and holy head."

* Camden's Annals; Lodge's Illustrations.

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Shortly before Cecil's death, in writing to his son, he says, "I hope to be in heaven a servitor for her Highness and God's Church." What a power hypocrisy must have had to elicit from the deathbed an aspiration which seems the expression of idolatrous servility rather than of a Christian's faith. The aged Minister who speaks of Elizabeth thus was characterised by her in moments of passion as "an old fool, only fit for playing with *grandchildren*, falling asleep over books, or dreaming of Popish invasions." At another time she called him "a miscreant and a coward, who feared Essex more than herself." If Cecil feared Lord Essex, he also hated him and plotted his ruin. Yet the Queen admitted in her calmer moments that Cecil was the "ablest and truest of her Ministers." It is certain he submitted to her violent language, always considering that she was the Sovereign, but his notions of private and official life did not suggest the vindication of that respect and honour due to the dignity of the first Minister of the Crown.

"The courtiers of Elizabeth," writes a French Ambassador, "were vieing one with another as to who should use the most flattery." It has been stated that some of the "loyal and chivalrous gentlemen of the Court" assured the Queen that the "lustre of her beauty dazzled them like that of the sun, and they could not behold it with the fixed eye." Birch relates that in old age she permitted courtiers to speak to her of her "excellent beauty." Her conduct to the ladies of the Court redounded little to her credit as a woman. It was the Queen's custom to strike the maids of honour; she gave Anne Scudamore a blow on the head which nearly proved fatal. Other ladies received similar treatment. In old age the Queen's temper became most violent, and she swore dreadful oaths for little provocation. During the latter years

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of Elizabeth's reign Lord Essex and Raleigh were the cause of several Court scandals, for no young lady of propriety could safely remain at Court.

The levity of Essex's conduct, and his freedom with the maids of honour, was often a source of trouble to those ladies. On one occasion he made an avowal of his passion to the beautiful Elizabeth Brydges, which excited the Queen's jealousy and passion beyond all bounds. She treated the unoffending lady in the harshest manner, and even inflicted blows upon her person. Rowland White recounts the *fracas*:—"Mrs. Brydges received big words of anger and blows, and also Mrs. Russell. They were put out of the Cofferer Chamber, but have been permitted to return." He again remarks:—"You may conjecture whence these storms arise." About the same time the wild young Earl of Southampton also incurred the Royal displeasure for marrying without the Queen's consent, and was sent to the Tower.

There is still extant a letter of Lord Huntingdon's, in which he complains of the "Queen's pinching his Countess on divers occasions, because she did not humour her whims quickly." There were times at which Elizabeth used gross language to her Council also. Essex was not the only man whom she visited with manual punishment. Harrington, in describing his own experiences states, in one of his letters, "I was collared after the fashion her Highness used to Hatton."* The gossip is silent as to whether Hatton was Chancellor or not when subjected to this discipline.

Elizabeth detested, as ominous, all dwarfs and monsters, and seldom could be induced to bestow an appointment, either civil or ecclesiastical, on a mean-looking, ugly man; in fact, it

* Letters of Sir John Harrington; Diary of Anne Scudamore.

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was a proverb at Court that she "regarded ugliness as a greater crime than witchcraft." "She always," says Lord Bacon, "made sedulous inquiries regarding the moral qualifications of any candidate for preferment; and then considered his mien and appearance. Upon one of these occasions she observed to me" (Bacon), "how can the magistrate maintain his authority if the man be despised?"

At the sales of Crown property the Queen used to say "her commissioners behaved to her as strawberry vendors to their customers, who laid two or three great strawberries at the mouth of the pottle, and all the rest were little ones; so they gave her two or three good prices at the first, and the rest fetched nothing."

The Queen was very fond of singing birds, apes, and little dogs; but her better taste and feeling were manifested in her love for children. The reader has already seen that when a prisoner in the Tower she was wont to divert her cares and anxious forebodings by talking with the warders' little ones, whose affections she entirely won by her endearing behaviour; and when age brought with it the painful conviction of the emptiness of Court flattery, her sick heart was soothed by the artless prattle of infancy, and she exhibited almost maternal tenderness when brought in contact with the children of her nobles.

Sometimes Elizabeth amused herself with a game of chess, dancing, or singing. Occasionally she played at cards and tables, and if she won she would be sure to demand the money.

When the Queen retired to her bedchamber she was attended by the married ladies of her household, among whom are particularly mentioned the Marchioness of Winchester, the Countess of Warwick, and Lady Scrope. Some confidential

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lady always slept in the same chamber with the Queen. One of her physicians and an apothecary always travelled with her Highness. Another interesting feature in her domestic life was the fact that she was personally acquainted with every domestic in her service, and felt a pleasure in hearing gossip about their relatives. Nearly the whole of her servants were Catholics; and many of them acted as her spies upon the Protestant party, in whose integrity she had little reliance, unless where their interests were concerned, and, in such cases, she gave them little credit for honesty.

When Elizabeth relaxed amongst the many plausible and accomplished men who knew her character, the best and kindliest feelings of her nature were elicited. It was a beautiful privilege of genius to present the lofty Queen in the guise of the tender, kind, and thoughtful woman. The French and Spanish Ambassadors were peculiarly successful in the exercise of this valuable gift. Among many instances given by Hentzner of what may be called the life of "The Queen at Home," I find the following:—

"At supper her Majesty diverted herself with her friends and attendants; and if they made her no answer, she would put them upon mirth and pleasant discourse with great civility. She would then admit Tarleton, a famous comedian and a pleasant talker, and other such-like men, to divert her with the stories of the town, and the common jests or accidents. It was understood they kept within the bounds of modesty. In the winter-time, after supper, the Queen would sometimes hear a song, or a lesson or two played upon the lute; but she would be much offended if there was any rudeness to any person."

The Queen, who admired the Court customs of olden times, maintained a fool and jester. Pace, styled the "bitter fool," was very popular. He was employed by Knollys and Cecil to

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turn the Mass into ridicule, for which he was sharply rebuked by his Royal Mistress. Sixtus the Fifth was also an object of satire on the part of the Court jesters, but rarely in the Queen's presence, who, while she detested that Pontiff, had a certain respect for his office.

The Queen once asked Clod "Why he neglected the duties of his office?"

"How so?" inquired the jester; "in what have I failed?"

"In this," answered her Highness, "you are ready enough to point your sharp satire at the faults of other people, but you never say a word of mine."

"Ah!" exclaimed the fool, "that is because I am saved the trouble by so many deputies. Why should I remind your Highness of your faults, seeing that they are in everybody's mouth; and you may hear of them hourly?"

On another occasion, the Queen was about to take her accustomed walk at Windsor, when it commenced raining. Archbishop Whitgift and Dean Perne, who were present, attempted to persuade the Queen to return; but she was obstinate and would have her way. Clod then, addressing her, said:—

"Madam, Heaven dissuades you, for it is cold and wet, and earth dissuades you, for it is damp and dirty. Heaven dissuades you, too, by this heavenly man, Archbishop Whitgift; and earth dissuades you, by me, your fool, Clod, lump of clay as I am. But if neither can prevail with you, here is the Dean Perne, who is neither of heaven nor of earth, but hangs between the two, and he, too, dissuades you."*

The allusion of the sharp-witted fool to Dean Perne had reference to the fact that he changed his faith from one creed to another *four times in a dozen years.*

* Anecdotes of Queen Elizabeth and her Jesters.

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In 1583 Sir Francis Walsingham introduced the celebrated Dick Tarleton to the Queen, and he soon became one of the most popular comedians in London and was appointed to the "high and honourable" office of Court jester to her Highness. Several robes were purchased for him in Paris, to appear before the Queen at dinner, dressed as a buffoon or jester. His duty on those occasions was to make the Queen "merrie." Fuller styles him a master of his faculty who, "when Elizabeth was serious and out of good humour, could *undumpish* her at his pleasure." When persons about Court had "small compliments" to seek, Tarleton acted as their usher to pave the way, and lined his pockets with silver and gold by this means. Notwithstanding, however, the liberal gratification of his rapacity, Dick was ever needy and always in debt. Fuller relates that "laughing Dick Tarleton" told the Queen "more of her faults than most of her chaplains; and cured her melancholy better than all her physicians." "If the Queen admired Dick," observes the author of "Court Fools," "the latter felt great reverence for his mistress. He could compare her, he said, to nothing more fitly than a sculler; for, he added, neither the Queen nor the sculler hath a fellow." Disraeli states that Tarleton possessed considerable power of extemporising satirical rhymes on the events of the day. Lord Burleigh and other courtiers, who secretly hated Leicester, instructed Tarleton to allude to that nobleman's Court favour, when making his satirical sallies upon the Queen. She, however, took it in good part, although sometimes mortified at the pertness of his observations. Once, when the Queen dined at Lord Burleigh's, in the Strand, Tarleton accompanied her, and, when the noble host besought her Highness to remain for the night, she positively refused. An application was then made to Tarleton, with the promise of a large reward if he could induce the

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Queen to remain. "Procure me," said Tarleton, "the parsonage of Sherd." They immediately caused the patent to be drawn up. He then put on a parson's cap and gown, and loudly repeated these words as the Queen descended the stairs:—"A parson or no parson? A parson or no parson?" When Elizabeth understood what he meant, she not only stayed all night, but remained a fortnight, and actually confirmed him in his possession of the benefice. "Never," says a writer upon those times, "was there a madder parson." He eventually turned the bell-metal, parsonage, and all into ready money. On one occasion Lord Leicester met Tarleton at Greenwich Palace, upon which the former, with a vicious sneer, exclaimed:—"Good morrow, my merry fool and knave." Tarleton replied:—"Well, I can't bear both titles together. I will, however, take the first, and you are heartily welcome to the second." The anecdotes respecting Tarleton and the Queen are numerous; but the majority are more traditional than authentic. Tarleton died in Shoreditch, of the plague, to the great regret of the Queen and the citizens of London, who were wont to consider him as having stood for the world-renowned portrait of "Yorick." A genuine collection of Tarleton's jests were published in 1611, on which occasion the citizens of London proved that their old favourite was not forgotten, for they eagerly sought after the volume which contained his "merrie sayings."

Great as the influence of Pace, Clod, and Tarleton was with Elizabeth, they never had the courage to take the liberties in which the noted Will Somers was indulged in by her father. On the death-bed of King Henry it is alleged that Somers admonished him to make some compensation to a gentleman whom he had much injured. The King hearkened to his remonstrance, and restored to Richard Farmer a portion

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of his estate, which had been seized upon. A proof of the estimate in which Henry held Will Somers is to be found in the fact that the King commanded Holbein to introduce the jester and his wife into the same picture with that of his Highness and the Royal family. This interesting group is yet to be seen in Hampton Court Palace. The anecdote concerning the moribund monarch is merely repeated here because it may be regarded worth the brief space it occupies. I very much doubt, however, that the favourite jester dared take such a freedom, and still less that restitution followed his perilous advocacy. Cranmer, potent as he was in the regard of his King, never ventured upon such remonstrances.

From all sources we learn that the hospitality dispensed at the Queen's various mansions was unbounded. "From the peasant to the peer," says a chronicler of the times, "all were welcome to eat and drink at the tables that were daily covered with meat and drink to make good cheer." Numbers of distressed Catholics received entertainment at the Palace board —in fact, anyone who entered, and said they were hungry, were welcome ; and it was the Queen's pleasure to come, *incog.* as it were, and see how they fared, and she generally conversed with them upon "country gossip."

Elizabeth kept up the old Catholic custom on Maunday-Thursday, of washing the feet of as many poor people as she was years in the world. The Queen went through this ceremony with great reverence and *fasting*. On one occasion she was attended by an old lady friend, whom the reader may welcome back to these pages—all that remained of the "Fayre Geraldyne"—once the alleged ladye love of the Poet Surrey.

King James the Second was the last English Sovereign who performed this ceremony.

There were some occasions on which Elizabeth's habit of

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alms-giving left her private treasury almost empty. In the season of Lent, like some of the Plantagenets of old, she gave alms with her own hands, almost daily, to the needy and most destitute, accompanying it with some kindly word. On the Good Friday of 1560, it was a pleasing sight to behold the Queen, then in the bloom of all her charms, bestowing with her own hands twopence each (equal to sixpence or eightpence of our present currency), to upwards of 1,600 women and children, many of whom were lame and blind.*

The Queen scrupulously adhered to the days of fast and abstinence from meat, as established in the Catholic Church. Sometimes, however, she altered and amended the diocesan regulations. In March, 1564, her Highness issued a dispensation abolishing Wednesday as a fast day in the Diocese of Winchester.† This Royal command was, it is probable, at the solicitation of the Puritan Bishop Horne.

The Queen's fish banquet consisted of eight different sorts, cooked in the fashion of the times. Like her mother, Elizabeth preferred old English ale to wine of any vintage, however delicious. Chicken and lark pies were among her favourite dishes. And she also desired "a fat capon, dressed in the old Norfolk fashion; partridge and pheasant, when in season," presented a most agreeable supper for the Queen. On such occasions she partook of old sack wine, repeating the words of Roger Ascham, "Good eating requires good drinking."

It may be interesting to know what example the Queen, as Head of the Church, presented in her observance of the Sabbath. In this regard the Royal conduct was not specially edifying. True the Queen did not travel on Sunday, but she did not

* Anecdotes of Queen Elizabeth.

† The Parker MSS.

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refrain from business. She signed on Sunday, June 14, 1572, a treaty of peace with France, which was accompanied by letters from the King and Queen-mother of that country, offering to Elizabeth the hand of the boy Alençon. She *played cards on the Sabbath, to the great confusion and sorrow of her bishops; and danced and attended bull-baits and other diversions.* On the Sunday of the treaty above referred to, Feneleon* tells us in his despatches that the Queen, after a splendid entertainment, took the Duc de Montmorenci, the ambassador, envoys, and others "to see the combats of bears, of bulls, and of a horse and monkey"—a sport in which the Queen is said to have delighted. Feneleon continues:—"She again made M. de Montmorenci, M. de Foix, and me eat at her own table; and all the rest of the lords, French and English, mingled with the ladies of the Court, occupied another very long table near her own. We were sumptuously entertained, and the feast was prolonged till about midnight, when the Queen led us to another terrace, which looked into the great Court of the palace, where we had not been long, when an old man entered with two damsels, and implored succour for them in her Court; and immediately there appeared twenty knights in the lists—ten in white, led by the Earl of Essex, and ten in blue, led by the Earl of Rutland—who, in the cause of these damsels, commenced a stout combat on horseback with swords, which lasted till the dawn of day, when the Queen, by the advice of the umpires of the field,

* Private Despatches of La Motte Feneleon. La Motte Feneleon was French Ambassador in London from 1568 to 1576. His despatches occupy five folio volumes. The originals are in one of the State libraries in Paris. Feneleon speaks of Elizabeth's private character in the highest terms of commendation.

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declared 'that the damsels were delivered,' and gave them all leave to retire to bed."

The reader has seen how the Sabbath was profaned on the occasion of the Queen's visit to the University of Cambridge. The exhibition was discreditable to the University, and more so to the Queen. The people, however, seemed highly pleased with the half-holiday kind of fashion in which the Queen observed the Sabbath.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE QUEEN'S ASTROLOGER.

I CANNOT, in this section on the domestic life of Elizabeth, pass by notice of one who, in the estimation of the Queen and of many learned men, held a place above the Court fools and jesters of the sixteenth century. John Dee, designated "Doctor," was a so-called "Alchemist," a forerunner of the Spiritualists of the present age, as alchemy was the predecessor of chemistry; but, taking the progress of knowledge by time's average, Dee was infinitely superior in power and resources to recent professors of mysticism. There was a weird notion about Dr. Dee's powers which made him romantic to Elizabeth and her courtiers, and the crystal globes in which he foreshadowed preconceived and foreknown auspices much surprised his consulters. A quasi scientist, yet far before his age, was Dr. John Dee, much of a charlatan, but with a broad basis whereon to found his charlatanism. He was born in London in 1527, was, we are assured, a "good Protestant," when he came to the years of discretion to ascertain which "religious potency was uppermost in the State." He was a kind-hearted man; and "staunch Protestant," as he avowed himself, he did not agree with the leading Reformers, nor subscribe to the system of persecution which they adopted. The unprecedented assiduity of Dee procured him amongst the envious, and even publicly, the perilous reputation of

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being "one of Satan's especial agents." He was ostracised and insulted, so as to be compelled to repair to Louvain, and afterwards went to Paris and other Continental cities. Dee was introduced to Queen Elizabeth by the Earl of Leicester. He was in poor circumstances at the time, and the Queen sent him a present of thirty golden angels.

Queen Elizabeth and Blanche Parry corresponded with Dr. Dee on the subject of necromancy and witchcraft. Independent of feminine curiosity, clever women like the Queen and Blanche Parry, desired a knowledge then so sought as preternatural. Blanche Parry was, as I have before said, an erudite lady. She was a linguist, an alchemist, astrologer, antiquarian, and a herald of the colleges. She died blind in 1589, being then 81 years old, and to the last the faithful servant of Elizabeth. Dr. Dee did not lose his opportunities—for promises of making gold he received much money beforehand, and there is no doubt that he received large sums from the Queen and her courtiers. Edward Kelly, the secretary and disciple of the doctor, is said to have bestowed golden rings to the value of £4,000 sterling to "divers ladies," which the latter would hardly have accepted if made of "white and red powder." Strange sayings were bruited throughout unsophisticated London in those days, and it was morosely whispered that "Ned Kelly"—there must naturally, if not nationally, have been something of the "devil" there—"had been visited by Satan, who had helped him to manufacture gold rings out of old chips."

Indignant and perhaps envious, preachers were at once in open-mouthed denunciation of Kelly, and he was driven from London to the country, where he betook himself to "laying ghosts, spirits, and goblins, which prevented honest folks from sleep o' night," by which means, it is

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recorded, Kelly made a fair livelihood on rural fears of departed relatives.

The Queen and Lord Leicester often visited Dr. Dee at Mortlake, "where they appeared in the most friendly spirit." In his correspondence Dee endeavoured to convince her Highness that he had "intercourse with spirits;" had possession of the "Philosopher's Stone," and could transmute iron and even wood into gold. Such delusions might well delude the ignorant populace; but Elizabeth was too astute to accept such assurances, and, after some expensive essays, she reduced the Royal bounty. Dee next appealed to Archbishop Whitgift, who is represented as a "man who did not part with his money for silly purposes," and so the alchemist and astrologer failed with the prelate as with several others. Dee then spent six years on the Continent, proceeding from one Court to another, each prince at first regarding his oracular communications with dread and astonishment, but concluding by casting him off, as doubting his integrity, or rather disgusted with his inability to satisfy that *auri sacra fames* which had troubled monarchs from the days of Trismegistus.

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CHAPTER VII.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

WHEN only six years old, Mary Stuart was privately* conveyed to France, accompanied by four young ladies of her own age, and all named Mary; they were the daughters of four Scotch Noblemen, and subsequently educated with the young Queen. In a few years the Queen of Scots became very popular with the French nation. Everywhere she went the people came forth to greet her; and the young mothers taught their little children to lisp her name. In those times the French citizens almost loved royalty with a religious sentiment. The poets and minstrels were honoured with the patronage of the young Queen. Caledonnia was not forgotten by her. She had in her employment a band of Scotch minstrels.

The courage of Mary was evinced at an early age in many forms. She was like the celebrated Countess of Ormonde, in the reign of Henry VIII.—a brave follower of the chase, and

* Henry VIII. sent vessels to sea to intercept the passage of his infant grandniece to France, but failed in accomplishing his design. Henry's scheme was to marry his son Edward to the Scottish Queen, and to annex Scotland to England. He was, however, disappointed in that which had been the eager desire of several English monarchs who preceded him. Puritanism, nevertheless, accomplished the dishonest policy long entertained by the Catholic Kings of England—namely, the annexation of the two Kingdoms.

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on two occasions narrowly escaped danger, both in France and Scotland.

The marriage of the Queen of Scots and the Dauphin of France, took place on Sunday, April 24th, 1558, at Notre Dame. The bridal procession, and the ceremonies in the cathedral, were the most magnificent that had been witnessed in Paris. Eighteen bishops, and a number of secular clergy, took part in the ceremony. The royal bride was dressed in a robe "whiter than the lily, but so beautiful in its fashion and decorations that it would be difficult to do justice to its details." The "four Scotch Maries"--who represented the women of Scotland—were in immediate attendance upon the bride.

It is stated on reliable authority that Queen Mary and her husband conducted themselves, as a married pair, with edifying propriety. Mary continued to read Latin with Buchanan, History with De Pasquier, and Poetry with Ronsard. The sudden death of her father-in-law (Henry II.) raised the young princess to the position of Queen Consort of France. The time, however, was brief before the first of the troubles of Mary Stuart commenced. Her husband's health was in a precarious state from an abscess in the ear, and inflammation of the brain. During his last illness, Mary never left the couch of her husband till his eyes were closed in death. The amiable young King appeared to regret nothing but his separation from her who was the only true mourner among those by whom he was surrounded at his last hour. Queen Mary had been the angel companion of his life. He loved her intensely; and with grateful affection he lifted up his dying voice to bless her, and to bear testimony to her devoted love for him as a wife.* Laying his head upon her

* Mathieu, Histoire de France; Connaco, Vita Mariæ Stuartæ, vol. iii.

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bosom, and clasping her hand, he expired without a moan.

Sir Nicholas Throckmorton has left on record a beautiful and affecting description of the "leave-taking" between Francis and Mary. I believe Throckmorton was present.

Brantôme observes that those who wish to write of Mary Queen of Scots have two very copious subjects—"Her life and her death." "The name of Mary Stuart," writes her distinguished English biographer, "has thrown that of every other Queen of Scotland into the shade. She appears to represent in her single person the female royalty of Scotland, having absorbed the interest pertaining to all the other princesses, who, previously to her brief reign, presided over the Courts of Dunfermline, Sterling, and Holyrood." Mary Stuart is exclusively the Queen of Scots—Queen not only of the realm, but of the people; and, notwithstanding her faults —real or imputed—she remains to this day the peculiar object of national enthusiasm in Scotland. Her memory haunts the desolate palaces, where every Scotch peasant is eager to recount traditionary lore connected with her personal history. Scarcely a castellated mansion of Scotland, of the sixteenth century, that boasts not some quaint-looking room, which is emphatically pointed out as Queen Mary's chamber; every ancient family in Scotland possesses a painting, for which the distinction of an original portrait of Mary Stuart is claimed. Tresses of every shade—of golden, auburn, and chestnut—are preserved and fondly exhibited "as well-attested portions of Royal Mary's hair."

More books have been written about Mary Stuart than exist as to all the Queens in the world; yet, so greatly do those biographies vary in their representations of her character, that at first it seems scarcely credible how any person could be

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so differently described. The triumph of a creed or party has unhappily been more considered than the development of facts, or those principles of moral justice which ought to animate the pen of the Historian; and, after all the literary gladiatorship that has been practised in this arena for some three hundred years, the guilt or innocence of Mary Queen of Scots is still under consideration, for party feeling and sectarian hate have not yet exhausted their malice.

Since Miss Strickland's elaborate and powerful work upon the "Life and Death of Mary Stuart" (five volumes) were published, Mr. Hosack, a learned advocate of the Scottish Bar, and a *Protestant*—the latter fact, it would seem, an essential recommmendation to obtain credit for veracity with many—has given to the world a triumphant vindication of Mary Stuart concerning the casket of mysterious letters which had been put forward to show her complicity in the murder of Darnley. Later still, Mr. Melins, an American author, appears upon the scene to controvert the slanderers of Mary Stuart. Mr. Melins is a Protestant gentleman, and comes forward to deal with Mr. Froude's "facts" concerning Mary Stuart.

If the opinions of Mary Stuart's own sex were allowed to decide the question at issue, a verdict of not guilty would have been pronounced by an overwhelming majority of all readers, irrespective of creed or party. Is, then, the moral standard erected by women for one another, lower than that which is required of them by men? Are they less acute in their perceptions of right and wrong, or more disposed to tolerate frailties? The contrary has generally been proved.

With the exception of Queen Elizabeth, Catherine de Medicis, Lady Shrewsbury, and Margaret Erskine (Lady Douglas), of infamous memory, Mary Stuart had no female

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enemies worthy of notice. It is a remarkable fact that English gold could not purchase witnesses from the female portion of the household of the Queen of Scots. None of the ladies of the Court, whether Protestant or Catholic, imputed crime at any time to their mistress. In the days of her Royal splendour in France, Queen Mary was attended by ladies of ancient family and unsullied honour, and, like true women, they clung to her in the darkest hour of her later adversity, through good and evil report they shared the gloom and sorrow of her prison life. They spent with her the last night of her existence; they imbued her face with their tears; they "watched over her unbroken slumbers," as Jane Kennedy relates, on that "last night;" and when morning came they acted with a Spartan courage, and gave renewed proofs of their fervid womanly love for their martyred Royal Mistress, whom they accompanied to the scaffold, where they remained till the captive of nineteen years fell a sacrifice by her cousin's jealousy and baleful spirit of revenge.

One of the earliest visitors the Queen of Scots received from her own country after the death of her husband, Francis, was Henry, Earl of Darnley, her cousin. Chalmers insinuates that a secret treaty of marriage was "there and then" arranged; but this statement is not sustained by any document extant. It is true that Darnley presented to Queen Mary a letter from his mother, the Countess of Lennox, who at that time did not contemplate any alliance with the widowed Queen. Sir James Melville, who visited Mary about the period of Darnley's "unwelcome intrusion," is silent as to "any courtship or matrimonial arrangement." He describes her as a "sorrowful young widow."* In her letter to King Philip the Queen

* Melville's Memoirs; Miss Benger's Life of Mary Queen of Scots; Sir Nicholas Throckmorton's Letters; State Papers of the times.

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says, "Your letters console the most afflicted woman under heaven; God has deprived me of all I loved, and held most dear on earth. . . . I cannot write on any other subject, I am so sadly afflicted."

Throckmorton, and the other agents of Elizabeth, set forth all the "ungracious and unseasonable gossip," which was circulated at the Courts of Europe concerning the matrimonial prospects of Mary Stuart.

Amongst the Scotch nobles who came to offer homage to their Queen were the Earls of Eglinton and Bothwell; they remained in her service till she returned to Scotland.* Bothwell, whose name was so sadly linked with the fortunes of Mary Stuart at a subsequent time, was, at this period, six-and-twenty years of age. He had been educated in France, and was said to have possessed some literary talent; yet he was rough and uncourtly in his manners, and "very vulgar and common in the movements of his body." Dargaud reports that "his natural ugliness was rendered more conspicuous by the loss of an eye."

Sir William Cecil and his Royal Mistress considered Bothwell to be a "person whom they could use in Scotch politics." Throckmorton sounded him, and reported to Elizabeth "his opinion of the man." In another despatch of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton to the English Queen he gives a brief sketch of Lord Bothwell:—"The Earl of Bothwell has suddenly left Paris for Scotland; he boasts that he will do great things and live in Scotland in spite of all men. He is boastful, rash and hazardous, and therefore it were meet that his adversaries should both keep an eye to him and keep him

* Lesley's History of Scotland; Throckmorton's Letters to Queen Elizabeth; State Papers; Queens of Scotland, vol. iii.

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short. He is not sincere, for he says one thing and thinks another." Very like Throckmorton himself.

Amongst the Scotch conspirators against Mary Stuart, who stood prominently forward, was her step-brother, Lord James, once known as the Prior of St. Andrew's. He came to visit his "beloved sister," as he styled Mary. The Queen, however, was aware of the fact that he had secret interviews with Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, and was actually organising discontent in several parts of Scotland. Sir Ralph Sadler paid down the money sent forward by Queen Elizabeth.*

The fate of Mary Stuart was almost unprecedented in the history of misfortune. At home and abroad her enemies were energetic at plotting: treachery surrounded her on every side; even D'Oysell, her mother's old friend, in whom she placed implicit confidence, acted an unfaithful part in his mission to England, and is accused of having seconded her unworthy brother's policy in giving Queen Elizabeth information of her "secret thoughts and intentions, and also of the route by which she proposed to travel."† Elizabeth would not permit the Queen of Scots to travel through England on her return to Scotland.

Mary Stuart had been in France always remarkable for her piety, and paid marked attention to the instructions of her chaplains. Catherine de Medicis was of a far different turn of mind, and laughed at the admonitions of the Bishop of Valence.

* Sadler and Cecil's Correspondence in State Paper Office; Tytler's History of Scotland, vol. v.; in the same vol., p. 92, the reader will find the opening chapter in the dark history of Lord James, subsequently known as the Earl of Moray.

† Throckmorton to Cecil; Queens of Scotland, vol. iii.; Tytler's History of Scotland, vol. v.

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A hostile French writer speaks thus of Mary, when about to leave France for Scotland :—

"Love, or even poetry, according to Brantôme, were powerless to depict Mary at this still progressive period of her life; to paint that beauty, which consisted less in her form than in her fascinating grace; youth, heart, genius, passion, still shaded by the deep melancholy of a farewell; the tall and slender shape, the harmonious movement, the round and flexible throat, the oval face, the fire of her look, the grace of her lip, her Saxon fairness, the pale beauty of her hair, the light she shed around her wherever she went; the night, the void, the desert she left behind when no longer present; the attraction, resembling witchcraft, which unconsciously emanated from her, and which drew towards her, as it were, a current of admiring eyes and hearts; the tone of her voice, which, once heard, resounded for ever in the ear of the listener."

The numberless portraits which poetry, painting, sculpture, and even stern prose have preserved of Mary Stuart, all breathe Love as well as Art. We feel that the artist trembles with emotion, like Ronsard, while painting.

There is a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots at Windsor Castle, which is supposed to have been sent from Blois to Queen Elizabeth. It is very beautiful, and is evidently the work of some eminent master. It represents Mary Stuart in the tender bloom of "promising eighteen," but the young widow is quite enveloped in black crape, which forms both veil and mantle, being simply fastened on the breast with one large pearl pin. The effect is very peculiar; for with the exception of the lawn borders of her widow's cap, which is subdued by being seen through the transparent folds of the black crape, that pearl is the only white in the picture. Mary holds a cross in one hand and a crowned globe in the other,

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looking mournful, but resigned, as if her thoughts were more on heaven than on earth.

Before Queen Mary left France she erected a beautiful marble pillar as a tribute of her love, to mark the spot where the heart of Francis the Second was deposited in the Cathedral of Orleans.* She also caused a medal to be engraved in commemoration of her "love and grief," having the following quaint device, emblematic of her buried husband and herself—a liquorice plant, the stem of which is bitter, bending mournfully towards the root, with this motto—"Earth hides my sweetness."

The death of Mary's husband, following that of her mother so quickly, impressed her mind with deep and solemn convictions of the uncertainty of human life. "The pale, sad-looking young widow," as a Spanish writer remarks, "was not thinking of suitors this time, as Queen Elizabeth's agents published to the world." No; her actions were of a far opposite description. The Queen of Scots surrounded herself with sombre images and emblems of mortality. She had a crystal watch made in the shape of a coffin for her own use, and another in the form of a helmeted death's-head, which she presented to her favourite maid of honour, Mary Seton.† This *souvenir* is of silver, and full of curious workmanship and emblems, such as the locket of Margaret Douglas. A large silver bell fills the middle of the skull. It is a "striking

* The body of the young King was interred at St. Denis.

† Both of the interesting memorials above alluded to, are still, I believe, in existence. Some thirty years ago Miss Strickland had the melancholy pleasure of inspecting them. The works were then in a good state of preservation; they were originally manufactured by Henri Moyse, of Blois. In Mr. Smyth's Historical Curiosities the reader will find an excellent engraving of these relics of Mary Stuart.

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watch." It tells the hour, and is most musical. "It was," writes Miss Strickland, "an ingenious *memento mori* invented by some earnest thinking Catholic, to be placed on the top of a *prie dieu.*"

Every movement of Mary Stuart in France was closely watched by spies of the Queen of England. Amongst those spies of Elizabeth, the most unscrupulous and dishonest was Mary's own brother. He professed great affection for his sister, and although he had violated his vows as a cleric, and was closely connected with John Knox and his party, nevertheless Mary had some faith in his "brotherly love;" but the "Prior of St. Andrew's" did not understand such a sentiment. He visited his sister at Joinville, and invited her home, at the same time offering advice that might bring ruin upon her. At this period she had reason to believe that her "beloved Jamie" was playing the game of the Scotch malcontents; but she could not think it possible that he was the paid agent of Queen Elizabeth. The conduct of Lord James towards his sister and his Sovereign is best understood from the correspondence of Nicholas Throckmorton, who writes from Paris in a confidential manner to Queen Elizabeth :—

"The Lord James is in Paris. He came to me secretly, and told me *all the confidential conversation he had with the Queen, his sister;* also the *confidential words* he had with the Cardinal of Lorraine. Lord James will, on his return home, visit your Highness, and *give you all particulars.* The Queen of Scots is beginning to doubt her brother's love and sincerity. . . Yet she has no possible idea that he would *betray her to your Highness.*"*

* Sir Nicholas Throckmorton's secret despatch to Queen Elizabeth. The original document is still extant.

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In another secret despatch, Throckmorton outrages all honourable feeling, and seems to have been a stranger to equity between man and man, but the Ambassador knew to whom he was writing; so he eulogises the character of the traitor, Lord James.

"I do well perceive," writes Throckmorton, "the Lord James to be *a very honourable, sincere, candid, God-fearing man*, and very much attached to your Highness's cause. *In my opinion you never did a good turn for a more worthy man.* He is still able and willing to serve your Highness in Scotland. His friends are *your friends. His religion whatever you may desire. He is an honourable man.*"*

Throckmorton calls Elizabeth's attention to three other Scotch "gentlemen," who were then in Paris engaged in the spy system for Sir William Cecil, but as they were "*all honourable men*," I shall pass over their names for the present.

The estimate which Sir Nicholas Throckmorton formed of the intellect and character of the young widowed Queen is worthy of attention, from the fact that this keen observer of human nature had been in frequent communication with her during her long residence in France. In a confidential despatch to Elizabeth, Throckmorton observes:—

"The young Queen has hitherto lived so entirely under the control of the Guises that her real capacity was not yet recognised; but now, when her widowhood compels her to think and act for herself, she begins to be better understood. She had already shown that she possessed great wisdom for her years, and modesty and

* See Sir Nicholas Throckmorton's Secret Despatches to Queen Elizabeth. State Papers.

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judgment, which, when matured by experience, could not but tend to her own reputation, and the benefit of her country."*

Mr. Froude, the most brilliant, and probably one of the most implacable of Mary Stuart's enemies, estimates the intellectual character of the Queen of Scots more highly than any friendly historian. "In intellect," Mr. Froude adds, "the Queen of Scots was at least Queen Elizabeth's equal."

Again, I wish to call the reader's attention to the fact that, whilst Mary Stuart was preparing for her return home, the Scotch Reformers were devising plans of sedition and treason, fortified by the agents, and subsidised by the pay, of Elizabeth. A more treacherous conspiracy was never concocted against a lawful Sovereign than that set in motion on this occasion. The Scotch Reformers had resolved to do what they could to prevent the return of their young Sovereign; they urged upon Queen Elizabeth to intercept and capture her; they leagued themselves with a foreign power to overthrow her Government; they had determined to deprive her of that liberty of conscience in her personal worship which the humblest in the realm had a perfect right to claim. By the most false statements they endeavoured to render their Sovereign odious to her people. Sir Thomas Randolph assures Sir William Cecil that the "*preachers of the Word of God will make the place too hot for the woman when she comes.*"

The preachers were the paid agents of the nobles and revolutionists. At this period no party had reason to find fault with their Queen.

What honest heart thrills not with indignation at the revelations which Randolph's correspondence unfolds of the

* Foreign State Papers, 1560-67.

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unscrupulous trio by whom Mary's ruin was subsequently effected ?

One of the professing loyalists writes as follows to the enemy of his Queen :—

"I have shown your Honour's letter unto the Lord James (Stuart), Lord Morton, and Lord Lethington. They wish as your Honour doth, that 'she' may be stayed yet for a pace, and if it were not for their obedience sake, some of them care not though they never saw her face!" *

What faith could the Queen place in such men as those named ? They were the ablest and perhaps the most dishonest of the Scotch Reformers. The confiding young Sovereign endeavoured to win to her side some of the influential Reformers, but Elizabeth was the "highest bidder." Mary was aware, however, that her enemies were sordid and corrupt: she was therefore willing to give them some "extra interest" in being loyal. Her letter to Lord Lethington is a remarkable document, written in the quaint French of the time. The Queen assures this stern man, "upon her honour, as a monarch," that if he will employ himself in her service with sincerity, he need not fear the reports of tale-bearers; that she is aware he has been the principal instrument employed in the treasonable practices of her nobles with England, but, as she has already promised oblivion for his past offences, so he may rely on her good faith and good will for the future, provided he will give proofs of his honest intentions by breaking off his correspondence with her English enemies, and act like a loyal and dutiful subject. . . . Mary further states that it is her earnest desire to live in peace and good understanding with her nobles and people, and to cultivate friendly relations

* See Cottonian Lib. B. 10.

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with her "good cousin," the Queen of England. The Queen next alludes to her want of money, and her desire to reward the Lord of Lethington as soon as her finances became more flourishing, and, in conclusion, appealed "to his honour and chivalry to stand like a true Scot by his widowed Queen in the hour of danger and distress."

This appeal was made to a man who knew little of integrity and less of chivalrous loyalty—a man with whom crime was never confronted by honesty of conscience. The religious sentiments professed so ostentatiously by Lethington were ever-present hypocrisy; he had no compunction in slaying—or causing others to slay—an adversary and seize upon his lands. A few days before Lethington received the conciliatory message from his Royal Mistress he had written to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton in a very significant manner, stating that French gold might do some mischief to the Protestant cause in Scotland, if England remained so lukewarm. The fact was notorious that Elizabeth had up to this period given largely to the revolutionary party in Scotland.* Lethington wrote again to the English envoy, assuring Throckmorton that "*the English gold would render far more service than that of France. The English gold came from Protestant hands; it was lucky money. Do not hesitate; send the gold quickly, and the good cause will prosper.*"† Like other Scotch conspirators Lethington received large sums in gold and silver from Elizabeth. Ralph Sadler had the troublesome office of distributing such money. John Knox and Crichton were regularly paid. Yet Tytler

* Sir Ralph Sadler's Correspondence (from the Borders) with Sir William Cecil, throws a flood of light upon the proceedings of Lethington and his co-conspirators.

† Francis Farlow's Account of the English Bribes to Scotland; also the English and Scotch State Papers of the times.

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alleges that Knox was not in the pay of the English agents at the Borders. There happens, however, to be evidence to the contrary. Knox lived in good style—far better than the Edinburgh parsons of the Kirk. Still "his means were apparently limited." As to Crichton, he was as notoriously corrupt as Tom Bishop, the vile Border agent of Henry VIII. and of the Protector Somerset.

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CHAPTER VIII.

RETURN OF THE QUEEN OF SCOTS.

In the month of July, 1561, Mary Stuart bade adieu to Paris for ever. The regrets and lamentations of all ranks of society were fervently expressed. In fact, her departure was looked upon as a national calamity.

Mary Stuart had a narrow escape of being captured by the English squadron sent out by Elizabeth. Michel de Castelnau, who accompanied the Queen to Scotland, affirms that they were once in sight of the English ships that were sent out specially for the purpose of seizing the person of the Queen of Scots. But a thick fog concealed Mary's ship from her pursuers, yet as they approached the coast of Scotland the fog increased. The pilots knew not where they were. After two days and nights, the fog disappeared, and at sunrise on Sunday morning the affrighted pilot and crew discovered they had run the Royal galley among a number of dangerous rocks. Dargaud states that nothing but the Providence of God had preserved them and their beloved Queen from a watery grave. With the courage of a Stuart, Mary was calm and brave at this critical moment. "I have no fear of death," said the Queen, "nor should I wish to live unless it were for the general good of Scotland." She expressed her gratitude to the Almighty God for the preservation of her friends.

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The landing took place at the port of Leith, on the morning of the 20th of August, 1561. Such an enterprise would have been considered daring and chivalrous in a King: in a Queen, young and beautiful, in beauty's loveliest form, it ought to have excited an enthusiastic burst of loyalty in every generous heart, in every chivalrous Scot. How did Scotland receive her lovely young Queen? The reader will see.

Lord James Stuart and the Earl of Argyle were the first of the Scottish nobles who visited their Sovereign on board the Royal galley. The Queen gave her brother an affectionate reception. In return he made eloquent professions of loyalty and gratitude; and reminded her of his many visits to France in former years that he might see his dearly "beloved sister," then a child. Mary was affected at these relations, but it was only momentary, for at this time she understood the man. James Stuart received a portion of his education at the University of Paris, where he studied theology and was prepared for the priesthood, a profession for which he had no vocation. The man's powers of deception were immense; his knowledge of human nature profound. Perhaps it would have been difficult to find amongst the public men of Scotland one who could rival James Stuart, then in his twenty-ninth year. The Queen discovered that the Prior of St. Andrew's was privately married, and had become one of the patrons of John Knox.

All things went on peacefully at Holyrood Palace till Sunday, the 24th of August (1561). The celebration of Mass in the Queen's private chapel on this Sunday morning occasioned a violent tumult, which was suppressed with much difficulty. The Queen, before leaving France, had stipulated for the free exercise of her own form of worship, and Lord James Stuart, previous to his departure for France, maintained, in opposition to Knox and the more rigid Reformers, that this privilege

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could not possibly be denied to their Sovereign. Here the matter rested till the Queen's arrival. The Puritan Protestants were determined that, so far as they were concerned, there should be no celebration of Mass either in the Queen's chapel or in any other place. John Knox, with the malign fire of an apostate, set the country in a blaze of sectarian combustion. He pitted man against man, and town against town. He said he would rather see ten thousand French soldiers landed in Scotland than suffer one single Mass to be celebrated. The Master of Lindsay buckled on his armour, assembled his followers, and rushing into the court of the Palace, "shouted aloud that the priests should be slain immediately!" "Kill them," exclaimed his mob. The Lord James, on this occasion, seemed to be displeased with the conduct of the fanatics thus brought thither; besides he had made a solemn pledge to the Queen on behalf of himself and the less violent partizans of the Reformation, that her Highness and the members of her Court should have the fullest freedom with regard to the exercise of their religion, and the safety of her clergy. Lord James and his guard would not permit Lindsay and his men to enter the chapel; and, by his action on this occasion, saved the lives of the priests, and perhaps Queen Mary herself. Lord James was bitterly assailed by John Knox for the part he had taken in this affair.*

In order to conciliate the majority of her subjects, the Queen had chosen seven Reformers and five Catholics, as her Council.† The Knox party continued loud in their protestations against any Papist being admitted to the Council Chamber. "The gallows is the place where I wish to see all Papists,"

* For particulars of the scenes in question, see Knox's History of the Reformation in Scotland; Keith, p. 239; Tytler, vol. v. p. 194.

† State Papers of Scotland; Queens of Scotland, vol. 3.

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said Archibald Crichton. This sentiment was heartily reiterated by Sir George Douglas and Lord Cassilis. The conduct of John Knox to the Queen is without a precedent in the annals of unmitigated ruffianism. The Kirkmen had done much to deprive the people of the good old sports and games in which the country had annually engaged for centuries. The Puritans looked with horror upon the May games, and the flower-crowned Queen; those games were banished as "things belonging to Popish times." Robin Hood was an annual play that afforded amusement to a vast number of young people, who were determined not to surrender the May pastimes; the authorities cried out: "Popery, rank Popery—down with it!" From the pulpit the May games were fiercely denounced, and those who indulged in them were threatened with death.

The craftsmen, apprentices, and the "wild varlets who were not filled with the Lord," were determined, notwithstanding the fury of the Knox party, to make another attempt at "having their own again." The "pretty little lasses cried for another May Queen," and their mothers joined in the chorus, exclaiming, "we were once frisky little lasses ourselves." As the 1st of May, 1561, approached, the people were determined that "olden memories should be revived." Accordingly on *Sunday*—mark the day—"Robin Hood and his Merry Men" entered an appearance, to the seeming horror of the followers of John Knox; thousands took part in the procession, and as the people were too strong to be opposed by the magistrates, the "day passed off without disturbance." In the pulpits and other chosen places, denunciations were pronounced upon the evil-doers, who were said to be "worse than Papists." A few of the ringleaders were arrested; and James Kellone, a powerful brawny shoemaker, who enacted the part of the famous Robin Hood, to the delight of the populace, was condemned by

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the Provost, Archibald Douglas, to be hanged "as an atrocious varlet, who violated the laws of God in the Popish fashion." Petitions were presented to Knox and the Provost to pardon him; the reply ran thus: "No, we will do nothing of the kind; we will hang him for his wicked deeds, and as an example to deter others from offending the Lord." * When the day arrived for the execution of James Kellone, the shoemakers in large numbers joined the craftsmen, and hastened to where the scaffold was erected for the hanging of Robin Hood; the crowd increased, and armed themselves with every description of deadly weapon. Within an hour they captured the Provost and bailies, and shut them up in close confinement; they broke the gibbet to atoms, and the hangman fled, as they intended to introduce that obnoxious official to his own rope. The infuriated mob next appeared before the Tolbooth, which, being well-secured from within, they brought large hammers, and quickly broke open the doors, and amidst the acclamations of thousands, "Robin Hood and his Merry Men," to the number of thirty, were liberated. One of the bailies (magistrates) imprisoned in the visiting booth, fired a darg (horse-pistol) at the mob, and wounded a servant of a craftsman, whereupon a determined battle ensued, which lasted from three in the afternoon till eight in the evening. The people were so far victorious that the magistrates, in order to procure their own release, were obliged to promise an amnesty to the "Robin Hood" party, these being the only terms on which they could recover their liberty.

The people had violated the law, but they were driven to it by the arbitrary conduct of the ignorant civic authorities.†

* Diurnal of Occurrents; Ramsay on Old Scottish Sports (black letter).

† Diurnal of Occurrents; Brantôme; Tytler's History of Scotland, vol. v.; Queens of Scotland, vol. iii.; History of the Reformation in Scotland by John Knox.

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Queen Mary had the wisdom to see how far her dealings with the "repentant rioters" could be turned to account. Having heard the admissions of her people, and their regret for having violated the law, she granted them a free pardon in the most gracious manner. The magistrates and preachers were loud in their denunciation of the Queen for this act of clemency. If she had acted in an opposite spirit she was sure to have been denounced as an enemy of the people.

Here is one of John Knox's commentaries upon the exercise of Mary's Royal prerogative of mercy in the case of the "Robin Hood" commotion:—"Because the Queen was sufficiently instructed that all those people did was done against the Spirit of the Gospel, they were easily pardoned by her."

The many intrigues set on foot by Elizabeth and her Council to obstruct a prudent and dignified match for the Queen of Scots fell through. The proposal for marrying Mary Stuart to Robert Dudley was never intended to be ratified. It was to insult the Queen of Scots and her people. The people of Scotland, of all parties, were justly indignant at Robert Dudley being put forward for their Queen's hand. The name of Henry Darnley and his father were far from being popular.

Queen Elizabeth thoroughly hated young Darnley's mother, and the latter continued the secret and deadly enemy of the English Queen. In 1565, the final answer of Elizabeth was given respecting the "future position" of the Queen of Scots. The Queen of England would not acknowledge her cousin Mary as her successor, neither would she agree to the marriage with Darnley. It was Mary's weakness to be hurried away by the predominating influence of some one feeling or object. Warm, generous, and confiding, but at the same time ambitious and tenacious of her rights, it had

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been her favourite and engrossing object for the last four years to prevail upon the Queen of England to recognise her title to the English throne. With this view Mary had given credit to her cousin's professions, borne every delay with patience, and checked the advance of foreign suitors in order to please Elizabeth. In fact, the Queen of Scots had hoped against hope. Are we to wonder, when Mary suddenly awakened to the duplicity with which she had been treated—when, in a moment, the mask of sisterly love, so long worn by her English cousin, fell to the ground—that she began to doubt the sincerity of kindred and friends? Again, the honour of the Council Chamber was violated, and the Queen lost all confidence in her Ministers. Moray, the idol of the Reformers, was her confidential adviser, and it is proved beyond doubt that he was at the same time in the pay of Elizabeth.* Was ever a young Queen placed in such a position? Mary Stuart had now made up her mind to marry Darnley, and a more unfortunate choice she could not have made.

* Secret Despatches of Randolph to Cecil; English and Scotch State Papers.

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CHAPTER IX.

MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN OF SCOTS.

On Sunday, the 29th of July, 1565, the long-delayed marriage of the Queen of Scots and her cousin, Henry, Earl of Darnley, took place in the Royal Chapel of Holyrood, at the early hour of six in the morning. The Queen was attended by a crowd of young Scottish ladies, who fairly represented the beauty of Caledonia.

The ceremony has been described as very impressive, and the Lords and Chiefs stood forth to give their congratulations, rude and uncourteous as those men usually were.

Before the wedding party had retired, several sectarian riots took place in the streets of Edinburgh, and men and women received dangerous wounds. However, in those days such incidents were considered of small account. John Knox turned the Royal festivities into ridicule, and denounced the dancing as "an abomination of Satan—a shocking outrage upon morality and the decent intercourse of society." Disturbances were again fomented by Lord Moray and his followers. "No peace for the Queen" seemed to have been her brother's motto.

A few weeks after the wedding, an agent of Elizabeth's, named Tamworth, arrived in Scotland with two chests containing golden angels to aid Moray and the other rebel confederates. The Queen of Scots protested against such conduct

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on the part of the Queen of England. Elizabeth pledged her "oath and her honour" that she had sent no money to Moray or any other person. The evidence against this statement was most conclusive.

Young Darnley and his father, Lord Lennox, desired to appear popular with the Kirk congregation, so they occasionally went to hear John Knox preach; and Knox could not resist the opportunity of making a personal attack on the Queen and her husband. He described them as "a boy and a girl," and used language of an uncourteous nature respecting the Queen. Darnley retired from the conventicle, and Knox was summoned before the Queen's Council, where he renewed his offensive language, and called his Sovereign "Jezebel."

For this offensive language he was committed to prison for fifteen days. The Queen's Council were not able to carry out their own judgment. Knox was accompanied to the gaol by thousands of fanatics, who knocked down every one who came in their way. The mob set law and order at defiance.

The Scotch nobles, who were well known to be the mercenaries of the English monarch, were determined that their Queen should have little rest. The frank appeal made by Queen Mary to the loyalty of her own countrymen had been responded to so well that a muster of some seven thousand men, in warlike array, followed the Royal banner on the 26th of August, 1565. On this occasion the Queen took the field in person against the insurgent lords, who traded upon religious sentiments with shameless hypocrisy. The advanced guard was led by the Earl of Morton; the Earl of Lennox commanded the van. In the centre rode the Queen, her Consort (Darnley), the Ladies of the Court, the Lords of the Council, and David Rizzio. In token of her determination, if necessary, to set the

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fortunes of Scotland on a field, and share the dangers of the conflict with her men-at-arms, the Royal bride rode with pistols at her saddle-bow. It was bruited, withal, that her scarlet and gold embroidered riding dress covered a light suit of defensive armour, and that under her regal hood and veil she wore a steel casque. Lord Darnley indulged in the boyish foppery of gilded armour for this occasion—a dangerous distinction, for, in pursuance of their pre-determined purpose against his life, the associate lords, under the leadership of Moray, had appointed several persons in the rebel ranks, in the event of a battle, to set upon the Queen's husband, and these men *were pledged either to kill him or die themselves.**

Queen Elizabeth and her Council were fully aware of these arrangements, as the intentions of the rebels were signified by Sir Thomas Randolph to Cecil in these words :—"They (the rebels) expect relief of more money from England—much promised and little received as yet."†

The agents of Moray had frequently complained with bitterness against the Queen of England for "having abandoned them when her turn was served."‡ What better treatment might traitors expect ?

Public opinion was decidedly in favour of the Queen of Scots at the time of the rebel movement in 1565. The rebel forces did not exceed fifteen hundred men, whilst the Royal standard received accessions of strength from all parts of the

* Secret Despatch of Randolph to Cecil, Sept. 8, 1565; Galigula, vol. x. folio 335—Cotton Lib., British Museum.

† Sir Thomas Randolph to Cecil, State Papers on Scotland, 1565.

‡ See Memoirs of Sir James Melville, p. 135, for the neglect of the traitors by the English Queen.

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realm.* The ardent devotion and chivalry of youth, and the unflinching loyalty of maturer years, were to be found in the Royal army. The matrons and their daughters went forward on the highways to give their blessing and good wishes for their young Queen, who came from the brief retirement of her bridal home to defend the honour and the safety of the throne against a combination of traitors, conspirators, and fanatics. The inhabitants of the large towns came forth to meet their Sovereign, and make her offerings of money, which was very acceptable to an exhausted treasury. Many poor mothers presented their "little store," but the Queen refused it, saying: "I should relieve your necessities, and not increase your poverty. Keep your money, and buy provisions for your dear little children. Remember that you have the blessing and the good wishes of your Queen." Mary Stuart, in her Queenly office, tempered justice with mercy. Several traitors of a subordinate character were fined or detained prisoners. Some of the Queen's courtiers, and more immediate friends, considered her too careless of her health and personal safety, and entreated her not to ride in bad weather, nor to remain so many hours in the saddle. The Queen laughingly replied, "I shall not rest from my trials till I have led you all to London."† This very imprudent expression was, no doubt, quickly forwarded to the English Queen by Randolph.

Mary Stuart's star was now apparently in the ascendant. Her fascinating address and the beauty of her person excited the admiration of the great majority of the people; and

* Randolph to Cecil; Chalmers's Life of Mary Queen of Scots; History of the Reformation Movement in Scotland by John Knox.

† Paul de Faix to Catherine de Medicis. Catherine de Medicis and her Ambassador, De Faix, were both the secret enemies of the Queen of Scots.

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the Reformers, beyond the immediate followers of John Knox, were the chivalrous adherents of their Sovereign.

At this period the Queen of Scots had a powerful party in England, especially in Yorkshire, where Elizabeth was detested for her cruel oppression of the ancient Catholic families. From Ireland there was hopeful news; but Mary Stuart had little confidence in her Irish admirers. On this occasion, however, the voice of the O'Neils and the O'Dougherties was raised with Celtic enthusiasm in favour of the Scottish Queen. Ireland promised aid, not in gold, for the land was too poor to do so, but in many hands and warm hearts.

Queen Elizabeth again shifted her position, and, as usual, censured her envoys and spies for not furnishing her with accurate information upon all the questions at issue. "Plot and counter-plot" became the order of the day, and gold seems to have been freely expended upon English and Scotch traitors, whose own secret correspondence with the Council paints them in the blackest colours.

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CHAPTER X.

THE USE OF TORTURE.

CAMDEN, who has been described as the Strabo of England, is charged by Birch with suppressing and colouring the events of Elizabeth's reign; but Camden's high reputation as a historian requires no vindication against the false statements of the Puritan, Thomas Birch. If Camden is not always correct, he certainly has not made any intentional misrepresentation of facts.

I now approach the subject of "torture," and a brief notice of a few of those who became the victims of Walsingham's spies at home and abroad.

The "use of torture," for the discovery of religious and political opinions, had its origin in a despotic design to enslave the minds of the people. The use of the rack was extensively practised by the chief Powers of Europe in the sixteenth century. Henry VIII., and the Protector Somerset, had faith in the rack. Queen Mary set aside this instrument of torture and many other modes of punishment only known to the Tower authorities. It would, however, have been well for her fame as a woman, and as a Sovereign, if Mary Tudor had also protested against the fanatical and cruel "stake," whose use has consigned every one in connection with it to the ban of execration. It is doubtful, however, if the men who sat in the Parliaments of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. would assent to

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a repeal of the statute by which people were sent to the stake. The Reformers—high and low—of the days of the Boy-King were in favour of the "stake" as a punishment for those who dissented from the opinions they chose to express. The records of the times attest this fact clearly.

I now approach the history of torture in the Tower during the reign of Elizabeth.

Edward Walgrave, a member of an ancient family, who sustained Queen Mary's cause, and subsequently became a member of her household, was marked out for persecution by the Council of Elizabeth. He refused to take the Oath of Supremacy to the new Sovereign, and was immediately committed to the Tower, where, according to Fitzwigram, an official of the time, he remained for "six months on a wretched filthy bed, half starved, and no medical attendant to inquire into his health." Nevertheless, he providentially recovered, when preparations were again renewed for his torture. He was examined before the law officers and Government spies. The result of an inquiry was an order to be racked, which was carried out with barbarous cruelty. Four months subsequently he was once more racked. Like other prisoners Walgrave suddenly disappeared, but whether he escaped, or died from his sufferings, or fell by the dagger of a hired assassin, and was buried privately by night, it is impossible to ascertain. Several notable prisoners were found murdered in the Tower during Elizabeth's reign; and others were never heard of after they entered the ill-omened gate. The officials were always "open to a bribe." At a later period it was believed that Walgrave escaped from the Tower, and having reached Lisbon, he studied medicine, and became a physician. About the same period there resided in Venice "a priest physician" named Talbot, who escaped from the

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Tower. Many of the exiled priests studied the medical profession. I refer to one remarkable man, Father Borde, of the Carthusian community.

Sir Francis Inglefield, another of Queen Mary's household, fled to Spain a few weeks after the death of his Royal Mistress. He was about to be committed to the Tower, and narrowly escaped in the costume of a Flemish musician, and actually performed at the house of Sir Nicholas Bacon, unsuspected by his enemies.

Elizabeth marked out for vengeance the unoffending domestics of her late sister. Some of those poor women were reduced to utter poverty. Five years later King Philip provided liberally for the wants of Queen Mary's servants. Mary left ample funds with Elizabeth to discharge her "domestic debts;" and the new Queen pledged "her honour" for the fulfilment of every request named in the will of the deceased monarch. How Elizabeth acted in this matter is not disputed by some partisan writers; whilst others, with a lofty disregard for such a small matter as the character of a Queen in affairs of common honesty, are silent upon the subject.

Queen Elizabeth, who was always moralising, revived the rack and other barbarous modes of infliction, which brand her name as a woman and a monarch with odious notoriety. In fact, if we judge Elizabeth by the records of her actions, she was, with the exception of her father, the most despotic and the most cruel monarch that ever reigned over this realm. "There is something peculiarly revolting in the fact," observes the historian of the Queens of England, "that Elizabeth should have been so callous to all the tender sympathies of the female character as to enjoin the application of torture to extort confession against the unfortunate ser-

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vants of the Duke of Norfolk." Here is the Queen's order respecting Bannister and Baker :—

"If they shall not seem to you to confess *their knowledge, then,* '*we*' warrant you to cause them both, or either of them, *to be brought to the rack, and first to move them with fear thereof, to deal plainly in their answers;* and if that shall not move them, then you *shall cause them to be put to the rack, and to find the taste thereof,* until they shall deal more plainly, or till you shall think meet."*

Two days subsequent to the date of the above warrant, Sir Thomas Smythe writes to Lord Burleigh in these words :— "I suppose we have gotten so much as this time is likely to be had; yet, to-morrow do we intend to bring a couple of them *to the rack,* not in any hope to getting anything out of them by the fear or pain, but because it is *so earnestly commended to us.*"†

Some writers state that this was "the only case of racking in Elizabeth's reign;" it is also alleged that "the Queen knew nothing of it." Such assertions are contradicted by the State Papers of the period, and many other reliable documents. In fact, the rolls of the Tower teem with records of the cruelties that were inflicted in Elizabeth's time. Persons were confined in cellars twenty feet below the surface of the earth ; others in "litel case," *where they had neither room to stand upright, nor to lie down at full length.* Men were placed in Skivington's irons‡ till they fainted away. And again, an

* Warrant from the Queen's Majestie; M.S.; Cotton Calig, c. iii. folio 229.

† The order came directly from the Queen herself. See Murdin's State Papers; Notes on the Trial of the Duke of Norfolk.

‡ Bayley's History of the Tower of London.

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iron instrument was used, by which head, feet, and hands were bound together. Many were fettered and bolted in this manner; while others, still more unfortunate, had their hands forced into iron gloves that were much too small, or were subjected to the excruciating torture of the boot. These cruelties were suggested by Sir Thomas Smythe and Walsingham, "with the full approval of her Highness the Queen." Sir John Harrington follows in the track of Hatton, when he describes Elizabeth as humane, gentle, and kind—a model woman. At other times Harrington spoke in no flattering tones of his Royal godmother.*

The despatches of the foreign Ambassadors draw a terrible picture of the "poor victims when carried from the rack, oftentimes sounded by courtiers, who came hither to see with their own eyes, and to report to the Queen's Highness how the traitors *liked the taste they received for a beginning.*" On one occasion Elizabeth asked Lord Burleigh "if some *more terrible mode of torture* or death could be devised for those who refused to deny her supremacy or plotted against her life." The astute Minister assured his Royal Mistress that the law was strong enough to have the required vengeance; he would, however, see that the gaolers did their duty promptly.† No one could suspect that Burleigh had the smallest sympathy with the people who were racked, beheaded, and quartered. At a later period of her life (1601) Elizabeth seemed to rejoice at beholding the mangled remains of her victims. Holding the French envoy (De Biron‡) by the hand, she pointed to a

* State Papers of Elizabeth's reign.

† Dr. Nare's Life of Lord Burleigh.

‡ When the Duc de Biron returned to Paris he was immediately charged with high treason, and quickly sent to the scaffold. Having refused to

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number of heads that were planted on the walls of the Tower, and next conducted him to London Bridge to witness a similar exhibition, and told him "that it was thus *they punished traitors in England.*" Not satisfied with calling his attention to this ghastly scene, she coolly recounted to him the names of all her subjects whom she had brought to the block, and among those she mentioned the Earl of Essex, whom in her old age, she ruined by her ungenial favour.* Elizabeth could not cross London Bridge without recognising the features of many good and loyal men whom she had consigned to the headsman. The "quartering of the bodies" presented another revolting sight in many parts of London. Henzer, and other foreigners, have commented on such scenes with indignation.

Henzer, who is a reliable authority, affirms "that he counted on London Bridge no less than *three hundred heads of persons who had been executed for high treason.* "This was a melancholy evidence," remarks Miss Strickland, "that Elizabeth, in her later years, had flung the dove from her sceptre, and exchanged the harbinger of peace for the sword of vengeance."

Bartoli describes the machines of torture:—"The rack," he says, "was a large open frame of oak, raised three feet from the ground. The prisoner was laid under it on his back, on

submit to the old axe, then in use, a scene of horrible butchery ensued, in which the executioner showed his triumph by holding up to popular gaze the convulsed head of the unfortunate nobleman. The Bishop of Orleans stated that De Biron had the most savage and demoniac countenance he had ever witnessed in any man.

* Perefix is the author of the above narrative. Perefix makes no comment, but merely gives it as a historical fact. "If he had a prejudice," observes Miss Strickland, "it was in favour of Elizabeth, whom he highly commends."

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the floor; his wrists and ankles were attached by cords to two rollers at the ends of the frame; these were moved by levers in opposite directions till the body rose to a level with the frame. Questions were then put, and, if the answers did not prove satisfactory, the sufferer *was stretched more and more, till the bones started from their sockets.*" This description is corroborated by the records of the Tower.

The Scavenger's Daughter was a broad hoop of iron, consisting of two parts fastened to each other by a hinge. The accused person was made to kneel on the pavement, and to contract himself into as small a compass as he could. Then the executioner, kneeling on his shoulders, and having introduced the hoop under his legs, compressed the victim close together, till he was able to fasten the extremities over the small of the back. The time allotted to this kind of torture was *an hour and a half*, during which time it commonly happened that from *excess of compression, the blood spouted from the nostrils;* sometimes, it was believed, from the *extremities of the hands and feet.**

Iron gauntlets, which could be compressed by the aid of a screw, served to hold the wrists and to suspend the prisoner in the air from two distant points of a beam. The victim was then placed on three pieces of wood piled one on another, which, when his hands had been made fast, were successively withdrawn from under his feet.

"I felt," says Francis Gerard, one of the sufferers, "the chief pain in my breast, belly, arms, and hands. I thought that *all the blood in my body had run into my arms and begun to burst out at my fingers' ends. The arms swelled*

* See Bartoli, p. 250; see also the records of the various rackings at the Tower.

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till the gauntlets were buried within the flesh. After being thus *suspended an hour, I fainted, and when I came to myself, I found the executioners supporting me in their arms.* They replaced the pieces of wood under my feet, but as soon as I was recovered they removed them again. Thus I *continued hanging for the space of five hours, during which I fainted eight or nine times.*"*

I next quote from Rishton's diary, in order to show the condition of the Tower under what many historians style the "mild government of Elizabeth."

December 5th, 1580.—Several Catholics, or better known as Papists, were brought from different prisons.

Dec. 10.—Thomas Cottann and Luke Kirbye, priests, suffered compression in the Scavenger's Daughter for more than an hour. Cottann bled profusely from the nose.

Dec. 15.—Ralph Sherwin and Robert Johnson, priests, were sorely tortured on the rack.

Dec. 16.—Ralph Sherwin was tortured *a second time* on the rack.

Dec. 31.—John Hart, after being *chained five days to the floor, was led to the rack.* Also Henry Orton, a "fine gentleman."

1581, Jan. 3.—Christopher Thompson, an aged priest, was brought to the Tower and racked the same day.

Jan. 14.—Nicholas Roscaroc, a boy of 16 years of age, was barbarously racked. A number of persons were racked whose names are now unknown.†

Chaloner states that several women were racked, or in some

* See Bartoli, p. 418; Records of Racking in Elizabeth's reign.

† Jardine's Criminal Trials, vol. i.; Howell's State Trials; Lobden's Account of Pugnacious Jurors who were Racked.

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way tortured. Pomeroy and Farlow affirm that two Papist women and a young maiden of the Anabaptist sect suffered death for their religious opinions. Elizabeth entertained a deep hatred of the Anabaptists, who gave her much trouble. This sect had the merit of immense courage and dogged perseverance; but they were selfish, intolerant, and dishonest.

The office of jurors under the rule of Elizabeth became a dangerous public duty—at least to men who had any semblance of honesty, or regard for the rights of their fellow men. Intimidation, fine, and imprisonment, were of frequent occurrence if they refused to find a verdict for the Crown. Corrupt and time-serving as the judges and juries were under the Tudor dynasty, they felt the degradation of their position most in the reign of Elizabeth, when "Royal instructions" were handed to them, in many cases, the day preceding trials which partook of a political or sectarian character.

In England the rack became a "favourite device," and was employed with frequent as well as wanton barbarity. Many readers will scarcely credit the fact that the Queen "ordered the *bishops to use torture to the Papists* in order to *discover where or when they attended Mass.*"*

In 1578, Dr. Whitgift, then Bishop of Worcester, was commanded to use torture to force answers from Catholics suspected of having heard Mass.† Whitgift was quite capable of persecuting, without the "Royal command." On one occa-

* In Bridgewater MS., pp. 56, 176, 179, 191, 196, 222; Howell's State Trials, and the public records of the times are to be found numerous instances of the personal cruelty of Elizabeth; the corruption of her judges, and the total disregard of the old constitutional maxims on the part of the advisers of the Sovereign.

† See Strype's Whitgift, p. 83.

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sion he requested Lord Burleigh to rack a "certain priest till he gave the names of those who went to Confession to him;" but Burleigh, to his honour be it related, spurned the request with indignation.

Here is a brief history of one of the most remarkable men tortured at the Tower for the expression of his honest convictions concerning religion.

Edmund Campion was the first great scholar produced by Christ Church Hospital as a Protestant foundation. He was scarcely thirteen years old when he pronounced a Latin oration to Queen Mary on her accession to the throne. In 1566 he became Master of Arts at the Oxford University. On the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Oxford, Campion again signalised himself by the Latin address he made to the Queen. He was then one of the rising stars of the Church of England. At a subsequent period he was granted permission to visit Ireland, in order to preach to the "wild Irish the glad tidings of the Gospel." He soon became shocked at the conduct of the Lord Deputy and the Council, at Dublin Castle. Every kind of oppression and wrong was carried out under the name of the "Reformed Church," to which the people were almost unanimously opposed. He relates, to his "grief, that the clergy sent from England to Ireland made no impression upon the islanders, because they required to be reformed themselves."

It is stated that a train of reflection followed, and Campion secretly corresponded with some of his Oxford clerical friends. He described himself as "becoming uneasy in conscience." Soon after he abandoned his plans for the conversion of the Irish people, and repaired to Rome, where he was received into the Catholic Church; commenced a course of theological studies; and, in due time, was ordained a Jesuit. His English friends expressed their indignation at his conduct

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and used strong language towards him. Several scholars of Oxford and Cambridge, however, imitated his example. A mission to England was proposed in Rome, and the name of Campion was unanimously pronounced as one of those to whom this perilous undertaking was to be confided. After some further delays, Father Campion, who had been for years working as a missionary priest at Prague, was selected with Father Parsons to make the first adventure in England. All arrangements were completed, and large sums of money privately collected amongst the Catholic exiles, who, at this period, were "greatly devoted to one another—brothers and sisters in bondage and misfortune," as they have been described.

Mr. Gilbert and his friends provided money. Each Father had two horses, a servant, several disguises, and £70 in gold. They dressed as occasion required—sometimes as officers, sometimes as clerics of the Reformers, doctors, apothecaries, or foreign merchants—the last a convenient cover. There is no doubt that Campion was an enthusiast that could see no danger looming in the distance. He could scarcely believe the well-attested fact that London was the stronghold of Protestantism and senseless hatred of all religious control.

The landing of the Jesuits at Calais in June, 1580, caused an excitement in London. To avoid suspicion, they crossed in separate parties. Father Parsons went first, disguised as a volunteer officer returning from the Low Countries. Parsons was about thirty-five years of age at this period. He was cool, clear-headed, and not given to emotion, or sensibilities. He was, perhaps, the most cautious and prudent man connected with the expedition. Parsons' buff uniform, his gold lace, his hat and feather, and well-appointed servant, were passports sufficient for the Dover searchers. He made his way to Gravesend, and up the river to London; and as the readiest

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means of finding a friend, he went openly to the Marshalsea to look among the Catholic prisoners. A bold step.

Campion crossed the Channel in safety, on the 29th of June, 1580, St. John the Baptist's Day, and, as he remarked, "My patron saint, to whom I have commended the holy mission on which I have embarked." His was, it seems, a good disguise. His assumed trade was that of a jewel merchant, and Ralph Emerson, his servant, or clerk, followed him with a box of jewellery, and wore a *coat padded with Catholic tracts and other material for the mission.* Campion could scarcely conceal his enthusiasm. He required the coolness of such men as Father Boorde or Chauncey, who were on the scene many years previously; but since then Protestantism became very powerful in London, and the Catholics, still forming a small minority, were "in holes and corners," and barely tolerated. With regard to fair play in business matters, they were plundered in the most unscrupulous manner. No Mussulman ever acted worse to the unfortunate Jews than the Reformers of London did to their Catholic bondmen—the descendants of the honest and humane burghers who founded so many institutions for "humanity and religion." Father Campion was too honest to appear in a masked form. He felt that it was wrong to do so, but the success of the mission depended upon the most cautious action. Some Catholics have argued that he should have used no disguise; but to adopt such a course would have been like putting his hand in the lion's mouth. It is certain that he might have used more discretion, and gradually felt his way. However, prudence and foresight are points of generalship which enthusiasts, especially of a religious type, reflect little upon till too late. Campion was suspected, and Walsingham's spies, ever on the alert, were quickly on his track. He was arrested, and brought before a magis-

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trate who believed he was the noted Father Allen, for whom the Government were on the look-out, and "a special rack was in readiness at the Tower to do the preliminary work." The authorities were soon convinced that the prisoner was not Allen. Who could he be? Campion was supposed to be in Rome, and the prisoner seemed to know nothing of any profession but that of the travelling jeweller. Father Bamfield, in his anecdotes of the "Priest-hunting Times," affirms that Campion sold a watch and a ring to a London Alderman who was introduced to him by "a merchant in Old Chepe." Campion next visited Mr. Gilbert, in Fetter Lane, where he met several of the Jesuit Fathers, all of whom received a most hearty welcome from their host. Several young Catholic gentlemen of rank formed an association for the protection of the Jesuit Fathers, who landed in different ports, and under various disguises. At the head of this courageous little band appears the name of Charles Arundel, Stephen Baptist Gilbert, Francis Throckmorton, Anthony Babington, Chidiock Tichbourne, Charles Tilney, Edward Ashingdon, Richard Salisbury, and William Tresham. Nearly all the above gentlemen subsequently reached the Tower, and braved the Queen's vengeance upon the rack or scaffold. It was a sad sight to behold so many brave and virtuous young men of station and honour sacrificed. The private history of several of them was most romantic. Sisters and lady-loves died of broken hearts, and tradition relates that two young ladies, who were more courageous than the rest, sent a threatening letter to the Queen. The result was that they were suddenly lodged in the Tower, where they remained for seven years. One was discharged a lunatic; the other died of prison fever.

To return to Father Campion. In a few days later it was generally bruited that Campion had arrived. His enthusiasm

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increased. The London Catholics came forth from their hiding places; they wished to hear the eloquent defender of the ancient creed of Christendom on some public platform. Lord Paget, *then* a Catholic, hired a large room in the vicinity of Smithfield, and on the 29th of June, a Jesuit missionary, under the ban of the Council, and liable, if arrested, to be tried for high treason, preached publicly in the middle of the city to a vast concourse of people. A warrant was issued for Campion's apprehension, but he had friends at Court who gave him private warning, but his enthusiasm rendered him regardless of danger. He had many Protestant admirers who were willing to screen him, thereby provoking the vengeance of Walsingham. Father Campion was, however, soon arrested, and the Queen's Council seemed determined to crush out of existence the newly imported Jesuit mission. The pulpits of London and the "great centres" of England thundered forth many discourses against "the growth of Popery," and the Puritans were in the front rank of denunciation, although complaining themselves of oppression at the hands of the Church party.

Elizabeth had been personally interested by the learning, eloquence, and ardent loyalty of Edmund Campion, before the possibility was imagined of the star of the University of Oxford forsaking the "Reformed religion" for the proscribed doctrines of the Catholic Church. After he had been tortured repeatedly, for the purpose of extorting from him the particulars of some secret plot against the Queen, in which he was suspected of being an agent, Elizabeth determined to see and confer with Campion herself, and by her order he was secretly brought one night from the Tower, and introduced to her at the house of the Earl of Leicester, in the presence of that nobleman, the Earl of Bedford, and the Secretary of State.

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Her Highness asked Campion "if he acknowleged her for Queen," he replied "not only for Queen, but for my *lawful* Queen." Elizabeth demanded, if he considered that the Pope could excommunicate her lawfully? He answered evasively "that it was not for him to decide in a controversy between Her Highness and the Pope." By the Pope's ordinary power he could not excommunicate Princes; whether he could by that power, which he sometimes exercised in *extraordinary* emergencies, was a difficult and doubtful question.* The interview ended by the Queen informing Campion that she left his case in the hands of the judges.

A special commission sat for the trial of Campion, twelve priests, and one layman. They had come prepared to profess their religious belief. To their astonishment, however, they were indicted for a conspiracy to murder the Queen, to overthrow the Church and State, and to withdraw her subjects from the allegiance due to the Queen's Highness. Even the particulars of the alleged plot were specified, the places—Rome and Rheims; the time—the months of March and April in the preceding year; and their very journey from Rheims to England, supposed to have been begun on the 8th of May. It is not difficult to account for the surprise of the prisoners. Several of them had not been out of England for many years; others had never visited Rome or Rheims in their lives; some had not even seen each other before they met at the bar. They declared that, whatever might be pretended, their religion was their only offence; and, in proof of the assertion, remarked that liberty had been previously offered to each individual among them, provided he would conform to the

* Bartoli, and Pomeroy; see also Howell's State Trials.

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Established Church.* At the trial Campion defended himself with his usual ability and eloquence, vindicating his brethren from the charge of disloyalty, and showed that not an atom of evidence had been adduced to connect himself and the other missionaries with any attempt against the life or the safety of the Queen. The public mind had been prepared to believe in the existence of the conspiracy by a succession of arrests, and *violent declamation from the pulpits, calling for the immediate execution of the accused as enemies to the Protestant cause*—which was that of God Himself. The conduct of the judges, the law officers, and the jury, was something similar to that exhibited in the case of Sir Thomas More. The jury pronounced them—one and all—guilty of conspiracy to murder the Queen. Some of the Council were struck with pity, remorse, and shame; they protested against the execution of twelve learned men—good and virtuous subjects of the realm, but Lord Burleigh would not listen to mercy. He said they should suffer as an example to others.

This judicial murder had all been previously arranged.† Campion, Sherwin, and Bryant were the first selected to suffer; they were hanged, drawn, and quartered in the most revolting manner. Father Campion and his companions protested their innocence, and prayed with their last breath for the Queen and their persecutors.‡

The remaining nine priests were detained in the Tower for some time to undergo torture and starvation, and were subse-

* State Papers of Elizabeth's reign.

† Records Concerning Campion's Trial; Dr. Pemberton's Notes on the Trial.

‡ See Simpson's Life of Father Campion. I also refer the reader (for the sufferings of the Jesuits) to More's Historia Rokinciæ Anglicanæ Societatis Jesu.

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quently hanged and quartered at Tyburn. They all died like Christian martyrs, and on the scaffold sang hymns of glory and praise to the Almighty. Farlow states that their speeches were suppressed by order of Lord Burleigh. Nothing more likely. The Queen in order to silence the murmurs of the people issued a proclamation declaring that "Father Campion and his fellow prisoners had been justly put to death; and in proof of their treasonable intentions, the queries which had been put to Campion and the other Fathers, and the answers which they had returned, proved their guilt."* The answers attributed to Campion are very different from the written documents handed in by him on the trial. A greater outrage upon the forms of law and justice could not have been perpetrated than the "trial" of Father Campion and the priests who were arraigned with him. Campion was forty-two years of age at the time of his execution. Elizabeth offered him £100 per annum, and lucrative Church livings if he renounced Catholicity. His answer was memorable. "No, Madame, not for all the honours that royalty can offer me. I am a Soldier of the Cross, and glory in going to the scaffold for the principles of my Divine Master."

Robert Johnson, a Shropshire priest, was racked three times at the Tower. He was subsequently hanged, drawn, and quartered. William Filbie, an Oxford cleric, was *six months pinioned with heavy iron manacles* in the Tower. He was twice racked, and *fainted under the operation three times;* when informed that he was to be led to execution in three hours, he lifted up his withered hands to heaven, exclaiming

* The real questions and answers, and other particulars, are set forth in Howell's State Trials, vol. i. p. 1078; and in Butler's Memoirs of English Catholics, vol. i. p. 200; App. 360.

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aloud, "Thanks to my good Redeemer, that my sufferings are so near the end." Filbie, like Campion, was an eminent Greek and Latin scholar. He was also beloved and esteemed at Oxford for his amiable and virtuous character. He was only twenty-nine years of age. His appearance on the scaffold, and his modest and forgiving address to the populace, excited the sympathy of many amongst a crowd who had become callous and inhuman from the scenes of blood they witnessed almost daily. Indeed, the barbarous "quarterings and hanging up" of the remains of many good and virtuous men, whose greatest offence was that of claiming liberty of conscience, had a marked effect upon the lower classes, who were beginning to look upon murder almost as a venial offence. Such was the result of Walsingham's moral teaching. I only refer to a few cases out of a vast number of barbarous persecutions for the crime of daring to uphold "liberty of conscience."

The story of Margaret Clitheroe, the wife of a rich merchant in York, is a revolting narrative. Mrs. Clitheroe's offence was that of her having a priest in the quality of a schoolmaster. This lady suffered death on the 25th of March, 1586. The victim being "very obstinate," the authorities were determined to use the most barbarous mode of torture. I describe her death in the words of one who was present at the time, and which is corroborated by the State records.

"The place of execution was the Tolbooth, six or seven yards from the prison. After she prayed for a short time, Sheriff Fawcett commanded the attendants *to pull off her clothes quickly*, when the doomed lady and four women, who were present, requested the Sheriff, on their knees, that, for the honour of womanhood, this might be dispensed with, but the Sheriff would not grant the request. Mrs. Clitheroe next demanded that the

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women might unapparel her, and that the men should turn their faces from her during that time. The women took off her clothes, and put upon her a long linen habit. Then very quietly she was laid down upon the ground, her face covered with a handkerchief, and most part of her body with a habit. *The 'door' was laid upon her; her hands she joined towards her face.* Then the Sheriff said, 'You must have your hands bound.' Two surgeons parted her hands, and bound them to two posts. After this they laid weights upon her, which, when she first felt, she said, 'Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, have mercy upon me,' which were the last words she was heard to utter. She was dying for a quarter of an hour. *A sharp stone, as large as a man's fist, had been put under her back; and weights of seven or eight hundred were laid upon her body, which, breaking her ribs, caused them to burst forth from the skin.*"

Further "particulars" of Mrs. Clitheroe's death are too horrible to print. The torture was conducted under the management of Topclyffe, to whom I have just referred. The rack officials and headsmen refused to act on this occasion; pleading that they were sick of the work, and required rest. The Sheriff "believed they were all drunk." Topclyffe then *hired eight beggars from the highway—notorious thieves and vagabonds*, who were capable of committing any abominable crimes; when those outcasts of human nature received "a good stoup of liquor" they commenced the ceremony of carrying out what a recent writer designates as "*the majesty of the English law in a reformed state.*" To such hands did the merciful Elizabeth commit one of her own sex—an English lady; a matron without spot or stain; a noble wife; a loving mother; and a true friend.

Hatton remarks, as an extenuating circumstance, distinguishing the persecutions of Elizabeth from those of Mary, that no woman was put to death under the penal code, so far as he

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remembered. The fact is, that in two years after the death of Margaret Clitheroe, Margaret Wood was put to a horrible death for "liberty of conscience;" and in 1601 Anne Syme suffered death from Elizabeth's Council, for her religious opinions. Four other Catholic ladies were condemned to death at different times for not renouncing their religion; and a nun, named Teresea Northcoat, was imprisoned for thirty years, till released by death. I think the lady just alluded to belonged to the Benedictine order, whose sufferings were intense; added to starvation they received brutal treatment. In De Burgh's Hibernia Dominicana, p. 559, an account is given of the treachery which Queen Elizabeth exercised in 1602—one year before her death—towards a shipful of Benedictines, Cistercians and Dominicans, forty-two in number, who had been induced to accept a safe conduct out of Ireland, were shipwrecked off S. Scattery Island, near the mouth of the Shannon. It appears that no one lived to tell the tragic story.* In 1591, Mrs. Wells received sentence of death, and died in prison. James the First released and pardoned six ladies who were confined for their religious opinions at the death of Elizabeth. So much for Hatton's "facts," when confronted with the records of the times.†

Here is another victim of Royal vengeance to be found in

* Preface to the Benedictine Congregation, p. 17.

† I refer the reader to Executions at York, in 1586, for Heresy; State Papers (Domestic) for the year 1586; Appendix to Lingard, vol. vi. p. 713; Chaloner, vol. i.; and Despatches from the French Ambassador for 1586; Female Prisoners' sufferings for Conscience-sake during Elizabeth's reign, by Teresea Greenwood—a black-letter little book long out of print.

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the name of John Store,* who was educated at Oxford, being admitted B.C.L. in 1531, and created LL.D. in 1538. In the beginning of the reign of Edward the Sixth, Store fell into disgrace with the Council through his zeal for the cause of the proscribed Catholics, and being previously threatened for his conduct, was obliged to withdraw to Flanders, where he remained until the accession of Mary, when he again returned to England, and was soon after created Chancellor of Oxford. Several cruelties are attributed to him, but I can find no better authority for them than John Foxe and Sir Thomas Smythe. At the accession of Elizabeth, John Store, being a member of the House of Commons, spoke so warmly against the Reformation that he was committed to prison; but finding means to escape, he went to Flanders, and was there placed in a lucrative situation in the Custom House. Cecil and Elizabeth had a particular dislike to Store for his opposition to the Reformers in Mary's reign. The agents of Cecil formed an infamous scheme to bring this unfortunate gentleman to England. Having occasion to visit an English ship lying in the harbour of Antwerp, he had no sooner entered the vessel than the hatches were nailed down upon him, and the captain immediately hoisted sail. In this manner Store was conveyed to England, and handed over to the Queen.

Being committed to the Tower, he was pressed to take the Oath of Supremacy, but steadfastly refused; he was *racked twice*, and subsequently brought to trial. At his trial several

* This gentleman is called "Storey" by several writers, whilst the records of the Tower represent him as "John Store." It is also denied that he was "entrapped" on board a ship and carried by brute-force to London. The evidence to the opposite is most conclusive.

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offences were preferred against him, amongst others that of having spoken "treasonable words of the Queen," and having instructed the Duke of Alva's secretary how England might be invaded. As a matter of course, Store was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged and quartered. He denied all knowledge of the treasonable actions laid to his charge. "My real offence," said he, "is the profession of the ancient religion of this realm, which has been practised by Englishmen for upwards of one thousand years. The Queen has dishonoured her name for justice and humanity. If she struck off my head this moment, I would not accept her as the ambassador of Jesus Christ. What will posterity say of our Queen? I, however, forgive her; but I cannot forgive human nature for her cruelty and want of Christian charity." *

Store was drawn on a hurdle from the Tower to Tyburn on the 1st of June, 1571, and executed in the usual cruel and barbarous fashion. He died bravely, stating that he gloried in the cause for which the Queen sent him to the scaffold. Store's execution excited much pity in England, as he was then upwards of seventy-five years old. The odious means by which he was "trapped" and carried to this realm raised a storm of indignation in the principal Continental cities. Even in London many of the wealthy mercantile classes declared that the Queen and her Council had brought disgrace on the

* I refer to Farlow's Notes on Political Executions under Queen Elizabeth; Camden's Annals; English State Papers of 1571. Further, I understand that a book was published at Antwerp in 1573, giving an extraordinary account of the "treachery and trickery" used in "trapping" Store on board the ship which brought him a prisoner to London. Walsingham "trapped" several Jesuits; by agencies if possible worse than those used in the case of Store. Cecil's spies were "dreadful beings." I shall have occasion to recur to a few of those dark assassins further on.

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country by the means resorted to in the arrest of Store, and which remonstrance her Majesty soon avenged. Several London merchants who had been outspoken on the subject were lodged in the Fleet, and no more was to be heard of those honest and independent citizens. The majority of our English historians are silent as to those dark deeds of Elizabeth and her Council. The reasons are obvious. The State Papers and records of those despotic times are now at hand, and it is impossible to present false portraits of Elizabeth and her Ministers any longer. The reader is aware of what Frazer Tytler stated many years back as to the history of this country. "The greatest historical heresy" (writes Mr. Tytler) "that a writer can commit in the eyes of many English readers is to tell them the *truth*." This feeling is now, however, vanishing from historical relations, and the English reader will accept as correct portraits, what would have been received forty years ago with a storm of indignation as a false impeachment of "Bluff King Hal," or "Good Queen Bess."

Mr. Jardine, in his valuable treatise on the use of torture in the Criminal Law of England, gives a melancholy account of Thomas Myagh, an Irishman, who was brought over by command of the Lord Deputy of Ireland, to be examined respecting a treasonable correspondence with the rebels of that country. The first warrant for the torture of this man was probably under the sign manual, as there is no entry of it in the Council Register. The two reports made by the Lieutenant of the Tower and Dr. Hammond, respecting their execution of this warrant, are however to be seen amongst the State Papers. The first of these, which is dated the 10th March, 1580-1, states that they had twice examined Myagh, but had foreborne to put him in "Skevington's irons," be-

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cause they had been charged to examine him with secrecy, which they could not do, that matter of dealing required the presence and aid of one of the gaolers all the time that he should be in those irons, and also because they found the man so resolute, as, in their opinions, *little would be wrung out of him but by some sharper torture.* The second report, which is dated the 17th March, 1580, merely states that they had again examined Myagh, and could get nothing from him; notwithstanding that they had made trial of him by the torture of "Skevington's irons," and with *so much sharpness as was in their judgment for the man and his cause convenient.*"

How often Myagh was tortured does not appear, but "Skevington's irons" seem to have been *too mild a torture,* for on the 30th July, 1581, there is an entry in the Council Books of an authority to the Lieutenant of the Tower, and Thomas Morton, to deal with him *with the rack,* in such sort as they should see cause. As no further entry is made, neither any account given of this victim by historians, so it is not possible to state for what length of time his confinement continued, or whether it was ended by liberty or death. It is supposed that Myagh was either "*racked to death or executed.*" Over the cell in which he was confined a fellow prisoner wrote the following lines:—

"Thomas Myagh whiche lieth here alon,
That fayne would from hens be gon;
By tortyre straynge mi broyth was tryed,
Yet of my libertie denied. 1581. Thomas Myagh."

Godfrey Bannister, a preacher, whom Lord Burleigh sent on a religious mission to the prisoners of the Tower, relates that Myagh suddenly disappeared from that prison-house—

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whether he was assassinated or escaped he could never ascertain. He describes Myagh as "an obstinate Papist, and a red-hot rebel against the Queen's Government in Ireland; yet he was a goodish kind of man; a scholar, and a poet likewise." Bannister subsequently became a Catholic himself; was imprisoned in the Tower; racked three times, and escaped to Flanders, where he practised as a physician, and lived many years, the idol of the Irish refugees.*

In 1582, London was described as a slaughter-house, and many of the wealthy citizens had the courage to denounce the executions and the horrible quartering of human remains. Heads were counted in dozens upon the towers of the bridges, and human limbs were hung upon poles in various parts of the city. The prisons, or filthy dungeons, were filled with men and women whose only crime was that of "seeking liberty of conscience." About this time (1582-3) there were no less than thirty-two Catholic priests in the Marshalsea, nearly the same number in the Tower, eighteen in the Gate House at Westminster, eleven in the Compter, nine in the Fountain prison at St. Bridget's, five in the prison known as the "White Lion," twenty-two in the Compter at the Poultry, fourteen in the Clinke, or Hall of Winchester; in the Bankside, Southwark, seven; and three in the King's Bench Prison. According to the records of the prisons above-named, many of those clerics were *twenty years in close confinement.*† Sixteen of the prisoners were racked twice in one year; many of them must have died under the operation. A doctor, named

* Memoirs of Godfrey Bannister, once a Protestant Preacher; then a Papist of the Right Class, by his son Angelo Bannister: printed in French, at Antwerp, in 1596.

† State Papers (Domestic) of Elizabeth's reign.

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Harold, relates that he was "perfectly unmanned by the cries and supplications for mercy uttered by one old priest."

The diet was bad, and not half sufficient. In the Marshalsea, the subordinates carried on a system of perfect starvation, especially in the case of Bishop Bonner, the prisoners were barbarously used on many occasions by their gaolers and warders, who were, with rare exceptions, the most inhuman creatures. Richard Fulwood, a Catholic gentleman, has left on record a sad description of the treatment he received at the Bridewell prison. "I had," he says, "hardly enough of black bread to keep me from death by starvation. The place I was confined in was a narrow cell, in which there was no bed, so that I had to sleep sitting on the window-sill, and was months without taking off my clothes. There was a little straw in the cell, but it was so trodden down and *swarming with vermin* that I could not lie on it. Besides all this I was daily awaiting *an examination by torture.*" *

In 1582, there were two hundred and twenty Catholic gentlemen confined in the dungeons of London for having attended Mass. It is supposed that many of those gentlemen died of the pestilential prison fever, then so general in England.

Another section of the Catholic party were fortunate enough to escape punishment by bribing the officials of the State. Walsingham received many a purse containing some twenty or thirty golden angels from Catholics who were in "easy circumstances" to overlook the fact of a priest celebrating Mass in their houses. Other members of the Council were not so easily got over, for many

* Records of the English Province, vol. i.; State Papers of Elizabeth's reign.

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Catholic ladies were fined £20 a month for refusing to attend the Anglican service on Sunday. Poor Catholics were fined *one shilling* for not attending the English service on Sunday, and on the third offence, they were committed to prison for six months.*

Near Hobbmoor-lane, a short distance from London, stood a famous gallows, where forty-nine "perverse Papists" were hanged, drawn and quartered in Elizabeth's reign. On one occasion the Venetian Ambassador saw ten heads "all in a row," ready to be spiked at different places. The victims suffered for "liberty of conscience."

There are many evidences to satisfy posterity that Elizabeth was cognisant of the inhuman torture inflicted upon men, and women too, in her name. Sir John Harrington states that the Queen sent for the noted rack executioner, Topclyffe, and required him to give her an explanation of his "improvements" in the mode of torture. Harrington, who was present, states that his Royal godmother *approved of the executioner's "new device, and rewarded him substantially."* Harrington further remarks, "Topclyffe is the *most savage man amongst all the English executioners.* He absolutely *feels a delight in prolonging the torture of the wretched Papists.* His conduct to the women whom he racked is something horrible. They were *stripped naked and huddled about like sheep in a slaughter-house. What will posterity think of us?*" Topclyffe was presented with a ring and a purse of gold by the Queen. Under the Danish (English) Kings the chief executioner was a person of some dignity, and ranked with an Archbishop and the Lord Steward. The headsman was then styled the Carnifex.

Norton, the rack-master in the Tower (1583), was a cruel

* State Papers and Diocesan Records of Elizabeth's reign.

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persecutor of Lord Arundel. In due time Norton received his own share of the "good things distributed at the Tower." He was suddenly arrested, placed in chains, and cast into a dungeon; and, to use his own words, "murderously racked." He died from the effects of torture. Norton had been one of Walsingham's secret agents in many an infamous transaction. "Retributive justice," although apparently slumbering for a while, was not unmindful of the demerits of such beings as Norton, or the more notorious Topclyffe.

Although the Queen appears in the worst light as to those terrible persecutions, nevertheless there are several diaries and State Papers still extant, which show that her Highness was cruelly deceived by her Ministers. She was not wholly devoid of the tender feelings of her sex. At the time of the Bartholomew Massacre it was suggested by Leicester and Walsingham that there should be "a scaffold and stake execution of the English Papists, then the curse of this fair land." The Queen protested against the plan proposed, stating that "her English Popish subjects had nothing to do with what had recently occurred." At a later period Elizabeth remarked to Archbishop Hutton that "she feared many of her subjects who belonged to the olden way of thinking were often cruelly and unjustly punished in her name." This was a hint to Hutton, who was a notorious "Papist-hunter," like his brother, of Canterbury, Dr. Whitgift.

Father Southwell, the grandson of Sir Richard T. Southwell, was tortured no less than ten times—Lord Burleigh states "thirteen times;" and this, with such pitiless severity, that he openly declared to the judges "that death would have been again and again preferable." The account of this gentleman's sufferings is still on record. "And," writes one of his biographers, "to turn over the pages of it *makes the eye dim*

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and the heart sick. Anything more utterly revolting and merciless could scarcely be conceived."* Southwell, whose statements have been confirmed by other victims, describes the London prisons as "the most abominable dungeons of filth; and the warders and executioners, headed by Topclyffe and Young, as indescribable ruffians who took a delight in every manner of torture and insult. Hard blows were frequent —almost daily. *The food was such that an animal in a state of horrible hunger would turn from it* with loathing. Their beds were dirty straw, covered with vermin. Some of the unfortunate prisoners were *hung up for whole days by the hands* in such a manner that they *could but just touch the ground with the tips of their toes.*" The cell in the Tower where Southwell was confined was situated far below the ordinary watermark of the Thames, and was consequently damp and musty. Sometimes it was a full foot deep in water. The only light admitted was through a narrow window high above. The cell had only a stone seat in the wall, and there was no ventilation; no books; no communication with the outer world. After being three years in this condition, Father Southwell was brought to trial on his "special request."† Lord Burleigh (Cecil), to whom he had written, replied in a manner more worthy of the "*finisher* of the *law*" than its mild and merciful expounder. "If," writes Burleigh, "*you desire such haste to be hanged, you shall speedily taste thereof.*"‡

The trial was one of those mockeries of justice so common

* The Church under Queen Elizabeth, by the Rev. Dr. Lee, vol. ii. p. 302. Dr. Lee's statement is fully borne out by the State Records.

† Burleigh Papers, printed by Dr. Nares.

‡ State Papers (Domestic) of Elizabeth's reign.

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of occurrence in the days of Elizabeth. In a few hours the judge pronounced sentence of death, with the "usual quartering and disembowelling." On the following day the revolting execution took place—one of the executioners *being drunk*, and the other "*a new hand.*"

Posterity has heard but little of the wicked deeds perpetrated against justice and humanity by the Tudor monarchs and their unscrupulous agents. A man named Parker was employed by Lord Burleigh to counterfeit *a confessor*, and to visit "in the dark of night certain prisoners in the Tower, who *made confession in the usual form to this holy priest, whose presence was such a consolation to the prisoners.*"* The result of this infamous sacrilege was the arrest and execution of several innocent men, and the perpetual imprisonment of others, of whose fate their friends could learn nothing. The reader has already seen what Thomas Crumwell, and after him Francis Walsingham, accomplished by counterfeiting the confessional. Burleigh's agents, according to their own correspondence with their noble patron, were ready and willing to perpetrate the most murderous and treacherous deeds against confiding men whose friendship they had won. Who can defend such deeds?

Amongst Cecil's political agents in Flanders was Edward Woodshawe. This man had been twenty-five years resident in the Low Counties. He was connected with several ancient and honourable families in Warwickshire, but they would not assist him; they looked on him with suspicion, fearing his employment to be of a dishonourable nature. At this time it does not appear that he was one of Cecil's spies; but then it

* Cotton MSS.; Murdin, State Papers; Secret Correspondence between Lord Burleigh and William Ferle, the spy, and "travelling agent" to the Council.

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was well known that the chief of the Council had people of the highest position in the realm in his secret service. Burleigh's object was to debase and corrupt the mind of all his surroundings. Woodshawe was for a time in the household of Count Egmont, where he was treated "with hospitality, profuse and kindly in all relations." On Egmont's arrest, he went back to England, but his relatives again refused to aid him on account of the mystery which concealed his mode of life in Flanders. He had been educated as a gentleman, seldom, if ever, knowing the want of food. With twenty-five pounds which he raised by some disreputable means in Warwickshire, he returned to Flanders. He next appears in the secret service of Alva. He states that he loved Alva "as the devil in hell." He writes again to Lord Burleigh, praying him to overlook his disloyal conduct. He wants money, and an "opportunity to retrieve his *character*." . . . "Having long followed the wars and experimented this wavering world, what he took in hand he would do; so that no man in the world should know of his affairs. *Her Majesty, Lord Burleigh, and himself, could understand each other.* Their secrets need go no further;" and he protested before God, and swore by His Holy Name on the *damnation of his own soul, that he would be true.* "He was intimate with Lord Westmoreland, Lord Morley, the Archbishop of Cashel, the Nortons, and the priests who had been at Douai. If he could be of use in Spain, Chapin Viletti would introduce him to King Philip, and he could obtain an appointment in the palace." . . .

This passage must have astonished Lord Burleigh:—

"If you like to employ me, I will obtain intelligence of all that goes forward, and of any plot against England. I will deal as circumspectly, as wisely, as faithfully, as I would crave

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at God's hands to receive my soul into His mercy. And, therefore, though your honour has no acquaintance with me, yet mistrust me not. For by the *living God*, if your honour will cause to be made there in England, *a certain lingering poison*, and send it hither by a trusty messenger to me, not letting him know what it is, *but forge some other matter*, and let me have *commandment* from your honour to whom I shall give it, and therewith you shall try what I am capable of carrying out for the Queen's service. . . . What letters you write to me, I *will tear in pieces for fear of any after claps, and I trust your honour will do so by my letters.*"

Lord Burleigh accepted the services of this cold-blooded villain to "carry out other plans" devised by the astute Minister himself.

In another letter Woodshawe states that he had a "dear friend in De la Motte, the Governor of Gravelines, whom he describes as a greedy ruffian; that two hundred pounds would give *courage to attempt anything*. With De la Motte's help he proposed to surprise Calais, which he had ascertained to be carelessly guarded, or if he failed in this scheme he could *betray his English friends and abandon them to their fate.*

Again, Woodshawe says:—"What I have been God forgive my folly; but what I am, *I pray God give me grace* that I may do that service to the Queen's Highness, and my country, which my *faithful heart is willing to do.*" *

Mr. Froude's relations as to the mode adopted by Burleigh for "entrapping English outlaws for conscience" are very candidly and honourably stated. "Store had been kidnapped and hanged; the Earl of Northumberland had been bought

* Secret Correspondence between Edward Woodshawe and Lord Burleigh, November, 1575.

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from the Scots and beheaded. . . . Lord Westmoreland had applied for pardon, and had almost obtained it, when he fell back under the influence of the Countess of Northumberland, and was again plotting against Elizabeth. . . ." Burleigh employed Woodshawe to entrap Westmoreland. "Take him prisoner, bring him to London. The ingenious scoundrel worked himself into the Earl of Westmoreland's favour, sending a report of his progress as he went along to his English employer. When Westmoreland and the other English exiles were ordered to quit Flanders, Woodshawe advised the Earl to go to Liége, and then laid an ambuscade for him on the way, *intending by God's grace to carry him dead or alive to England.*"

Mr. Froude continues: "Fortunately for Burleigh's reputation, the plot failed. Woodshawe disappears from history, and Burleigh had to submit to the humiliation of receiving advice from Lord Leicester to have no further transactions *with persons of abandoned* character." *

Woodshawe was by no means the worst of the adventurers in the pay of Lord Burleigh. The agents of Walsingham on the Continent were a class of beings who traded abundantly in blood, perjury and forgery. No hesitation, no remorse, no pity, was ever manifested by them.

Dr. Astlowe, an eminent physician, who resided in London about 1575–6, was racked for being "friendly towards the Queen of Scots when he paid her a professional visit." Morgan writes that "the unfortunate doctor was racked twice almost to death, at the Tower." Another writer, named Ambrose, states that the cause of Astlowe's racking was with

* The Earl of Leicester to Lord Burleigh, March, 1575.

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respect to his knowledge of or supposed connection with the affairs of the Earl of Arundel.*

Amongst the distinguished men who were confined in the Tower in Elizabeth's reign was John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, an eminent scholar and an accomplished diplomatist. He was the author of the "Defence of Mary Queen of Scots" against the slanderous book written by Buchanan. Lesley is described by his Protestant contemporaries as "a proud, resolute, intrigueing man, who loved bold adventures." He had been several years in England as the Scottish Ambassador. Upon the discovery of Ridolphi's plot Lesley was committed to the Tower, where, it is said, he was racked, and imprisoned for two years. Upon the intercession of the French Government he was discharged. Lesley still continued the chivalrous advocate of Mary Stuart. He died at Brussels in 1596, deeply regretted by the many English and Scotch exiles resident in that city. Dr. Lesley was a celebrated chess-player. He had been collecting for years a number of most curious anecdotes of noted chess-players in Europe, which amounted to some 600 pages of MS. In this interesting gossip of a quaint and somewhat chivalrous age, were to be found the names of the Emperor Maximilian, Louis the Twelfth, and Pierre Marathon. When Walsingham's spies had seized upon Lesley's private papers—regardless of the privilege of an Ambassador—they carried away the MS. of this interesting work. It is supposed that the MS. was committed to the flames.

Father Gerard is described by a cleric of the Jesuit Order as one of the most learned men who appeared upon the scene during the reign of Elizabeth and James the First. Robert Southwell, the Poet, another cleric, was hunted like a wild

* See Murlin State Papers, vol. ii.

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beast; nothing could exceed the malicious cruelty with which he was pursued. After many almost miraculous adventures he reached Rome, where he resided thirty years.

Father Garnet was executed near Old St. Paul's. A strong guard kept back the people, whom he addressed for a short time, declaring his innocence of the charges made against him. He died bravely.

Another priest, named Malson, was alive when cut down to be quartered; and he spoke some words when the quartering commenced.*

Amongst the ladies "racked and maltreated" by Topclyffe and Young was Mrs. Wyseman, who lay in prison till the accession of James the First.

The penalty for celebrating Mass at this period was a fine of 200 marks, and imprisonment. At another time priests were hanged upon the evidence of *one* witness, who swore that he saw them celebrating Mass, although the said informer could not distinguish between the Mass and any other Catholic ceremony. Walsingham never looked to the character of a witness where a Papist was the prisoner at the bar. In fact the public trials in the reign of Elizabeth were the most monstrous mockeries of justice that were ever perpetrated in any civilised land.

The Tower rack stood in the long vaulted dungeon below the armoury. The cells were underground, with no light but the flicker of a far-off lamp. "*The rats were racing about in dozens;*" and have been described as "*daring in the extreme, and not like any other rats they had ever seen.* To add to the horrors of the place, *no cat was permitted to enter the infernal*

* Many of the particulars of this horrible case are to be seen in Jardine's History of Torture, vol. i. p. 470. There are other versions likewise.

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regions." A well-known writer on those times denies the existence of this state of things. He states that the "political prisoners lived well in prison, and were permitted to receive the visits of their friends almost daily." The statements of the prisoners themselves are quite the contrary; and are borne out by the prison records, and even the admissions of the warders. The treatment of the political prisoners differed very much under the various gaolers, whose salary or promotion depended upon the amount of cruelty with which they treated some particular prisoner. The gaolers, with rare exceptions, took bribes, and then betrayed the unfortunate men who placed faith in their words. Many of the prisoners were wholly destitute of money, for on entering a prison all money was taken from them, and if they had a second suit of clothes they quickly disappeared. There was no redress for any outrage committed against political prisoners. Topclyffe used the most abominable language to those strong-minded women who were confined for an honest expression of their religious opinions. Young and Norton were in the habit of using obscene language to female prisoners; but, as usual, there was no redress.

From the Wars of the Roses down to "Derwentwater's Farewell," the name of Radclyffe occasionally appears in the records of the Tower. Amongst the unhappy prisoners in that fortress about 1576, was Eaglemond Radclyffe, said to be the younger brother of the Earl of Sussex. A strange mystery surrounds the history of this young gentleman. In 1569, he joined the Northern Insurrection with several other men of rank, and having eluded the vengeance of the Queen's Council, he escaped to Spain, and after leading a wandering life for some years, returned to England in 1575; he was soon arrested, and committed to the Tower, where he remained

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for several months in a state of prostration from ill-health and bad food. The Queen, having been informed of his condition, "took pity upon the brother of her faithful friend, Lord Sussex." Elizabeth therefore extended mercy to her prisoner, and Radclyffe was banished from the realm. His love of adventure was seldom checked by the experience of life which misfortune afforded him. He next appeared in the service of Don John of Austria. In Vienna he had a love adventure, and wounded his rival, a Hungarian officer, in a desperate sword combat. In this case he escaped the meshes of the law; was then suddenly arrested, and accused of having been "concerned in a conspiracy against Don John." * He was tried according to the Austrian code, and condemned to death in 1578. Radclyffe protested his innocence in a solemn statement before the Council Chamber, and in his cell, but to no purpose. He was attended to the scaffold by an English Benedictine Father, named Tottenham; so writes his Spanish friend, Don Miguel Cabrera. During his exile, Radclyffe frequently experienced poverty and hardship, especially in Flanders and France—walking along a forest track for days half naked and starved. In these sad wanderings he was accompanied by several brave and honourable men, who were outlawed

* Don John was supposed to be the natural son of Charles the Fifth. He played a remarkable part in his brief career. He was very handsome, chivalrous, and brave. For a time he stood in the front rank of Mary Stuart's admirers. "Every contemporary chronicle," writes Motley, "French, Spanish, Italian, Flemish, and Roman, have dwelt upon Don John's personal beauty and the singular fascination of his manners in the society of ladies. In Motley's History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic, vol. iii. p. 132, is printed a romantic narrative of the beautiful Barbara Blomberg, the reputed mother of Don John. King Philip, it is stated, looked upon his brother with mistrust and hatred.

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from England and Ireland for their religion. Those poor gentlemen had to depend for support upon the small sums remitted by their friends at home. As usual, the French felt little sympathy for the exiles, and, I may add, that at a later period, the French nation acted in a very ungenerous spirit to the Irish Brigade. Louis XIV. and his successor, with all their grave errors, held in grateful remembrance the services rendered by Irishmen to their country. The public men of France detested the Irish exiles. It is recorded that a French Secretary at War made frequent complaints to Louis the Fifteenth against the Irish Brigade. "Those Irish," says the minister, "are immensely troublesome; they will not wait for orders; but rush at the enemy like tigers. They are very troublesome." "C'est exactement," replied his Majesty, "ce que nos ennemis Anglais ont si frequemment verifié."

Donald Macpherson, a "Borderman" of those times, states that it was bruited in a very positive manner that the hero of this narrative was *not* a Radclyffe, but the natural son of one of the house of Percy, by a Spanish lady of youth, beauty, and fortune.

Lady Sydney throws further light upon this romantic story. She affirms that she saw the picture of the Spanish lady in question, who died in London, where she resided many years under the Irish name of MacMahon. Lady Sydney adds:—"There was a mystery connected with the history of this good old lady, which was known to very few. Strange to say, some time before her death, our blessed Queen became acquainted with her through some Irish lady, perhaps Elizabeth Fitzgerald, once so noted in Surrey's sonnets. Be this as it may, our good-natured Queen knew Madame MacMahon's sad story, and actually visited her in private, and kindly added to her

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social comforts in various ways unknown to the world without."*

I am glad, in a review of the wretched subject of "torture in the Tower," and to its close connection with the Queen, to relate this anecdote of Elizabeth, who may not, after all, have been made aware of all the inhumanities practised in her name. There are well-authenticated acts of true kindliness related of Elizabeth in her private life, and it is even stated that she often *incognita*, accompanied by the "Fayre Geraldyne," and attended by "Papist servants," in whom she had full trust, dispensed with her own hands much considerate charity. Generosity almost always characterises hot tempers; and, although the temperament of the Queen was of the most fervid, and often violent description—an heirloom of her sire—yet Elizabeth might have been a far different woman if she had not hearkened to the evil counsels of Cecil, or the worse than evil promptings of Walsingham.

* The Lady Sydney here alluded to was the widow of Sir Philip Sydney, who perished so gloriously at the battle of Zutphen. She subsequently married the ill-fated Robert, Earl of Essex, and the young Earl of Clanricarde became her third husband. She was the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham. Her own private history is, in itself, a curious little romance. I believe the remains of this lady repose amongst those of the "fighting De Burghs," in the ancient abbey of Athenry, in the county of Galway, where she was as much beloved by the Irish as her father was execrated by every lover of freedom and liberty of conscience.

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CHAPTER XI.

MEMORIALS OF ROYAL LOVE SCENES.

THE private lives of the Plantagenets furnish materials for the most romantic narratives, of which the readers of history know but little, and consequently are unable to form any but an imperfect idea of the character and motives of those Royal personages who came upon the scene in remote times. The love affairs of the Tudor family never ran in a straight or smooth channel; nevertheless, the private history of the family could be traced from Owen Tudor down to the last of the race in 1603. In the Tudor family many severe conflicts occurred between Love and Ambition.

Now for the last love story of Queen Elizabeth. The first messenger whom Anjou despatched to Elizabeth, in relation to a proposal of marriage, was his favourite, Simier; but the Queen at first refused to receive him. However, she consented, "provided he came without parade, and kept secret the object of his mission."* But Simier soon overcame her displeasure. He excelled in the accomplishments of a courtier; his manner, his wit, and his gallantry made an irresistible impression on the English Queen. Thrice in the week he was specially invited to the Queen's private parties; and it was remarked by the ladies of the Court—who were excellent judges—that

* Murdin, vol. ii. p. 318.

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her Highness never appeared so cheerful and so happy as in the society of Simier. As usual the slanderous gossip about Court whispered suspicions as to an intimacy between Simier and the Queen. There was not, however, the slightest ground for those scandals. Like a true knight, the courtly Simier wooed for his Royal master, and most successfully, as many people imagined. Every day fresh obstacles, and further considerations were spoken of by the Queen's Council. At length, wearied with objections and delays, Simier applied for a final answer to the Queen herself, who eluded the question by replying that she could not make up her mind to marry one whom she had never seen. There was a show of reason in the reply, and Anjou changed his mode of love-making. Travelling in disguise, he arrived without any previous message at Greenwich Palace (September, 1578).

Lady Leighton introduced the Prince to his ladye-love, and states that her Royal mistress was quite enraptured with her young lover. The youth of the Prince, his gaiety and "the loving attentions" he paid to the Queen, made her pass unnoticed the scars with which the smallpox had furrowed his countenance. After a few days of private courtship, conducted in the "most delicate and loving manner," Anjou took his departure, with the strongest assurances of a speedy and happy marriage. At the leave-taking the Queen burst into tears and kissed the Prince divers times. This seemed a spontaneous outburst of a warm-hearted woman, who was not always in a discreet mood. It was rumoured that Lord Leicester was highly displeased "at the frequent kissing" between the Queen and her French lover, who pleased her highly when he spoke of the beauty of her hands.

Upon the return of Anjou to London the intrigues and cabals of the Council were quickly at work to upset the pro-

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jected marriage. Lord Leicester was secretly undermining the whole proceeding. Lords Sussex and Hunsdon were desirous of seeing their kinswoman married; but they were as much opposed to a Catholic husband for the Queen, as Cecil or Sadler. The chief arguments put forward by Sir Ralph Sadler were the danger to the Protestant religion from a young Catholic husband. He contended that if the Mass was permitted to be celebrated in private, it would soon have to be acknowledged in public. The danger to the Queen's life if, at *her present* age, she should have issue; and the *inutility of the marriage if she had not.* *

Here is another instance of the Queen's profession of love for Anjou.

On the 22nd of November (1581), Elizabeth settled down for the winter at Greenwich Palace. She was taking her morning walk in the gallery with Anjou at her side, and Leicester and Walsingham at a distance behind, when, suddenly, the French Ambassador was introduced. After some preliminary conversation, the Queen addressed the French Envoy in these words: "Write to your Royal master that the Duke (Anjou) *will be my husband.*" With a sudden impulse she turned upon the Prince, *kissed his brown* lips, took a ring from her finger and placed it herself on his hand. She then sent for the ladies and gentlemen of her household and presented Anjou to them as their future master—*the husband whom she loved.* Couriers were despatched to Paris with the news. Parliament was immediately summoned. All was to be finally settled in a few weeks.

There were, however, further negotiations; the end of which proved that the Queen was playing a most deceptive

* Murdin State Papers; Sadler's State Papers, vol. ii. p. 570.

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game with her French suitor—in fact with the Royal Family of France. It became the question of the day how Anjou was to be set aside without insulting him. In public the Queen affected the deepest sorrow at the compelled departure of the Prince; but in private she danced for joy at the thought that she would see him no more. Anjou's spies gave him an accurate account of the deception practised by the Queen and her Council. On some occasions Elizabeth assured her courtiers that her love for the French Prince could never change, at another time that she "could not marry a Catholic." She professed a wish to be his "friend and sister." In a burst of passion one day, Elizabeth swore that "she would not be Anjou's wife if it would make her Empress of the universe." Anjou is represented as using violent language to the Queen; and immediately after sobbing and crying. . . . He passionately professed "a noble love" for the Queen of England, and again burst into tears. Elizabeth, who is described as deeply affected at this scene, gave him her handkerchief to wipe his eyes with; and, in this "situation, the curtain drops, and the disappointed lovers are left alone." Much of this information comes from Mendoza's secret correspondence with King Philip. All the "surroundings of the case" show that Spain did not desire any good understanding to be fostered between France and England. Mendoza states that Anjou told Elizabeth he would *turn Protestant for her sake.* . . . That his love for her was immense.[9]

On one occasion the Queen induced Anjou to accompany her to St. Paul's, in order to please her Protestant subjects, for the people were delighted to see the Queen's intended husband in the Cathedral. Aubrey relates that "Elizabeth was so highly pleased with Anjou for his compliance, that she rewarded him

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by kissing him before the whole congregation, and whilst the clergy were engaged in Divine service."* And again, on the anniversary of the Queen's Coronation, and in the presence of the foreign Ambassadors and her whole Court, Elizabeth placed a ring on the finger of Anjou, which was regarded by all present as a pledge of her intention to become his wife, and from that time the Prince was looked upon as her betrothed husband. This statement is vouched for by Camden, a truthful authority. The gift of the ring was reported by the French and Dutch envoys. Bonfires and salvoes of artillery manifested the satisfaction of those countries at the prospect of "so glorious an alliance." However, the Protestant party of England thought differently. Lord Leicester, Hatton, Sir Henry Sydney, and Lord Pembroke were secretly intrigueing to prevent the marriage. The question arises—was the Queen firm enough to be mistress of her own actions, and not the creature of her Council ?

On New Year's Day Anjou exerted himself much at a tournament. The moment it was over the Queen ran to him, saluted him (kissed) repeatedly before the people, and subsequently led him by the hand to his bedchamber, that he might repose himself for awhile. On the next morning the Queen, accompanied by one of her ladies, visited him before he left his bed, and made kind inquiries "as to a good night's rest."†

Sir John Harrington relates that on one occasion some conversation occurred between certain ladies of the Court and the Queen, "concerning the marriage of people of a different re-

* Aubrey; Nevers, vol. i. p. 545.

† Nevers, p. 557.

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ligion, when her Highness made several honourable remarks, of which her women in waiting thought very much. As the gossip went on, the Queen sayeth these words:—'I form a small opinion of a man who would change his religion to please a wife.'" Perhaps this scene had some indirect allusion to Elizabeth's courtship with the Archduke Charles. Every circumstance connected with the position of the Queen proves that her Protestantism was wholly *political.* Here is another incident, and one that comes from a higher source. On one occasion, Elizabeth, in conversation with the French Ambassador, said she would "be very sorry to learn if the Prince (Anjou) was willing to give up his religion, for if he had the heart *to forsake his God*, he might soon forget her altogether."*

The Queen had more private conversations on domestic life with La Motte Fenelon than any other foreigner who frequented her Court. In his confidential notes to Catherine de Medicis, Fenelon censures Elizabeth's Ministers for much that occurred in England. He specially alludes to Sir William Cecil and Sir Francis Walsingham.

Bad Catholic, and profligate, as Anjou undoubtedly was, he would not renounce the faith of his fathers to become the husband of the proud and powerful Queen of England. The fates seemed to have conspired against any match for Golden Eliza, who continued to be content with the romantic title of the "Virgin Queen."

During one of the private discussions upon the Queen's projected marriage, she ordered Walsingham out of her pre-

* Private Despatches of La Motte Fenelon to Charles the Ninth and Catherine de Medicis.

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sence, telling him that he was fit for nothing but to be the champion of heretics.

No one connected with the Government of Elizabeth did more to promote her disreputable policy than Francis Walsingham, for which he received in return numberless insults.

At times Walsingham praised Anjou to the Queen. He said the Prince had an excellent understanding; his ugly face was the worst part of him. "Then, thou old knave," retorted the Queen, "why hast thou so often spoken ill of him, which you know is very hurtful to my tender feelings?" *

Elizabeth sent her portrait to Anjou, in a gold case, highly ornamented, and accompanied by a note full of the most delicate sentiments and fervent good wishes for his happiness. That Elizabeth loved Anjou is now quite clear to the reflecting students of history. However, when she entered into a conflict with her Ministers as to the delicate question of whom she would choose to be her husband, the "chided maiden of forty" gave way, and, amidst sobs and tears, agreed to surrender her lover. So the *woman*, not the Tudor Sovereign, was coerced by her Council.

The picture to which I have just alluded is, I understand, now amongst the Fine Art Collection in the Luxembourg Palace, Paris. The British Museum has also two Prayer Books, once the property of Queen Elizabeth; and likewise, a Missal belonging to Anna Boleyn, with a slip of brown silk placed between the leaves. These books are all in a good state of preservation, and are deposited in the vicinity of Lady Jane Dudley's (Jane Grey's) Prayer Book—the book she used upon the scaffold.

Walsingham had some sharp discussions with Catherine de

* MS. of the Queen's Private Discourse with Sir Francis Walsingham.

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Medicis at Blois, in which he assured the Queen-mother "That it was not *religion* that made a stop in the marriage of the Duke of Anjou, but some other thing." "No, surely," replied Catherine de Medicis, "my son (Anjou) never told me any other cause." It is further related that Anjou, having heard many scandals concerning Elizabeth, withdrew from the matrimonial engagement to which he had not finally agreed. Pinart, the confidential agent of the French Court, had gone back to Paris (1581) to report the disappointment.

"The tricks which the Queen is playing to get rid of the French Prince," wrote Mendoza, "are more than I can describe." Anjou's friends in Holland were bribed by Elizabeth. In fact the treachery and corruption carried on at this time in London, Paris, and Flanders exhibited marvellous depravity.

On the day of Anjou's departure, the Queen and her courtiers accompanied him to Canterbury, where, with "apparent affliction," a romantic leave-taking took place. On this occasion the numerous spectators were quite convinced that the "Good Queen Bess" was really in love, and the maids and matrons offered many delicate tokens of sympathy to her Highness.

The Royal Family of France did not hold a high opinion of their kinsman Anjou. His brother-in-law describes Anjou "as deceitful, malicious, treacherous, and cowardly—his countenance fierce, sometimes mean-looking; his body ill-formed and small for a man." His intrigues and petty tyranny involved him in difficulties in the Low Countries. He was compelled to relinquish his Brabant dukedom, and return to France. In 1584 Anjou died, after a protracted illness, at the Castle of Château Thierry. It was reported that he was poisoned by a Spanish woman who had some claims upon him.

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In those times the death of an unpopular public man was generally attributed to poison.

When Queen Elizabeth heard of Anjou's death, she was "much afflicted, and shut herself up for several days to indulge her grief in solitude." Lady Leighton, who enjoyed the Queen's confidence, is of opinion that "her Highness was *really in love with Anjou;*" and adds: "The dear young Prince had a very winning manner. When he placed the Queen's beautiful hand in *his*, it was at once evident that he was nearly in possession of *her heart.*"

Lady Leighton was amongst Sir Christopher Hatton's "sentimental correspondents" at the period of Anjou's death. She details to the Royal favourite a minute account of the Queen's grief for her young suitor. This was not a welcome subject to Hatton, but it furnished gossip for the courtiers.

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CHAPTER XII.

SUFFERINGS OF LADY LENNOX.

QUEEN ELIZABETH seemed inclined to exterminate the relatives—male and female—of those families who had expressed sympathy for Mary Stuart. She arrested Lady Lennox on the charge of intrigueing with the Earl of Northumberland and other leaders of the Catholic party in England. The history of Lady Lennox, as Margaret Douglas, is one full of misfortune and romance. She was the daughter of the Queen Dowager (Margaret) of James the Fourth of Scotland, who perished at the battle of Flodden Field. Her father, the Earl of Angus, became the second husband of Queen Margaret. At the time of Lady Margaret's birth her mother was an outlaw from Scotland, and Lord Angus was also proscribed. On her journey across the Border, Queen Margaret was obliged from sudden illness to implore a shelter at Harbottle Castle, then garrisoned by Lord Dacre, as Warden of the English Marches. In this rugged fortress, without any domestic arrangements or comforts, Lady Margaret Douglas was born on the 10th of October, 1515. The father of Lady Margaret was only nineteen years of age at this time, and her mother some six years older. Henry VIII. treated his wandering sister and her child with some kindness and lodged them for eight months at Greenwich Palace, where he frequently visited his sister, to whom he had been much

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attached in childhood. At ten years old "Little Harry," as his mother styled him, wrote most appropriate letters to the Queen of Scotland, whom he called "My Big Sister, that I love so much."

Lady Margaret's parents, after violent quarrels, separated, and only met to renew the unhappy differences which existed between them. Lady Margaret Douglas for years passed through a series of misfortunes and poverty. She was often dependent for her daily bread on the charity of strangers. At length her aunt, the Queen Dowager of France, then married to the Duke of Suffolk, exerted herself for her niece, whom she received as her guest. She was next appointed to an office about the household of the Princess Mary. Sometime after, Henry VIII. noticed his niece, and gave her "a gift of money for clothing." At a later period the King made an annual settlement upon Lady Douglas. Circumstances, however, were fast approaching which cast a fresh gloom upon her fortunes. The divorce of Katharine of Arragon was under consideration; and the kindly friends of Margaret Douglas were about to experience a change of fortune. Katharine of Arragon had ceased to preside at Court as the Queen; the Princess Mary's income had been reduced; the Duchess-Queen, the Countess of Salisbury, and another friend of the young Scotch exile were now unable to render aid. A lasting friendship sprang up between Lady Margaret and her cousin, the Princess Mary, which continued to the end of life. Margaret Douglas next appears at the Court of Queen Anna, who treated her with much consideration and kindness, as she did all the young ladies of her Court.

At the opening of the year 1536, when it was plainly to be seen that the halcyon days of Anna Boleyn were upon the decline, a whisper reached the King that a romantic love

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sprang up between Lady Margaret Douglas and Lord Thomas Howard, the handsome young kinsman of Anna Boleyn. It is supposed that the Queen encouraged this love-suit, as she did in the case of Harry Fitzroy and Mary Howard. Lord Thomas Howard had little means, and was mainly dependent upon his princely house. Lady Margaret remained about the palace, a poor pensioner on her uncle's capricious bounties, and had no higher rank at Court than that which her situation in the household of the King's daughter secured her. With both parents living, she was residing at the Court of Queen Anna in orphan loneliness, the isolated link of a family chain. Margaret Douglas and Thomas Howard contracted a clandestine marriage in April, 1536, a few weeks before the fall of Anna Boleyn. A short time after the execution of the Queen, the King discovered the marriage of his niece and young Howard. "Henry became," it is said, "like an uncaged tiger." Crumwell and Wriothesley were sent for to prepare bills for high treason against the hapless lovers who had violated no rational or equitable law. In fact they could plead, and did plead, that many months previously, when the late Queen gave the King an interesting account of their devoted love for one another, he was so much pleased that he assented to a marriage—"to be considered." All that was now forgotten, and the name of anyone whom Anna Boleyn esteemed became hateful to the King. Lady Douglas and Lord Thomas Howard were committed to the Tower. Popular excitement ran high; the people sided with the romantic lovers who had the courage to excite or defy the vengeance of the Monarch. The Parliament took the question up immediately; they "saw at once the treason which this wicked young man and cunning lass had been concocting." Both Houses of Parliament "made humble petition to the

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King's Highness that the offence committed by the said lovers shall be judged and deemed high treason, and that the said Thomas Howard might be attainted of high treason, and suffer such pains and execution of death to all intents and purposes as in cases of high treason." *

The horrors of the Tower brought on Lady Margaret a dangerous fit of illness. Tradition points to her confinement in an old building with sharp gables and broad platform balcony ; if so, the spot where her late relative, Queen Anna's blood had stained the grass on the enclosure was constantly visible to her eyes. Lady Margaret passed more than one year in this gloomy prison ere the news of her daughter's cruel treatment reached Queen Margaret in Scotland. She at once demanded the restoration of her daughter. Her letter to Henry was a very spirited document, or perhaps the best in all her correspondence. "Murgo," as the Scotch called their Queen, "gave a good lashing" to her brother, and charged him with first encouraging the unfortunate lovers to plight their faith to each other, and then, again, in order to extend his vengeance to all whom Anna Boleyn favoured, he denounced the marriage, and declared that he had never sanctioned it. Queen Margaret's letter had no immediate result—so her daughter remained in the Tower, depressed in mind and body. Queen Margaret wrote several other letters to Henry, making the most earnest appeals to him to liberate her daughter. In one letter she says, "if you are strong be merciful." At last the King complied. The future residence of Lady Margaret was the once magnificent Abbey of Sion, on the banks of the Thames. Sion Abbey had hitherto been spared from the

* See State Papers of Henry's reign ; Statutes of the Realm, vol. iii.

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general ruin to which Henry VIII. was then consigning the monastic houses; besides, the "artful compliance" of the Abbess, Agnes Jourden, in acknowledging the King's Spiritual Supremacy, and likewise the convenience of the convent as a prison for "lady rebels and tattlers about Court," saved this establishment for some years longer.* To Sion, Lady Margaret was committed. Lord Crumwell wrote a letter to her "full of remonstrance" and praise of the abbess, who, by the way, was his own kinswoman. Crumwell made a proposal to Lady Margaret that she would be released from her lodging in the convent on condition of renouncing her marriage with Lord Thomas Howard, which was so hateful to the King. The faithless lady promised compliance, and in a letter to Lord Crumwell she writes thus: "All my study and care shall ever be to please the King's Highness, and to continue in his Royal favour." Shortly after, Lord Thomas Howard died in the Tower of the pestilential prison-fever of those times. Pomeroy states that Crumwell permitted Lady Margaret to have an interview with her husband on the day of his death. Two of the Tower chaplains were in constant attendance upon him. The memory of Lord Thomas was dear to his accomplished kinsman, Surrey, who attributed his decline and death to the force of love—a supposition consistent with the fervid imagination of an erratic poet like Surrey. Upon the birth of Edward VI., the King was so overjoyed at "his change of fortune" that he recalled his niece to Court. She was also

* The Sisterhood were of the austere Order of St. Bride. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the nuns of this convent went to Lisbon. Elizabeth confiscated all their property—*even their clothing*. The old inhabitants of Sion paid the travelling expenses of the nuns to Lisbon, and also purchased them shoes, for which they were in much need.

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connected with the Court of Catherine Howard at a later period, when she lost the King's favour by "*again falling in love*" with another member of the House of Norfolk. Margaret's lover, on this occasion, was Charles Howard, the third brother of Queen Catherine. Lady Margaret was banished on this occasion to Sion Convent, where the Princess Mary and some of her lady friends were also prisoners. Whilst at Sion, "one fine morning," Archbishop Cranmer visited Lady Margaret and "remonstrated with her concerning her indiscreet falling in love twice within three years; she had grievously offended the King, and his Highness hoped to hear no more of her love freaks." Cranmer read for her the King's "admonition," "His Highness did not like to see young ladies becoming indiscreet in their love. They should leave such delicate matters to be arranged by their relations, who had better judgment *as to what man was most suitable.*" Archbishop Cranmer, having given the young lady his blessing, took his departure for Lambeth Palace.

The next news which reached Lady Margaret was the death of her mother, Queen Margaret, who, it is said, died very penitent for the scandals of her life, expressing deep regret for the desertion of her daughter, and "imploring that daughter never to abandon the old religion of her fathers." Lady Margaret now took up her abode with the Princess Mary. After being seven years "a virgin widow," King Henry selected a husband for Lady Douglas in the person of Mathew, Earl of Lennox—"a Scot, living in the interests of England against his own land." Between the House of Lennox and the family of Douglas a bitter enmity had long existed. For several generations the ancestors of Lennox had been more French than Scotch, for the line of Darnley had long been naturalized in France.

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After some matrimonial negotiations, the marriage of Lord Lennox and Lady Margaret Douglas took place. The bride was in her thirty-second year. Buchanan speaks of her as a princess "renowned for the comeliness of her person." Lennox was a fine-looking man, some thirty years of age, of insinuating and gracious manners. He was a most devoted husband: in this respect he is described as faultless. In every other relation in life he was one of the most unprincipled, vindictive, cruel, and ungrateful of men. By the contracts he entered into with King Henry at the time of his marriage, he was bound to "be the first and foremost in every assault that could injure or wound the land of his fathers." * On the 7th of December, 1545, Margaret, Countess of Lennox, gave birth to a son, known as Henry Lord Darnley, who subsequently became the husband of Mary Queen of Scots. Shortly before the death of Henry VIII. he again quarrelled with his "well-beloved niece"—Lady Lennox. According to Bishop, the secretary of Lord Lennox, if the King recovered his health he would have sent Lady Lennox back to her old quarters in the Tower. To show his resentment for her, he excluded her from a place in the regal succession. During the reign of Mary Tudor, Lennox and his wife were "duly acknowledged as relatives of the Royal family." They were, however, in "a kind of honourable poverty," and the Queen was too poor to aid them. The death of Lord Angus, the father of Lady Margaret, brought her fresh troubles in the shape of lawsuits. To recover disputed property in Scotland in those times was almost impossible: violence and fraud set aside law and equity.

* Queens of Scotland, vol. ii. In the secret correspondence of Sir Ralph Sadler and Lord Hertford with the disappointed Scots, the name of Lord Lennox often appears in most discreditable transactions.

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The next prominent enemy the Countess of Lennox had to encounter was Queen Elizabeth, who had an old enmity against her from the time of the latter being a prisoner in the Tower charged with treason against her sister Mary. One of the first public actions of Elizabeth was to mark out her own relatives of the House of Tudor for persecution. Lord Lennox, who was in bad health, was committed to the Tower, and his wife and children placed in another prison, under the jurisdiction of the Star Chamber.* For more than twelve months Lady Lennox, her husband, and children were close prisoners, and obliged to dispose of their jewels to procure food. It was not till February, 1562-3, that Lord and Lady Lennox were released from confinement. The malice and the desire to persecute did not end here—Elizabeth's hatred pursued the whole family to the death. The letters of Lady Lennox to Queen Elizabeth, seeking mercy for her sick husband, are sad in the extreme. She seems to have been a most loving wife, and calls on the Queen not to visit her husband with punishment for his wife, whom her Highness hates for some unknown reason. "Have mercy upon my innocent husband that you may receive mercy from the Eternal Judge yourself." This appeal was rejected with an oath.

It was bruited at the time that Lady Lennox was aware of "some indiscretion" on the part of Elizabeth during the reign of Edward VI., and imparted the secret to Archbishop Cranmer, to whom Lady Lennox was well known for many years. The scandals propagated about Elizabeth in those times had little foundation in fact. Besides, Lady Lennox had

* Correspondence of Lady Lennox with Sir William Cecil; State Papers of 1559-60.

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no personal knowledge of, or correspondence with, the young Princess during the Regency of Somerset, and the almost equal potency of Cranmer. But the foundation of Elizabeth's hatred for her father's family—all females—undoubtedly lay in the painful question of her own well-certified illegitimacy. I have made this statement several times.

The troubles of the Countess of Lennox were not yet ended. She lived to almost witness the mysterious assassination of her son, Darnley, and next, of her husband, and the captivity of her daughter-in-law, the Queen of Scots.

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CHAPTER XIII.

INCIDENTS LEADING TO THE SPANISH ARMADA.

It is not to be forgotten that barbarous punishments were inflicted in Spain upon English sailors and travellers. Some were hanged, and others sent to the flames as heretics. The prison discipline of Spain during Philip's reign was marked by a species of scientific cruelty. The Spanish Government at that period cannot, however, be wholly condemned for their conduct to English prisoners, many of whom were pirates of the worst class that infested the Spanish waters. Whenever it suited their purpose, those daring men traded upon the name of Protestantism in Catholic countries, and frequently raised difficulties for Elizabeth's Ambassadors as to how they should act in relation to such persons, when seeking protection as English subjects. The position of affairs may best be understood from the candid statement of a distinguished advocate of Elizabeth's and Cecil's policy. The needy sons of Lord Cobham, who had earned some notoriety in Wyatt's rebellion, had grown up after the type of their boyhood, irregular, lawless Protestants. One of them at this time (1563) was roving the seas, half pirate, half knight-errant of the Reformation, doing battle on his own account with the enemies of the truth, wherever *the service to God was likely to be repaid with plunder.* Thomas Cobham was one of a thousand whom Elizabeth was forced, for decency's sake, to condemn and disclaim in proclamations,

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and whom she was as powerless as she was probably *unwilling to interfere with in practice.* What Cobham was, and what his comrades were, can be gathered from a brief narrative of his ruthless exploits. Here is one instance. A Spanish ship was freighted in Flanders for Bilbao. The cargo was valued at eighty thousand ducats. There were also on board forty prisoners, who were going to Spain, to serve in the galleys for various crimes. Thomas Cobham, who was cruising in the Channel, caught sight of the vessel, chased her down into the Bay of Biscay, fired into her, killed the captain's brother and a number of men, and then boarding when all resistance had ceased, *sewed up the captain himself and the survivors of the crew in their own sails and flung them overboard.* The fate of the unfortunate prisoners who were intended for the galleys is not related; but it is supposed that they were despatched by the dagger, or perhaps thrown overboard. The ship was scuttled; and Thomas Cobham sailed away with the booty, which the English ship agents admitted to be worth fifty thousand ducats, to his retreat in the south of Ireland! Eighteen bodies, with the mainsail for their winding-sheet, were washed up on the Spanish shore.*

"This fierce deed of young Cobham," writes Mr. Froude, "was no dream of Spanish slander. The English factor at Bilbao was obliged to reply to Sir Thomas Chaloner's eager inquiries that the story in its essential features was true, and he added another of the audacity of those English pirates. A Spanish ship had been cut out of the harbour at Santander by an Anglo-Irish pirate, and carried off to sea. The captain,

* Sir Thomas Chaloner's Despatches to Queen Elizabeth. I may here remark that Chaloner was the first ambassador appointed by Elizabeth. As a diplomatist he was prudent and conciliatory.

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more merciful than Thomas Cobham, spared the crew, kept them prisoners, and was driven into another Spanish port for shelter, having them at the time confined under hatches. They were discovered; the pirates were seized, and quickly met the fate awarded to people of their desperate mode of life."

Thomas Cobham was tried for piracy in London; but ultimately escaped punishment. In fact the Queen and her Council merely coquetted with the prosecution against the "roving Reformer." A terrible sentence was, however, passed upon him, which is thus described by De Silva, the Spanish Ambassador :—

"Thomas Cobham being asked at his trial, according to the form used in English law, if he had anything to say in assent of judgment, and answering *nothing whatever*, the English judge, with awful solemnity, condemned the said Thomas Cobham to be taken to the Tower, and to be *there stripped naked to the skin*, and there to be *placed with his shoulders resting on a sharp stone, his legs* and arms extended, and on his stomach a gun, too heavy for him to bear, yet not large enough immediately to crush him. There he is to be left till he die. They will give him a few grains of corn to eat, and for drink the foullest water in the Tower."*

This sentence was terrific enough, but it would have been far worse for the exemplary Cobham if it had been executed. The words of the judge were truly *επεα πτεροεντα* (winged words), for Elizabeth set her roving subject free to plough the seas again after his olden mode.†

* See De Silva's Despatches to King Philip, Aug. 16, 1565.

† The real name of the Cobham family was Brooks, once an honoured old stock in Kent, who gave to the Church several distinguished clerics in the fifteenth century.

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Mr. Froude denies that the above sentence was ever passed against Cobham. "The description of which," he observes, "might have been brought from the torture chamber of the Inquisition, but which was never pronounced in an English court of justice."

There may never be a correct record extant of the judgment delivered by a sanguinary judge of Cecil's creation, against Thomas Cobham, or many others of the condemned in Elizabeth's reign. I have seen, however, amongst the list of punishments ordered to be inflicted in the Tower one instance exactly similar to that of Cobham—namely, the case of Father Wakefield, an old "seminary priest," who was entrapped by the agents of Walsingham. The unfortunate man died during the operation. He was eighty-three years of age, and an admirable Greek scholar.

The Cobham family rendered much service to Elizabeth in the previous reign; and it is probable that the severe sentence was passed upon Cobham to pacify the Spanish Government, who were loud in their complaints against English pirates.

Lord Pembroke, and other influential Englishmen, were engaged in the traffic of negroes "on foreign waters." It is stated that Pembroke cleared sixty per cent. on one cargo of black slaves.*

Occasionally, Mr. Froude expresses his indignation at the conduct of English mariners in "Spanish waters." "English Protestants, it was evident, regarded *the property of Papists as a lawful prize whenever they could lay hands on it;* and Protestantism, stimulated by these inducements to conversion, was especially strong in the sea-port towns."†

* Helps on the Spanish Conquest of South America.

† Froude's History of England, vol. viii. p. 467.

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"Your mariners," said the Spanish Ambassador to Elizabeth, "rob my master's subjects on the sea, and trade where they are forbidden to go; they plunder our people in the streets of *your* towns; they attack our vessels in *your* very harbours, and take our prisoners from them; *your* preachers insult my master from their pulpits; and when we apply for justice we are answered with threats.

"We have borne with these things, attributing them rather to passion or rudeness of manners than to any deliberate purpose of wrong; but seeing that there is no remedy and no end, I must now refer to my Sovereign to know what I am to do."*

Elizabeth affected utter ignorance of what had been a notorious fact; and pledged "her honour" to make an immediate inquiry into the conduct of English mariners, and all others of her subjects who had violated the laws of nations and brotherly love against her kinsman, ally, and friend, the King of Spain.

Notwithstanding the Queen's "regrets and promises," Hawkins, and men of his occupation, pursued their felonious courses unmolested by the English Council.

Whatever might have been the despotism of Philip of Spain—a despotism partly forced upon him by circumstances—it is certain, that like his great father, he was not inclined to tolerate free trade in negroes. True, many of the commercial communities of Spain carried on a traffic in slaves on the coasts of Africa and South America, but were never sanctioned therein by their Sovereign. During the reigns of subsequent monarchs Spain entered freely into the abominable slave trade, and

* De Silva, the Spanish Ambassador, to Queen Elizabeth, October 6, 1567.

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only now prepares for the manumission of her slaves in Cuba.

The causes which ultimately led to the Spanish Armada were at work for many years. The connection between the Queen, her Council, and the English pirates was as plain as noonday. It has been contended by a few worshippers of Sir William Cecil, "that his high sense of honour made these transactions odious to him; and that he was only able to protest against them." I have, however, searched in vain for this "marvellous protest." In the year 1575 the spy system was carried on to a fearful extent by Elizabeth. From the pages of Mr. Froude's work we learn the history of several of Cecil's "honourable correspondents on the Continent—men who were quite willing to assassinate, poison, plunder, or entrap honest men provided they were supplied with money to live in luxury and profligacy."

The foreign traffic in slaves was also carried out under the management of men like Hawkins, who, by his conduct, disgraced the naval character of England—nay, its reputation for the common code of honesty which is supposed to exist between man and man in civilised States. Hawkins, however, became the hero of the day. He is represented as "brave, pious, and God-fearing"—as respectable, indeed, as any sea robber could well be. With truth, it may be added, that he was the *legalised pirate* of the Queen of England, holding his predatory commission from the Sovereign Lady, who shared plentifully in his plunder.*

The love of adventure attracted many young Englishmen in those times. A navigator, named Thomas Cavendish, sailed from Plymouth on the 21st of July, 1586, and it is stated

* On one occasion the Spanish Government seized upon, and confiscated, a cargo of negroes, which Hawkins valued at forty thousand ducats.

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that he accomplished a voyage round the world "in two years and three months. He plundered, without much resistance, the towns on the coast of Chili and Perue. On his return home he visited the Cape of Good Hope."* The plunder made by Cavendish was publicly boasted of in Plymouth and Bristol, so his name may be ranged amongst the English pirates of those days.

The deeds of the English pirates of those times are very imperfectly known. The silent ocean, it may well be judged, holds many of their secrets, and will continue to retain them till the "accounting day."

The strongest evidence connecting Elizabeth and her Council with the lawless pirates of England is to be found in the pages of her most enthusiastic biographers—writers that can in no wise be suspected of attributing any dishonourable action to their heroine, unless when an overwhelming sense of truth compels them to do so. Here is a passage which I commend to the admirers of a monarch whom English history has hitherto, almost without exception, described as bordering upon perfection:—

"Great interest was excited by the arrival in Plymouth harbour, in November, 1580, of the celebrated Francis Drake, from his navigation of a great portion of the globe. National vanity was flattered by the idea that this Englishman should have been the first by whom this great and novel enterprise had been successfully achieved; and both himself and his ship became in an eminent degree the objects of public curiosity and wonder. . . . The wealth which Hawkins had brought home *from the plunder of the Spanish settlements*, awakened the cupidity, which in that age was a constant attendant on the daring spirit of maritime adventure;

* Thomas Historical Notes, vol. i.

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and half the youth of the country were on fire to embark in expeditions of *pillage* and discovery. . . . Drake's captures from the Spaniards had been made, under some vague notion of reprisals, whilst *no open war was subsisting* between England and Spain. The Spanish Ambassador, not, it must be confessed, without some reason, branded the proceedings of Hawkins with the reproach of *piracy;* and demanded restitution of the booty. Elizabeth wavered for some time between admiration for Drake, *mixed with a desire of sharing in the profits of his expedition,* and a dread of incensing the King of Spain. At length the Queen decided on the part most acceptable to her people—that of giving *a public sanction to the action* of Drake."*

In a few months subsequent Elizabeth accepted a banquet from this double-faced pirate. The entertainment was given on board his ship off Deptford, on which occasion the Queen conferred the Order of Knighthood on her naval freebooter.

These proceedings took place some seven years before the Spanish Armada sailed from Lisbon. Meanwhile, the English pirates became more daring, and the amount of wealth plundered from Spanish ships was immense. The truth is that the Spanish Armada owed its birth to the cruel wrongs inflicted by English corsairs upon the people of a State then at peace with England, and whose Sovereign had been a generous friend to that Queen who now so treacherously and ungratefully abetted those outrages. Here again the reader must recognise the truth and aptitude of Mr. Froude's description of Elizabeth's "honour"—"*a stained* rag."

* Aikin's Court of Elizabeth, vol. ii.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE VERSATILE "DIDASKALOS."

As when Saxon Alcuin of old, a gentle English scholar, walked foremost honoured amongst the Paladins of Charlemagne, so seven centuries later was the power of the peaceful intellect triumphant over the blare of the trumpets of war, in the case of Roger Ascham. The great old Yorkshire didaskalos was, I must admit, somewhat like the famed Vicar of Bray ; but, as having been a literary teacher of many of his regal and eminent contemporaries, this book would lack a prominent element in its composition as regards his epoch were not his name and influence set forth.

Roger Ascham was born in the year 1515, at Kirby Wicke, a little village in Yorkshire. His family "were poor, but of a respectable stock." His father, John Ascham, was house-steward to Lord Scrope, and is represented in the quaint village records as "an honest man, a pious Catholic, a good loving husband, and a most friendly hospitable neighbour; always filled with the obligations he owed to Heaven by succouring God's poor." Margaret Crecy, a border lass of much beauty and worth, became the wife of John Ascham ; her "family, who were wealthy, cast her off for marrying beneath her social state." The marriage was represented in the village gossip of the time as "a love match, and the young housewife was much esteemed by her neighbours." Mrs. Ascham became the mother of three sons and five daughters.

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John Ascham and his wife, we are informed, lived in love and harmony together for the space of forty-seven years, and died on the same day, almost at the same hour, and their "funeral was attended by a goodly crowd of young and old, who came to see the two coffins put in the one grave, with holy water and flowers, and many prayers offered up by Father Anthony, the old Benedictine priest."

Roger Ascham's "tender years were spent in the old home." At an early age he attracted the notice of Sir Anthony Wingfield, who furnished money for his education. "The boy," writes Dr. Giles, "had, by nature, a taste for books." Young Roger, however, preferred English works to those of Latin; yet Latin was at that time the language of literature, and it is not likely that the few English books then extant were to be found anywhere away from the Royal library, the universities, and the archives of the old cathedrals. In 1530 Roger Ascham attained his fifteenth year, when his patron placed him in S. John's College, Cambridge, at that period the most famous school of learning in England. Ascham entered Cambridge at the time when the great revolution in religion was privately and publicly discussed. Learning was prosecuted with great eagerness, and the rolls of the universities seldom presented a more brilliant list of names than were to be found at Cambridge in 1530. After some years Roger Ascham became an eminent Greek scholar, and secretly embraced the principles of the Reformation. When a mere youth Roger won a Fellowship, and still concealed his Protestantism; but it seems no strain on probability to believe that the Protestantism of Roger Ascham was, like that of many of his contemporaries, a political sentiment. Even when a "professing Protestant, or Reformer," his moral life would not bear the test of inquiry.

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During the first seven years Ascham resided at Cambridge he never visited his parents. He was neglectful also of his sisters; and, although his brother Anthony became an eminent physician, and studied in the same university, he was little indebted to Roger "for brotherly favours."

Roger Ascham had a happy manner of receiving "compliments" from men of the most opposite principles. The epoch of Roger Ascham was one of duplicity—the civilian armed with the hypocrisy of fear, whilst the strong hand of the warrior partitioned the goods of the Church and the poor.

It is likely that Ascham first acquired his convivial habits at the Dolphin Tavern in Cambridge, once so noted, when it numbered amongst its visitors young men like Thomas Cranmer, Stephen Gardyner, and Edmund Bonner. According to some of Ascham's letters, he was frequently mixed up in "college broils," but at the same period he seems to have been a general favourite in the University.

As an alumnus of Cambridge, Roger Ascham proved himself most versatile. He could, like Tityrus, play upon the lute, indite "Arundines Cami," or score hexameters from Homer—playfully supplementing classics with a fantasia from the latest imported works of Continental maestros. Ascham's writing was pronounced to be the most beautiful specimen of penmanship in England. He could, it has been averred, draw maps and paint pictures. He also affected gardening and botany. Dr. Giles states that he was "considered a universal genius."

The numerous letters of Ascham were nearly all written in Latin. There are not many collections of Latin letters upon this period extant which contain so curious a fund of literary anecdotes and furnish such ample materials for biography, as the home and foreign correspondence of Ascham, whose letters range

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over the space of about thirty years; beginning with 1539, when he filled the office of Fellow of S. John's College, Cambridge, and ending in December, 1568, a few days before his death.

Ascham's contemporaries have described him as a noted "story-teller," a description of fame which gained a man a ready passport to Royal and noble society during the Tudor era. The "many-sidedness" spoken of by Goethe was a prevailing—and, I fear, a necessary—supplement to a public character in the Tudor epoch.

Camden attributes the pecuniary difficulties of the great scholar to his love of cock-fighting and dice—the manly struggle of the children of the great *Almæ Matres* on Father Thames were not dreamt of in those "good old days." In a letter of Lord Clinton's still extant, it would appear that Ascham played dice with Henry VIII. himself, who "won a few golden angels from Roger, which the latter promptly paid." That night "good Roger took supper with the King and his private friends, when our good-natured Sovereign—God bless him—gave back *his* winnings to Roger, adding ten angels, for his 'last story.'"

Grant, in his biographical notes upon Roger Ascham, praises him for his "disinterestedness and contempt of money. He never sought favours, and refused all presents." This statement does not agree with the facts to be found in the diaries and private letters of the period in which Roger lived.

Dr. Giles observes that it has been questioned whether Ascham was really addicted to cock-fighting; and contends that a passage in his "Schoolmaster" seems to be a sufficient proof that he had a leaning for cock-fighting, where he states that "of all kinds of pastimes for a man of qualitie that of cock-fighting is most agreeable." In Henry's reign, and for

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centuries subsequently, cock-fighting was most popular with all classes in England.

With respect to Roger's alleged love of dice, the opinion he expresses in his letters ought to be a sufficient vindication of his character in this respect. "I hate gaming," observes Ascham, "and have often told my pupils that it was unlucky and irreligious to indulge in such a way of life. The dicing in the reign of our late blessed lord and master, King Henry, was most fatal to many well-to-do families in this realm."

Roger Ascham is said to have been not only protected by Queen Mary's Council, but favoured by the Sovereign herself. It is curious that in his correspondence with Reformers and Catholics during the reign of Queen Mary, he does not allude to the fate of his learned and unfortunate pupil, Lady Jane Gray. In some of his letters he states that "certain Reformers made themselves prominent, and used bad language of the Queen, who was really a good-hearted woman."

Cardinal Pole had a high opinion of Ascham as a scholar, and especially for his "marvellous knowledge of Latin." The Cardinal thought so highly of Ascham's Latin style that when he desired to send the Pope a copy of his speech in Parliament, he employed Roger to translate it into Latin. Ascham was the guest of Pole at Lambeth Palace, and also at their residences with Gardyner and Bonner. On occasions like these, Ascham "delighted the guests by narratives connected with incidents of life at home and abroad," for he had visited several Courts of Europe. In some of his letters he speaks of the monastic houses on the Continent, where he experienced a warm and generous hospitality.

Ascham was a fervid admirer of ancient Greece, its language, and its philosophers. In his "Schoolmaster," Roger writes:— "Let Italian, and Latin itself, Spanish, French, Dutch, and

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English, bring forth their learning and recite their authorities; Cicero only excepted, and one or two more in Latin, they be all patched charts and rags, in comparison of fair woven broadcloths; and truly if there be any good in them, it is either learned, borrowed, or stolen from some of those glorious thinkers, philosophers, and wits of Athens. The memory of ancient Greece can never die."

The name of "good Roger Ascham" is somewhat familiar to those who have studied English literature for the first half of the 16th century. Yet few know more of Maister Roger than that he was schooolmaster to the Princess Elizabeth and Lady Jane Gray, and that he wrote two books—one on "Archery," and the other on the more essential question of "Education." Ascham's work on education was entitled the "Schoolmaster;" it was begun in 1563, upon the suggestion and under the patronage of Sir Richard Sackville, but was interrupted by the death of the latter. Ascham finished his work, but want of means prevented its publication during his life. "The work was carried on with great vigour, and finished with a nicety and accuracy unknown at the time."

A learned commentator affirms that Roger Ascham's "Schoolmaster" "contains the best advice that was ever given for the study of languages." Yet this work lay in the dust of his little library for years after his death.

Ascham's marriage and departure from Cambridge deprived him of his Fellowship and other emoluments which he had enjoyed at the University for so many years. At this time he commenced writing a series of letters to the Court party of the day, detailing his poverty. Both Reformers and Catholics were willing to aid him. Elizabeth continued to him the pension granted by her sister; and, with that in-

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difference she always displayed in "conferring" Church livings, appointed Roger to be a parish priest at a salary of £82 11s. annually.* It is almost needless to add, that Ascham, no more than Clod, the Queen's Court jester, performed clerical duties. Notwithstanding all the "moneys Roger received he was still in debt."

Amongst Ascham's papers were to be seen a copy of a petition to Archbishop Cranmer for a license to eat flesh meat on "some particular fast days," on the grounds of delicate health. Cranmer was always very rigid as to the observance of those days, and it is likely he did not grant the prayer of the petition. In another letter to a friend, whose name does not transpire, Roger observes: "God forgive me *for breaking the fast on Friday last*, I was tempted *by a nice fat capon*. I roasted it myself on the quiet, and made it all disappear, and then washed down the said capon with three goblets of old wine, went to bed and slept soundly. If Dr. Cranmer knew of this affair he would be likely to say: Roger, I think you require to go to confession; if I could dare to speak my mind to a great man, I might retort upon his Grace of Canterbury, but a poor scholar must remain silent on many important occasions, or else sink into utter poverty—a sad penalty for honesty."

In the course of his travels Ascham visited many towns in Germany, and made critical observations on all that seemed worthy of his attention. He went to Strasburg to his friend Sturm, who had been already his correspondent for four years, but Sturm was not at home, and the two learned scholars never met.

* At the death of Roger Ascham, Queen Elizabeth conferred the living upon the Earl of Leicester, her "own Sweet Robin."

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Ascham once became the guest of Sir Richard Morrison, the English Ambassador in Germany, with whom Roger read some pages of Herodotus every morning for four days in the week, and more than 200 verses of Sophocles or Euripides every afternoon. On the other days he wrote his letters of business, and before retiring to rest at night he made Latin entries in his diary.

Dr. Johnson thinks that "amidst all the pleasures and novelty which his travels presented, still Ascham preferred the tranquillity of private study and the quiet of academical retirement." Such might have been the case in his youth, when he had to labour hard at Cambridge to gain a position. I hold with Dr. Giles, an Oxford scholar, who has closely studied Ascham's character and his adventures, that Roger was not inclined to return to the hard labour and dull life of a college, but to remain at Court, and obtain as much as he could from the munificence of his Sovereign, and the public men who admired his learning, or were attracted by his fascinating manners and delightful conversation at the convivial board.

Roger Ascham speaks with delight of his visits to the Emperor Charles, where he "mingled amongst five hundred guests who sat down to supper one evening. The Emperor many times admonished his guests to punish the 'belly cheer,' and wash it down with good old wine. And the company obeyed the Royal command most heartily, I myself being up with goblet in hand the first." "The entertainment was followed by dancing; brave footing up and down with lively music till daylight peeped in upon us."

On another occasion Roger refers, in a letter from the Continent, to the excellent capons and old Rhenish wine of the Emperor. Of the wine he writes to a Scotch friend in these words:—"This Rhenish wine is so gentle a liquor that I

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really cannot tell how I will do without it when I reach my own dear old England."

Ascham hated the Turks, and hoped the Emperor would chastise them as they deserved. "I like Pope Julian," said he, "because he gave a hearty curse to the abominable Turks, against whom every honest Reformer should raise his hand. I shall drink to the good Pope to-night, because he is as fond of the old Rhenish wine as I am myself."

In another letter Roger again refers to his partaking of the Emperor's hospitality.

"The party at dinner were few. The Emperor and Fernando ate very quickly. Charles drunk right freely. He had his head five times to the goblet, taking about half a pint of Rhenish wine on each occasion. . . . The capons were excellent, and his Majestie set us all a good example both at devouring and drinking. When every guest had filled his goblet of Rhenish wine the Emperor related a pleasant narrative concerning his visit to England, when a young man. He spoke in high terms of the hospitality of the English nobility, and especially of the bishops. His Majestie also delighted his company with a few anecdotes of that eccentric monarch, Maximilian, and Sir Robert Wingfield, the noted English Ambassador."

Ascham further relates that Charles was a well-informed man, and "had on his fingers' ends" a volume of extraordinary stories of the inner life of Maximilian, Louis the Twelfth, and Pierre De Rassell, the celebrated chessplayer of Antwerp.

Ascham frequently details in his letters from the Continent the hospitality he experienced from Churchmen. He feasted on red deer patty and old Burgundy wine with the Bishop of Arras, and amused that astute diplomatist with tales of English life during the "Wars of the Roses." Ascham was also hospitably entertained by many of the religious houses in

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Spain; and he was especially honoured by King Philip, who, like his father, desired to retain Roger at his own Court, but the latter on religious grounds wished to uphold the system of religion introduced in England.

In his letters from Italy Ascham describes his visit to Venice, of whose "licentious inhabitants" he speaks in terms of reprobation.

In 1552 Ascham writes from Spiers "upon the political position of the German princes." Those letters evinced considerable ability, and presented a strange picture of the conduct of the new preachers, and the morals of the people. The most valuable of those letters have been badly translated, and others have been lost.

Bishop Gardyner had been the friend and patron of Ascham for many years, and introduced him to Henry VIII. In speaking of Gardyner he says:—"By the favour of that good-hearted and great man, the Lord Stephen of Winchester, I have been fetched from Cambridge to the Queen's Court. Queen Mary says many kindly things to me; and knows I am one of the New Learning. Several of the Queen's ladies be of the same way of thinking as myself concerning religion. And this her Majesty is aware of."

Ascham was as obsequious and flattering to Elizabeth as he had been to her sister, Mary. In one of his dedicatory letters to the "good Queen Bess," he says:—"We subjects are, *by duty, and ought to be by* REASON, *obeyers and followers of their princes.*"

In several of his letters Ascham praises King Henry for the pensions he conferred upon him. The King admired his style of story-telling, and considered him an excellent Latin scholar. Ascham ridiculed the idea of Lord Crumwell being styled a man of learning. He was not long acquainted with Crumwell; but

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nevertheless he took occasion to administer some flattery to the powerful Minister of the day, and when Crumwell disappeared from the scene Roger joined in the general shout against the "sacrilegious Vandal," as Crumwell was styled by Churchmen.

After a long illness, Roger Ascham died on the 30th of December, 1568, in the 54th year of his age, heartily regretted both at Cambridge and Oxford Universities. He joined the party of the "New Learning" when only eighteen years of age. His old schoolfellow, Father Tyrrell, visited him a few days before his death, and "implored him to return to the olden religion of Christendom." "No, I never will return to that way of thinking," was the reply of Ascham. He continued the discourse for a few minutes, expressing his hostility to the Papacy. . . . "Nevertheless," he observes, "I admire its antiquity, and the grandeur of its sentiments; and, above all, its everlasting sympathy for the poor."

Roger Ascham had three sons, who were treated with kindness by Queen Elizabeth. The Queen always spoke in respectful terms of the memory of her old schoolmaster. When attached to her Court, Elizabeth conversed with Ascham on classical and learned subjects on three stated days each week. Sir Nicholas Bacon states that it was "a very interesting scene to witness—the pupil and the schoolmaster going over the old ground again." On those occasions the Queen was accompanied by one lady and a gentleman, sometimes Christopher Hatton, Sir William Cecil, or Lord Leicester. "Of the learning of the latter, Elizabeth thought little."

Roger Ascham, as before observed, did not live to see his celebrated book published.

The "Schoolmaster" was printed in 1570. Several editions of it appeared during the reign of Elizabeth. Sir William Cecil, not the Queen, promoted the printing and circulation of

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the first edition of the "Schoolmaster." In the reign of James the First, Ascham's "Schoolmaster" rose in public estimation. In 1711 an edition of it, with extensive notes, was published in London, and again in 1743.

The letters of Roger Ascham are perhaps the most interesting part of his works, but his English writings are valuable as specimens of our language, as it was spoken at a period which has left us few other indications of the tongue.

Ascham was not a man of a delicate or independent mind. He was always parading his pecuniary difficulties before his patrons and personal friends, who oftentimes became annoyed by his importunities. Great men either bear privations bravely, or, engrossed in their own elevated pursuits, are careless of their existence. Judging from many curious incidents in connection with Roger's inner life in Cambridge and elsewhere, I believe his character is yet undiscovered. His Spanish friend, Fernando Trimletto, states that he "could never rightly comprehend Roger; but he admired his style of relating a story." There are, it is true, inconsistencies and contradictions in most men of learning that it is often difficult to comprehend. Whether Ascham was needy by his own fault, or the neglect of his literary patrons, it is impossible now to decide. In those times, and far later, it was difficult for any literary man to move forward in his occupation without Royal or noble patrons. Things are now changed.

Roger Ascham's contemporaries all speak of him as benevolent and humane. In the social circles of those times of unbounded English hospitality, "Good Maister Roger" was always the most welcome and the most esteemed of guests. And I may add that, in those days, sectarian feeling seldom marred the domestic gatherings or the "merrie meetings of English gentlemen."

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CHAPTER XV.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

CHRISTOPHER HATTON was the third son of William Hatton, of Holdenby, in Northamptonshire, by his wife, Alice, daughter of Mr. Saunders, of Harrington, in that county. The pedigree of the Hatton family was very ancient, descending from Ivo, a Norman nobleman. The descendants of this Norman settled down, like many others, as country squires, in different parts of England. Christopher Hatton, who, as heir to his brother, succeeded to the estates at Holdenby, in 1540, was left an orphan at the age of six years by the death of his father in August, 1546. It is supposed that his uncle, William Saunders, superintended his early education. Very little is known of him until he entered as a Gentleman Commoner at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford. He was then a fine handsome boy some fifteen years of age. He quitted the University without a degree, and became a member of the Inner Temple on the 26th of May, 1560, on which occasion he was described as of Holdenby, in Northamptonshire, which tends to show that he was then in possession of the family estates, however small. It has been stated that he did not enter the Temple with a view of studying the law as a profession; and again it is contended that this report was invented to increase the wonder, if not the obloquy, which his appointment as Lord Chancellor subsequently created. Lord Campbell states posi-

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tively that he was never called to the Bar. Sir Harris Nicolas believes that he was called to the Bar about 1565 or 1567, but he was never either a Reader or a Bencher of his Inn.

At an early period Christopher Hatton evinced symptoms of that vanity which subsequently distinguished him above the courtiers of his time. While at College he was very popular with his fellow-students; but he neglected his studies, and spent more time in fencing and archery than in perusing Aristotle and Aquinas; and, from the fear of being "plucked," he left Oxford without trying for a degree. Lord Campbell considers that he possessed but a slender stock of learning. Surely, he had more book knowledge than his superficial rival, Robert Dudley. At the Temple he was a noted "roisterer and swashbuckler;" hearing the chimes at midnight, knowing the chief illicit haunts, and sometimes lying all night in the windmill in St. George's Fields. However, while he spent much of his time in dicing and gallantry, there were two amusements to which he particularly devoted himself, and which laid the foundation of his future fortune. The first was dancing, which he studied under the most approved masters, and in which he excelled beyond any man of his time; the other was the stage. He constantly frequented the London theatres—such as those places of amusement were in the days of Elizabeth. He wrote masques, and took part in the performance of them, to the delight of his numerous admirers.

Lord Campbell's Puritan feelings were shocked at the idea of a grave lawyer dancing like thoughtless young people. The noble lord should have remembered that dancing was then, and for a considerable period later, not merely tolerated, but exacted from lawyers. Here is a case which occurred half a century later, and in the 7th year of the reign of James the First:—"On the 6th of February, 7 Iac., 1610, the under-

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barristers of Lincoln's Inn were, by decimation, put out of Commons, for example's sake, because the whole Bar offended *by not dancing* on Candlemas Day preceding, according to the ancient order of this society, when the judges were present; with this warning, that, if the like fault were committed afterwards, they should be fined or disbarred."*

To return to Hatton's early career. The next occasion on which he appeared at a public amusement was one of that class which brought him prominently before the courtiers. In 1561 the Inner Temple celebrated Christmas by a splendid masque, in which the part of "Master of the Game" was played by Hatton. Amongst the actors was Lord Robert Dudley, subsequently known as the Earl of Leicester. At this period Christopher Hatton was about twenty-one years of age, perhaps a few months more. He was very handsome, tall, and graceful in his person, and possessed of the most elegant manners. His voice was soft and winning. As a dancer, too, he was considered the first in England. His personal appearance and the charms of his conversational powers at once attracted the Queen's attention, and she did not conceal from her ladies the impression he had made upon her. Elizabeth, who was herself the best dancer of her sex, at Court, openly declared her admiration for Hatton's "footing." Four times she danced with him in one night, and brought him to the Royal supper table—a special mark of her favour. The courtiers became somewhat jealous and annoyed by the presence of the handsome young gentleman from the Inns. The Queen, perceiving the jealousy of Lord Robert Dudley, did everything to increase it, for no lady at the Court could carry on a flirtation with such bewitching charms of manner as the Queen herself. Hatton

* Dugdale's Origines Juridiciales, 1688, p. 150.

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was immediately appointed one of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, being fifty in number—all tall, handsome young men—whose duty it was to attend the Queen on public occasions, and, amongst the Queen's most faithful knights, Christopher Hatton became the "truest of the true" to the close of his life. Camden states that the "modist sweetness of his manners first attracted the Queen." I should imagine that his tall handsome person attracted her most, and she did not conceal this fact from Blanche Parry.

On the 18th of January, 1561, what might be called the first genuine English tragedy, in five acts, composed on the ancient tragic model, was performed before Queen Elizabeth.* The Queen delighted in theatricals of a classic description. She caused a stage to be erected at Windsor Castle for regular performances of the drama, with an elegant wardrobe for the actors, painted scenes, and an efficient orchestra. When the play was over, the Queen gave an excellent supper to all those who attended the entertainment, and, like her father on such occasions, made herself "most homely and agreeable" with all the guests. The party generally broke up about two in the morning, ending with a noisy dance and lively Irish music. The despatches of the foreign Ambassadors all concur in praise of the Queen's hospitality.

In 1568 Hatton was one of the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple who wrote a tragedy called "Tancred and Gismund," which was acted before the Queen, by the authors of the play. Hatton's contribution was the fourth act. The play was printed in 1592, when the name of the Royal favourite was thus affixed—"Composuit Chr. Hatton."

In April, 1568, Hatton exchanged his hereditary manors of

* Camden's Annals.

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Holdenby with the Queen for the site of the Abbey and demesne lands of Sulby. On the same day her Highness granted him a lease of the manors of Holdenby for forty years. It was thus the Queen disposed of the "heritage of the poor" which her father had seized upon. From this time forward the Royal bounty flowed upon Hatton to such a degree as to excite alarm in her Council, and the courtiers, who were always "greedy, and looking for more," asked—"What service has this young man rendered to the State?"

Of course the continued favours lavished upon Hatton excited the displeasure, as well as the jealousy, of Lord Leicester; therefore, in ridicule of the accomplishment which first attracted the Queen's notice, he proposed to introduce a dancing master, who excelled the "new favourite." Elizabeth, however, drew a distinction between the merit of an artist and the skill of an amateur, when she contemptuously remarked: "Pish! I will not see your man. *Hopping about is his trade.*"

Grants of lands and sinecure offices still continued to be conferred on Hatton, to the great chagrin of the courtiers, and the scandal gossip of London and Paris made the worst of the Queen's "indiscretions," as the Council whispered amongst themselves.

In April, 1571, Hatton was returned for Higham Ferrers. There is no record of his having won any distinction in the Commons. In fact there were few men of ability in that assembly, and, if honest politicians, it behoved them to be silent, or else they were relegated to the Tower or the Fleet.

In May, 1571, Hatton distinguished himself in a more congenial arena than the House of Commons. He appeared as one of the challengers in "a tourney and barriers," before the Queen at Westminster. His colleagues were the Earl of Oxford,

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Mr. Charles Howard, and Sir Henry Lee, "all of whom did very valiantly perform the part set down for them. The chief honour was conferred on the Earl of Oxford."*

In 1572 Hatton presented his Royal mistress with a New Year's gift, consisting of a jewel of "pizarras of gold" adorned with rubies and diamonds, and flowers set with rubies, with one pearl pendant, and another at the top. The Queen's Christmas presents to this highly favoured courtier amounted to four times as much as that conferred on any other person who enjoyed her friendship.

It became a matter of astonishment to the public, the large "grants of land and valuables" that were bestowed on Hatton. Between February and July, 1572, fresh grants were made to him of woods in Herefordshire, of the manor. of Frampton in Dorsetshire, of the reversion of the house of the Monastery de Pratis in Leicestershire, of the stewardship of the manor of Wendlingborough in Northamptonshire, and of the wardship of two more manors. At this period Hatton had been eight years attached to the Court, yet his name does not appear in any State paper correspondence. His position at Court undoubtedly rendered him an object of envy; and the ladies were profuse in gossip by no means favourable to the Royal reputation. Amidst these unedifying facts, it is worthy of remark that Hatton became a "public favourite," and he seems to have made far more friends and fewer enemies than had any Royal favourite before him. His private charities were admitted, and known to be extensive, thoughtful, and unostentatious.

His friendship for the unfortunate Duke of Norfolk was another proof of the goodness of his nature, for to plead in

* Nichols' Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, vol. i. p. 276.

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favour of Norfolk was absolutely perilous. The Duke was condemned for high treason on the 16th of January, 1572. His greatest crime was the alleged design to marry the Queen of Scots. Whilst under sentence of death the Duke of Norfolk wrote thus to his son Philip:—"Maister Hatton is a marvellous constant friend. And I have been much beholden unto him."

Amongst the Hatton Papers are to be seen many letters thanking him for "intercessions with the Queen in favour of recusants, or for people in distress."

In May, 1572, Hatton was elected a Knight of the Shire for Northampton, and he continued to represent that county until he became Lord Chancellor. In this year several persons were prosecuted for propagating scandals concerning the Queen, with Hatton and Lord Leicester. There can be little doubt that those charges originated with men who were waging a political warfare with the Queen. The accusations of the Queen of Scots against Elizabeth's reputation, as a woman, are the most damaging on record. Amongst the statements set forth was one that the Duke of Anjou and his family were inclined to break off the negotiations for a marriage with the English Queen in consequence of those alarming reports concerning the Queen's honour. The entries in the Council Book show that the Government would not consent to the Queen *marrying a Catholic.* In the Queen's presence, and Anjou standing beside her, Hatton pronounced the judgment of the Council against a Catholic marriage. The Council did not permit Elizabeth to carry out her views in everything—far from it—and the question of marriage they always regarded with a jealous eye.

Hatton soon discovered that the Queen was prone to be attracted by "new faces," and he was suddenly thrown aside.

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He therefore consulted his friend, Edward Dyer, and curious to relate Dyer was one of the many dependents of the Earl of Leicester. He was occasionally employed in the Queen's service, and subsequently received the appointment of Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, when he was knighted.* In substance the cautious Dyer advised Hatton "not to notice the Queen's coldness towards him, and to be immensely humble; and not to express an opinion to anyone on what was passing, because his words might be used or falsely interpreted by some concealed enemy." Dyer continues, "First of all you must consider with whom you have to deal, and what we be towards her (the Queen); who, though she do *descend very much in her sex as a woman*, yet we may not forget her place, and the nature of it as our Sovereign."

Hatton concludes one of his letters from Antwerp to the Queen in these words: "Madam, forget not your 'Lydds' (a pet name for her dancing favourite) that are so often bathed with tears for your sake. A more wise man may seek *you*, but a more faithful and worthy can never have *you*. Pardon me, my most dear sweet lady, I will no more write of these matters. . . . "CHR. HATTON. †

"Antwerp, June 17th, 1573."

In one of Elizabeth's replies to Hatton's "wild and indiscreet epistles," as Sir Thomas Smythe styled them, she wrote in the very opposite strain to that of her romantic admirer. She was evidently displeased at the warmth of his language. The Queen seemed to think that flirtation was not to be considered

* At one period Dyer was as great a favourite with the Queen as Hatton, but he possessed more discretion than his handsome friend. Dyer died in 1607.

† The autograph is to be seen in the State Paper Collection.

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as a response to the professions of an ardent lover. She again maintained that platonic love was a refined friendship, only understood by the more cultivated minds. To a certain extent Elizabeth was correct; but the difficulty surrounding such a sentiment is to be found in the fact as to where a line can judiciously be drawn, the human mind ranging so much between warmth and coldness; between sincerity and deception.

Her Highness writes thus to Hatton:—"*I deem friendship to be one uniform consent on the part of two minds, such as virtue links together, and naught but death can break.*"*

The Queen was "annoyed, almost roused to a storm," writes Dyer, "when she read Hatton's second love epistle from Antwerp." A lady in waiting relates that her Highness "read the note in an excited mood. She paced the chamber several times, laid the paper on the table, took it up again and again.† She smiled and frowned by turns, making only one remark, 'what fools apparently sensible men sometimes make of themselves.'"

When Elizabeth's passion calmed down, she sent a dove to her favourite as an emblem of "peace and good will," and, as usual, a white rose, to signify the purity of her love. Judging, however, from all the extraordinary gossip related by courtiers of Elizabeth's private life, the reader can form his own conclusions as to her honour; but I must remark that her

* The original letters, in which the Queen "reproved" Hatton, are not to be found. There are, however, two copies of them in the State Paper Office.

† Hatton's writing was very difficult to read, and the Queen often remarked that it took more time to peruse his epistles than any she had ever received. Blanche Parry had frequently the task of making out words encircled by the Queen.

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enemies were numerous and unscrupulous in making accusations against her.

I have already called the reader's attention to the fact that the Queen left ample room for the severest criticism upon her conduct; yet nothing of a woman-dishonouring nature has been proved against her. Gregori Letti does not credit the narratives put forward to impeach the honour of Elizabeth. "I cannot," he says, "find proofs of those allegations." Silva, the Spanish Ambassador, made special inquiries, at the request of King Philip, concerning the scandals afloat against the honour of the Queen of England. Silva reports:—"I am quite satisfied that there is no foundation for what has been bruited against the Queen's character."

I must in justice add that amongst the enormous mass of Mendoza's correspondence at Simancas, there is not one single imputation cast upon the honour of Elizabeth *as a woman*; but, as a politician, she stands *in the darkest light*. Again, I refer to La Motte Feneleon, a distinguished French diplomatist, who was eight years in London as the envoy of France, assuring Catherine de Medicis that the "stories concerning the Queen of England were baseless, malicious falsehoods."* He had many discussions with Elizabeth on the "merits of learned books and learned men." However, from the nature of the accusations against Elizabeth, it is almost impossible to procure proofs. The great jurists of the sixteenth century sometimes accepted presumptive evidence, but Equity, always on the side of Mercy, rejected it. So the Queen herself is not to be judged in all cases according to her own merciless and unjust code. It is, however, my more immediate duty to deal with the character of Elizabeth as a monarch, although it is not easy

* In preceding chapters I have incidentally referred to the opinion expressed by Feneleon upon the reputation of Elizabeth.

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to separate the private life of a great potentate from the varied circumstances which History, acting under the inspiration of Truth, is bound to chronicle.

The Queen visited Bristol in August, 1574, attended by Lord Leicester, Hatton, and the officers of her household. Churchyard, a quaint poet of the period, who was present, published an account of the Royal visit in the second edition of his work called "Churchyard's Chips," which he dedicated to "the Right Worshipful, his tried and worthy friend, Maister Christopher Hatton."

The people of Bristol gave a hearty welcome to the Queen and her favourites, but it was evident that Hatton was the most popular, for Leicester was detested by the English people, even when he was profuse in expenditure; and no matter what phase of religion he assumed, *the* man was still distrusted and execrated.

Royal favourites seldom act with discretion; and few of the enemies of the Anglican Church in 1574 approved of Hatton's conduct in relation to the Bishop of Ely, whose mansion and garden he desired to obtain by means that every honest and honourable man would repudiate. The manner of action was at once mean and cowardly, for Hatton supplied himself with the omnipotent ægis of the Queen, and as the story is related, Hatton, with the Queen's approbation, applied to Dr. Coxe, Bishop of Ely, for the lease of his house in Ely-place, Holborn, and the garden attached thereto.

The Bishop naturally and legitimately refused to comply with the modest demand made by Hatton, and stated that he had no legal power vested in him to assign the property of the See to any person whatsoever.* The law was clearly on the

* The report of this transaction is to be seen in the archives of the Cathedral of Ely, and also amongst the domestic State Papers of 1574-5.

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Bishop's side, but where Churchmen were concerned Elizabeth cared little for vested rights, or even honesty in a commercial point of view ; yet one of her noted but somewhat oblivious biographers has described her as the "Nursing Mother of the Anglican Church."

During the discreditable correspondence which took place over this affair, the Queen did not seem to feel ashamed of writing the following note to the Bishop of Ely :—

"Proud Prelate,—

"I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement, but I would have you to know that *I, who made you what you are, can unmake you; and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by G——, I will immediately unfrock you.*"

"Signed,

"ELIZABETH, the Queen."*

It would appear from the Queen's note that Dr. Coxe had broken his "engagement." But, as I have just remarked, the prelate had not the power of "bestowing, or selling," the property in question. The extent of his manorial rights was to give a lease for a certain number of years. In this case, however, the Bishop prudently yielded. He had been engaged in several other unpleasant disputes with the Queen, her Highness being always victorious in any action against the bishops, whom she often treated in a spirit of injustice, and, with a few exceptions, with studied contempt.

* It has been alleged by some of Elizabeth's biographers that the letter above quoted is a forgery; and the whole transaction a myth. I refer the reader to John Strype's Annals, Oxford edi., vol. i. p. 501; also to vol. ii. p. 259, of the same author; and further, to the Register of the Diocese of Ely, which, I hope, may satisfy the sceptical reader—if such there be—as to the accuracy of my statements upon the matter under consideration.

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In the third volume of the "Historical Portraits" I have referred to the case of Dr. Coxe and Hatton.

About this time (1575) Hatton was so much in debt that the Queen communicated with the Treasurer, Lord Burleigh, to advance some money towards liquidating the "most pressing of his debts." The Queen promised to make "a further discharge" at a future time. To the courtiers and the money-lenders it was a matter of astonishment how Hatton came to be in debt, for he had received large grants of land from the Queen.

In the year 1575 Hatton does not appear much in public life. He presented his usual New Year's gifts to the Queen, and her favour was manifested by renewed and large grants of land in several counties. In the August of 1575 the Queen made fresh grants to Hatton, and amongst the rest she gave him the manor of Chapel Brompton, in Northamptonshire; and a few months later his Royal patroness settled *four hundred pounds sterling per year upon him for life from the public revenues.*

We are further informed by the records of the times that in the following year (1576), Corfe Castle, in Dorsetshire, and "other lands in various parts of England" were given by the Queen as a gift to Hatton,* and notwithstanding all these accessions of fortune, he was still in need of more. It may yet be said in Hatton's favour that he was profuse in his entertainments and liberal and kind to his numerous retainers. In those days of "greed and flinty feeling" amongst the land-holders, he was extremely indulgent to his tenants, often

* Ast. Patent 17 and 18 Eliz. It appears from the Sydney State Papers, vol. i. p. 159, that Hatton had also enjoyed a monopoly in Ireland, which expired about January, 1576

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returning the rent to the most needy, acting in such mode most unlike his rival, Lord Leicester.

Christopher Hatton formed no exception as to "pecuniary difficulties," for Walsingham was also in debt, and it ill accords with the popular idea of the chivalrous Sir Philip Sydney, to find him "hopelessly in debt." In 1581 Philip Sydney wrote to Hatton, beseeching him "to solicit the Queen for some aid to keep off a Dutch Shylock who worried him to death." The Queen, as usual, "rated" Sydney for not living within his means, but, with a dash of her mother's good nature, she enabled him to get over his embarrassments.

In the preceding volume of this work, I have commented on the fact that the public men during the reign of Elizabeth received salaries quite inadequate to uphold the position of Ministers of the Crown, and they were nearly all men of small private fortune, having no further means except what they received from the Queen as grants from the confiscated lands. The parsimony practised by the Crown led to peculation and fraud in several departments of the Government, and some high officials "helped themselves plentifully." The department of the law was notoriously corrupt, and it may be asked, "When was it not so?"

Two years later (1583) Sydney was again before the Queen, seeking for another favour, but of a different type. He had wooed and won the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, to the great chagrin of many Court beauties. The Queen, as usual in reported love matches, opposed the marriage just as it was all arranged. Sir Francis Walsingham, like the aggrieved of all parties, wrote to Hatton on the subject of this marriage. He complained of the "Queen's interference with the marriage of a private gentleman to a fair maiden who is his equal by birth and education, and without spot or stain on her honour."

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He referred to "the many years in which the Sydney family had served the House of Tudor in the field of battle and in the Council chamber." "I pray you, good sir," continues Walsingham, "if the Queen's Highness should enter into any further speech of the matter [the marriage], let her understand that you learn generally that the match is finally arranged, and that I feel aggrieved if her Highness, in her wisdom, doth still oppose the union of my daughter to Maister Philip Sydney."

In this, like many other cases of the kind, Hatton prevailed on the Queen to give her assent, and she also made bridal presents. Sydney enjoyed the Royal favour to the close of his life, but his beautiful wife was treated with coldness and sometimes with direct scorn by the Queen. It no doubt added to the Queen's esteem for Hatton that he had never married. Sir Harris Nicolas, in his "Life and Times" of Hatton, has cleared his memory from many imputations, and has brought to light much new and interesting matters from the "Letter Bag," and other sources.

Lingard writes, "To the honour of Sir Christopher Hatton, it must be recorded that we find him at times employing his authority to shield the poor and friendless from oppression, and to mitigate the severity of the law in favour of recusants under prosecution for their religion before the Ecclesiastical Commission."*

One of the few occasions on which Hatton appears in Parliamentary debate occurred in the Parliament which met in February, 1575-6. On the occasion to which I refer, Mr. Peter Wentworth, one of the members for Tregony, in Cornwall, made a speech which astonished the obsequious Commons.

* Lingard, vol. vi. p. 495.

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To advert in those times to the actions of the Sovereign or her Council, or to the political or social condition of the country, or to foreign relations, was something approaching to treason. "Wentworth's questions proved that he was engaged with traitors out of doors." He was sequestered and placed in the hands of the Sergeant-at-Arms. A committee, of which Hatton was one, investigated the case, with the usual result. Wentworth was sent to the Tower. In a few days the good-natured Hatton was the bearer of a "gracious message" from the Queen, announcing that her Highness was pleased to remit her "justly occasioned displeasure, and to refer the enlargement of the party to the House." Hatton received, as a matter of course, a private intimation from the Queen that Wentworth was sufficiently punished by fine and imprisonment for his conduct in presuming to question the actions of the Crown. The House, under the guidance of Hatton and the Ministers present, ordered the release of Wentworth, whom they "considered, on serious reflection, to be a fool, or something very silly."* About the same time several other members were committed to the Tower and the Fleet, of whom no more has been recorded. To demand "liberty of conscience was the certain road to a dungeon.† The Puritans suffered more than the Catholics, for they were far more courageous and defiant, many of them telling the Queen to her face that she was old Harrie's —— daughter."

The year 1577 was an important era in Hatton's life. On the 11th of November he was appointed Vice-Chamberlain of the Queen's household, and sworn of the Privy Council, and in

* Commons' Journals (1576); Parliamentary His., vol. i.

† Toone's Chronology, second edition, vol. i.

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the same month he received the honour of knighthood from the hands of his Royal mistress at Windsor Castle. That dignity was on the same occasion conferred upon Francis Walsingham. In the course of the same year Hatton was finally put in possession of Ely Palace, which the bishop surrendered, and the Queen presented to Hatton as a gift or grant from the Crown. Dean Hook expresses his indignation at this "appropriation" by the Queen. The Dean has no hesitation in stating that "the Church was robbed by the Queen in order that she might enrich her courtiers."*

Scarcely any document in the "Hatton Letter Bag" is so curious as the Bishop of London's "remonstrances" with Sir James Harvey, the citizen merchant who filled the office of Lord Mayor of London in the year 1582. Sir John Branch, the predecessor of Harvey, was commanded to reprimand the City clergy for "their violent sermons concerning the Queen's projected marriage." It must, however, appear strange to Anglican clerics of these times to hear of the Crown employing the Chief Magistrate to admonish the clergy for some supposed indiscretion in their pulpit addresses. Harvey seems to have also obeyed the injunctions with singular pleasure, adding personal reproaches and abuse to his admonitions. In his zeal he spared neither his own diocesan, the fiery and unamiable Aylmer, nor Horne, the late Bishop of Winchester,† and it is amusing to find a "City Shopkeeper" calling a distinguished scholar like Aylmer "lack-Latin," and somewhat natural that Bishop Aylmer's want of hospitality in not entertaining the City functionaries should be a sin in the eyes of

* Archbishops of Canterbury, vol. x.

† Dr. Horne died in June, 1580. His name was long associated with the cruel religious persecutions of Elizabeth's reign.

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the citizens. Though the Bishop of London says he is obliged to submit to part of the Lord Mayor's offensive conduct, so long as he remained in office, yet he promised to remember it in the ensuing year, when he should still be as he was, but when Harvey would be somewhat inferior. The threat to teach the Lord Mayor his duty in a sermon before the noisy and turbulent crowd assembled at Paul's Cross, when he would be obliged to listen without daring to venture a reply, was in those days more than a *brutum fulmen* ; and, coming from such a man as John Aylmer, was not to be despised.* Whatever opinion the London clergy had formed of the Chief Magistrate, it was certain that they detested Bishop Aylmer for his tyranny.

Hatton's interest with the Queen advanced many Churchmen to lucrative livings. Dr. Aylmer, for instance, was indebted to him for the see of London—an incident that Hatton bitterly regretted. In the third volume of this work I have referred to Dr. Aylmer, but as some readers may not meet with the passage, I here print a quotation from a letter of the Bishop to Hatton.†

"My continual setting forth of her Majesty's *infinite gifts from God* and unspeakable deserts towards us, have merited nothing; yet it is the honour of a prince *to breathe life into dead bodies,* and after the cold and dead winter, to cheer the dry earth with the fresh and lively springtime. I study with my eyes on my book, and my *mind is in the Court*; I preach without spirit; *I trust not of God, but of my Sovereign, which is God's lieutenant, and so another God unto me,* for of such it is said *Vos esti dii.*"

* Aylmer's "Clerical Denunciation" against the Lord Mayor is far too long for insertion here. I only allude to it to show the strange spirit of the times.

† For this correspondence in full, see Sir Harris Nicolas's Life and Times of Sir Christopher Hatton.

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Sir Harris Nicolas, in his memoirs of Hatton, describes Bishop Aylmer as "a spiritual tyrant and a Court sycophant."

Amongst Hatton's foreign correspondents was Theodore Beza, one of the noted Reformers of Germany, who was coolly received in the clerical circles of London.

A petty incident occurred in 1582, which Dyer states left his friend Hatton quite broken-hearted. Walter Raleigh came upon the scene, young and handsome and possessed of fascinating manners. When the "Queen saw him," to use the words of the ladies of the Court, "she was half inclined to be in love;" and gave the young courtier some distinguished marks of the Royal favour. Hatton became offended, and in proof of his jealous feeling retired from the Court, and remained at his country residence. Elizabeth became alarmed. There was no gentleman at Court that could so bewitch her in the dance as Hatton, who left Lords Leicester and Oxford in the shade. Sir John Harrington relates that his "dear godmother could not sleep for three nights, and partook of little food for days; the magnificent figure of her favourite haunted her by day and by night; his soft voice, so full of love and tenderness, came like angels' whispers to the Royal ear. Elizabeth could no longer resist the emotions of her heart, so a messenger was quickly dispatched to command Hatton to appear in the Royal presence. He obeyed the summons, and the Queen, all sunshine and love, received him in her library, presenting him at the same time with a diamond ring as a token of her love and devotion." So for a time the lovers' quarrels were arranged with poetic sighs and mutual forgiveness.

I must here refer to another Royal favourite with whom Hatton was associated as a courtier—namely, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

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In 1584 a pamphlet was published in Flanders, entitled "Leicester's Commonwealth." It was said to have been written by Parsons, the Jesuit, who had escaped from prison; but Parsons was not the author—neither did he escape. This invective obtained an enormous publicity in England; and the extreme curiosity excited in the people's mind to read any scandals concerning the Royal favourite was a convincing proof of the intensity of the hatred with which he was regarded. The success of this *brochure* was prodigious; it was read universally and with the utmost avidity. All who envied Leicester's power and grandeur; all who had smarted under his insolence or felt the grip of his rapacity; all who had been scandalised or wounded in family honour by his unbridled licentiousness; all who still cherished in their hearts the image of the unfortunate Duke of Norfolk, whom Leicester was believed to have entangled in a deadly snare; all who knew him for the foe, and suspected him to be "privy to the murder of the gallant and lamented Walter, Earl of Essex"—finally, all—and they were nearly the whole of the nation—who looked upon him as a base and treacherous adventurer, shielded by the affection of his Sovereign, and wrapped in an impenetrable cloud of hypocrisy and artifice, who aimed in the dark his envenomed weapons against the bosom of innocence—exulted in this exposure of his secret crimes, and eagerly received, and propagated for truth, even the grossest of the exaggerations and falsehoods with which the narrative was intermixed. Elizabeth, incensed to the last degree at so furious an attack upon the man in whom her confidence was irremovably fixed, caused her Council to write letters to all persons in authority for the suppression of these books, and punishment of such as were concerned in their dispersion; adding at the same time the

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declaration that her Highness "*testified in her conscience, before God, that she knew in assured certainty the books and libels against the Earl of Leicester to be most malicious, false and scandalous, and such as none but an incarnate devil himself could dream to be true.*"

Sir Philip Sydney, feeling indignant against the author of the pamphlet in question, attempted a defence of his uncle (Leicester), but he utterly failed in the task. He used many bitter words in relation to the author whom he suspected, but was not able to disprove any one of the serious accusations made against Leicester. Sydney's defence is a poor production, deficient in everything but invective. In the secret correspondence with his own relatives, Sydney is sometimes outspoken with regard to the "relations which existed between his uncle and the Queen."*

The calm and reflecting portion of English loyalists at this period were of opinion that there was more of truth in "the book against Leicester than Sydney's family pride would admit, and more of crime in the conduct of his kinsman than it was in his power to clear away."

Father Parsons was, as above observed, pointed out as the author of the pamphlet; but he solemnly denied "that he had been in any way connected with the book that libelled Lord Leicester." Several persons were named most unjustly. The Queen of Scots contended that the authorship lay between the noted Maister Morgan and Lord Paget. The Queen's letter to Lord and Lady Shrewsbury for their "polite attentions" to Leicester when he visited them furnishes the writer of the book with "grave suspicions." In

* Sydney's "Defence" of his uncle was printed in the *Cabala*. About 136 years ago the "original" copy was discovered.

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the letter to Lady Shrewsbury, Elizabeth almost acknowledges Leicester for her husband, and speaks of him with passionate love, describing her "Sweet Robin" as "*part of herself.*" But the Queen's "Sweet Robin" was at this time the husband of another woman. The Queen must have departed from her usual cautious mode of speaking when she confided her love story in such extravagant words to a malicious virago like Lady Shrewsbury. . "Kate of Hardwick," as this dame was styled, circulated the most abominable narratives against the honour of Elizabeth. Those scandals were published in Paris, Madrid, Venice, and Rome.*

Mr. Froude is not sparing in his general condemnation of Leicester, but, at the same time, he contends that "nothing criminal ever occurred between Elizabeth and her lover."†

The Government spies soon discovered the name of the author, printer, and bookseller. The pamphlet was written by a Puritan lawyer, named John Stubbes. It was bruited at the time that it was an act of private revenge against Leicester for having seduced the orphan *protégée* of Stubbes, the only daughter of a Puritan preacher. The prosecution in this case, on the part of the Queen and her Council, was one of the most indelicate transactions connected with her reign. The charge against Stubbes was that of having published a pamphlet reflecting on the Earl of Leicester, as a favourite of the Queen. The writer also attacked the projected marriage of the Queen with a French Prince (the Duke of Anjou), declaring that "the whole affair was a conspiracy to *overthrow the Protestant religion.*" The most offensive language was used to the French Royal Family, and to the

* Lodge, vol. ii. p. 155.

† Froude, vol. xii. p. 497.

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people of France in general. The Queen stated that the crimes attributed to Lord Leicester were "a malicious concoction of heinous lies." When Elizabeth stooped to strike, she generally selected the weaker person. This was not the action of a woman who was reputed to be brave and generous-minded. John Stubbes, the author, Page, the bookseller, and Singleton, the printer of the pamphlet, were tried for felony. The Queen desired "that they might *be all hanged;*" but the jury refused to find a verdict to gratify the Royal vengeance. The accused were next arraigned under another statute—namely, that of Mary and Philip,* which was enacted for the protection of the King and Queen. Elizabeth now sought to punish under this Act those who made public the profligate life of Leicester. The lawyers openly stated that such a proceeding was illegal; and Mounson, one of the judges of the Common Pleas, resigned office rather than be a party to such a violation of the law of the realm. Hatton and the members of the Queen's Council upheld the illegal and despotic conduct of their Sovereign. The printer was acquitted—after a fashion—being heavily fined. Stubbes, the author of the pamphlet, and Page, the bookseller, were brought from the Tower to a scaffold erected before the Palace, at Westminster, on the 3rd of November, and there and then, in the presence of a multitude of people, their right hands were struck off with a new cleaver of bright steel, which made a clean sweep, about two inches above the wrist. Harrington relates "that the blow was given with terrific force." The flow of blood was terrible. Page, as the bleeding arm was *seared with a hot iron*, exclaimed aloud, "*I have left on this block a true Englishman's hand.*" Stubbes waved his hat with the hand remaining, crying out, "God save Queen

* Stat. 1 and 2 of Philip and Mary, cap. 3.

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Elizabeth." In a few minutes he fainted from the loss of blood. Camden, who was present, and standing at his side, at this revolting scene, saw "the surrounding multitude altogether silent, either out of horror at this new and unwonted punishment or else out of pity to the men, whose lives were honourable and blameless."* Baxter, a Puritan preacher of those times, states that "both Stubbes and Page were devout Protestant Christian men, and loyal subjects to the Queen's Highness, yet for speaking God's truth of Robert Dudley's evil life they were treated worse than malefactors of an uncivilised age."

Though Sir Christopher Hatton had taken an active part in the prosecution of John Stubbes, yet, at a subsequent period, he humanely used his influence with the Queen "to stay further persecution against Stubbes." †

None of Hatton's friends enjoyed more of his confidence than Sir Thomas Heneage, the Treasurer of the Queen's Chamber. Some remarkable letters passed between Hatton and Heneage concerning the quarrels in the Council, where hatred and jealousy prevailed to a large extent amongst men who were on apparent good terms. Self-interest, however, was at the bottom of the contest. Hatton had often to settle the disputes between the ladies of the Court, with whom he was a general favourite. When his arbitration was not accepted, the case went before the Queen, who quickly decided by a box on the cheek, or a pinch in the fat neck, or to be confined in their apartments for

* See Camden's Annals; Lingard, vol. vi.; Froude, vol. xi. In Park's edition of Sir John Harrington's "Nugæ Antiquæ," some curious papers relating to Stubbes' work, and the punishments he received for his writings, are printed, and throw further light upon the whole affair, which must puzzle the partisans of Elizabeth to defend or explain.

† Life and Times of Sir Christopher Hatton, by Sir Harris Nicolas.

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so many days, or relegated to the charge of some courtier in a lonely country mansion. Such was the fate of Anne Scudamore, and other ladies of higher rank—for instance, the Countess of Derby, to whom I have referred in a preceding chapter.

Sir Christopher Hatton narrowly watched all the Queen's movements with respect to her proposed marriage with the Duke of Anjou. Elizabeth's correspondence with Paulet, her Ambassador in France, in 1579, respecting the said marriage, is very interesting, and bears evident marks of having been her "uncontrolled opinion"—at that period at least. After stating her objections to the conditions proposed by Simier, the French Ambassador, she expresses her suspicion that the youthful suitor sought her "for her fortune and not her person," in terms which a wealthy heiress would now use towards a lover who had shown rather too much attention to the marriage settlement. The Queen hinted that Anjou should have appeared more like a romantic lover in his personal attentions, and have visited her frequently. The complacency with which she adverts to her own attractions—personal and mental—is perfectly characteristic of the woman. Let the reader also bear in mind that the captivating Virgin Queen was at this period double Anjou's age. Elizabeth's praise of Simier, whom Camden calls "a most choice courtier, exquisitely skilled in love toys, pleasant conceits, and Court dalliances," will not pass unnoticed by those who remember the Queen of Scots' remark respecting her conduct towards the courtly and accomplished Simier.

On the 17th of July, 1579, a circumstance occurred which placed the lives of the Queen, the Earl of Lincoln, Sir Christopher Hatton, and the French Ambassador, the noted Simier, in some danger. Being in her private barge on the Thames, accompanied by the above personages, a shot

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was unexpectedly fired out of a boat, which struck one of the Royal rowers within six feet of where the Queen sat, and passed through both the man's arms. The wound was so severe as to cause him to scream piteously, but the Queen did not lose her presence of mind in the slightest degree, and, giving her scarf to the wounded man, bade him be of good cheer, saying he should want for nothing. When it was insinuated to Elizabeth that it was a preconcerted scheme to kill herself and the French Ambassador, she observed "she could believe nothing of her people which parents would not believe of their children," and though the author of the accident was condemned and actually brought out for execution, he was pardoned and instantly liberated by the Queen.* It has been chronicled by several Puritan writers that this "affair was got up by the Papists," but it happens that the three young men in the boat were all Protestants, and, as far as politics were concerned, quite indifferent to all party ties. Hatton and the Queen believed the shot to have been "purely accidental," but Cecil and Walsingham desired to make the opposite impression on the public mind.

When Hatton filled the office of High Chancellor of England, he suspended his secretary, Mr. Cox, for "corrupt practices." Cox was in the habit of taking what he modestly called fees from persons engaged in lawsuits, in order to obtain his master's influence with the Queen as to the settlement of some litigation concerning property. Upon this incident Sir Harris Nicolas remarks, that such was the universal corruption, that the clerk of every judge in England took gratuities under the name of the "expedition of justice," adding that "such bribes

* Stowe's Annals, p. 685.

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formed their only means of support." This circumstance places Hatton's integrity as a judge in a very favourable light.

The first letter from Sir Philip Sydney to Hatton relates to his noted quarrel with the Earl of Oxford, the particulars of which have been imperfectly related. While Sydney was playing in the tennis-court belonging to the palace, Lord Oxford came in, and, after some conversation, peremptorily ordered him to quit the place. Sydney having refused to comply with so rude a request, Oxford twice called him a "puppy." Sydney gave him the lie, and then left the ground. Bad language had been used on both sides. Not hearing from Lord Oxford in the manner he expected after so public an insult, Sydney sent on the following day "to awake him out of his trance," and, thus incited, the Earl of Oxford challenged him. The matter was immediately taken up by the Privy Council, who tried in vain to induce Sydney to make submissions, and the Queen herself came forward to remonstrate with the parties on the impropriety of such quarrels, and the bad example they set to the lower classes of society. Sir Philip Sydney stated that he was "the guardian of his own honour, and would not permit himself to be insulted by any man, however high his position." To the regret of Sir Christopher Hatton and the Queen, Sydney withdrew from the Court, and retired to the residence of his sister (the Countess of Pembroke) at Wilton, where he composed the "Arcadia."

Queen Elizabeth had a peculiar name for most of her Ministers and favourites. Lord Burleigh was her "Spirit," Walsingham was her "Moon," and Lady Norris her "Crow." There is some reason for supposing that Leicester was called her "Turk;" he was likewise dubbed as her "own Sweet

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Robin." When hunting, the country folk exclaimed, "There goes the Queen's Robin." Hatton was known to the courtiers as her "Lyddes," and her "Mutton." Many of Hatton's letters to the Queen were conceived in a spirit of the most servile and contemptible adulation—"Your poor slave;" "I can use no other means of thankfulness than by *bowing the knees of my own heart* with all humility to look upon your singular graces with love and faith perdurable." It is a fact that of all the Queen's Ministers and courtiers, Sir Francis Walsingham wrote and spoke in the most bold and independent tone; and in the division of the lands belonging to Catholics he received the least. He was most persistent in his devices to persecute conscience; and he organised a system of espionage, the most cruel and disgraceful ever practised in any civilised land. It would appear that neither the Queen nor her Council sufficiently appreciated his labours, for he died almost in poverty like other members of her Council. In the third volume of this work I have referred to the public career of Sir Francis Walsingham.

Hatton is sometimes represented as a friend to "Liberty of Conscience," but in the House of Commons he was a persecutor of the Catholic clergy and their down-trodden flocks. No one dared to practise any religion but that which the Crown "suggested and commanded." In 1584 Hatton took a prominent part in the trial, torture, and execution of Dr. Parry, whose crime consisted in opposing a penal statute in the Commons. He boldly told the House that the proposed measure "was cruel, bloody, despotic, and injurious to England as a nation. And, as a member, he felt it his duty to oppose it at every stage." Many of the concealed Puritans present approved of Parry's motion, but they had not the courage to speak. He was immediately arrested, impeached for treason, and in a few

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days hanged, drawn, and quartered.* Many such trials and executions occurred in the reign of Elizabeth. The populace, however, became familiar with such scenes, and the "quartering of human bodies" was a matter of amusement to the ruffian mobs of London, who were, in those times, a disgrace to the reformed clergy, so amply paid for instructing them in religion. Never, perhaps, was there a greater mockery of religious sentiment than that put forward in England during the reign of Elizabeth.

Among Hatton's correspondents was Dr. Whitgift, Bishop of Worcester, and subsequently Archbishop of Canterbury. Whitgift furnished Hatton with many devices for the "tight lacing" of Papists and Dissenters. Whitgift was an uncompromising enemy of the preachers of the Baptist order. In a later chapter I shall return to the history of this prelate.

In 1584 Sir Christopher Hatton gave a remarkable proof of his zeal for Protestantism. A statute against "Jesuits and Continental Seminary Priests" having passed the Commons, it was proposed, on the 21st December, that the members should repair to their own homes; but, before separating, Hatton stood up, and putting the House in mind of her Majesty's most princely and loving kindness, signified in her former messages and declarations, of which he had always been the bearer, he now moved the House, "that besides the rendering of our most humble and loyal thanks unto her Highness, we do, being assembled together, *join our hearts and minds together in most humble and earnest prayer unto Almighty God for the long continuance of the most prosperous preservation of her Highness, with most due and thankful acknowledg-*

* State Trials of Elizabeth's reign, vol. i. p. 133; Camden's Annals, b. iii. p. 245; Stowe's Annals, p. 701.

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ment of His infinite benefits and blessings showered upon this whole realm, through the mediation of her Highness's Ministry under Him." Hatton concluded this scene by inviting the members of the Commons to join with him on bended knees in offering up the said prayer to the Almighty God for their beloved Queen. The whole House, the Speaker, the Members, and the Officers, were prostrated during the reading of Hatton's prayer.* Yet it was a notorious fact that, at that very period, there existed amongst the members a marked division of opinion as to the merits of the Queen as a woman and a monarch. But who was to be found honest enough to give public expression to his convictions? The representation of the people, in the Commons in those times, was a perfect mockery of constitutional freedom—of freedom of speech—or that which a great people should most prize—"Liberty of Conscience."

The "indiscretion and forward manners" of Walter Raleigh made some of his friends indifferent to him. Nothing, however, was so easy as to get into disgrace with the Queen. Raleigh, in this instance, committed what the Queen considered a crime. He married the beautiful Elizabeth Throckmorton, one of the maids of honour, without the Royal permission. The bride was dismissed from Court, with a command never to appear in the presence of her Highness again. Raleigh was committed to the Tower, where he remained for some time. Few regretted his troubles, for he was much disliked. None, perhaps, amongst the needy courtiers and flatterers who surrounded the Queen was more fortunate in gaining favours than Walter Raleigh. "When will you cease to be a beggar,

* Parliamentary History, vol. i. p. 827; Sir Harris Nicolas' Life and Times of Sir Christopher Hatton.

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Raleigh, for I am weary of your greedy disposition?" inquired Elizabeth. "Most gracious Queen," replied the handsome courtier, "when your Highness shall cease to be the most kind-hearted woman in the world."

This compliment to the Queen's vanity for the moment soothed her ill-humour. The influence of Raleigh created jealousy with such men as Hatton and Leicester. As a politician he was of no value to the Crown; and could only be looked upon as one of the "talkative butterflies" of the Court. He was constantly making mischief between courtiers, and carrying petty stories to the Queen, who though listening, yet despised the "tale-bearer." Walter Raleigh was not in favour with the "discreet" ladies of the Court, whom he describes as "like witches, capable of doing great harm, but no good."

During his long career, though exposed to all the jealousies that attend a Royal favourite, Hatton had hitherto preserved a high reputation. The charge now brought against him was that of being privy to the assassination of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland. On the 21st of June, 1585, Northumberland, who had been a close prisoner in the Tower, for high treason, was found dead in his cell. It was contended by the Tower officials that he had committed suicide with a pistol called a "dag," charged with shot and gunpowder, all being supplied to him by his servant or some intimate friend from the "Border Countrie." The investigation into this mysterious assassination—for assassination it undoubtedly proved to be—was never traced to Hatton or anyone in connection with him. The inquiry took place in the Star Chamber—a fact which, in itself, casts suspicion upon every member of that baleful assembly.

"It is not surprising," writes Sir Harris Nicolas, "that

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Hatton should have been suspected by his enemies of having prompted the deed." Hatton was a member of the Privy Council, from whom the Star Chamber was selected, and that body was always unpopular with the people of England.

Northumberland was a man deeply imbued with religious sentiments, and was unlikely to commit suicide. The traditions preserved in the Percy family show that they did not believe in the assassination of their ancestor. In a letter from Sir Walter Raleigh (1601), to Sir Robert Cecil, it is assumed as "a fact known to them both that Northumberland was murdered by the contrivance of Hatton." It would, however, be utter injustice to condemn the vilest criminal upon the evidence of such men as Raleigh or Cecil. It seems singularly malign to have made these charges against Hatton, whose character was so remarkable for humanity. There is not, indeed, the slightest evidence of any enmity or unkindly feeling having ever existed between the Earl of Northumberland and Sir Christopher Hatton. Perhaps they never met, nor even corresponded.

The general opinion amongst "lawyers, tavern loungers, City merchants, and professional folk," was to the effect that Hatton had some idea of the means by which Northumberland had been assassinated; and that "suicide was outside the matter altogether." The fact of being "a Royal favourite" did much to create this prejudice, although no man who had ever enjoyed the Royal favour in England was more popular than Christopher Hatton.

Hatton took an active part in the prosecution of the Jesuits, and of those unfortunate people who came forward to sympathise with Mary Queen of Scots. He was one of the Privy Councillors by whom Mary Stuart's secretaries, Nau and Curll, were examined. And he wrote in a style of pleasantry respecting

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the chances of those men betraying their lawful Sovereign. This conduct on the part of Hatton was censured severely by many of his friends.

Indisposed as Hatton describes himself to have been on the 2nd of September (1586), he was able to return to London, and to sit as one of the Commissioners on the trial of Babington, Ballard, and several others, charged with "conspiring to kill the Queen." He appeared as much a partisan judge in those trials as Chief Justice Anderson, or the notorious judges of Henry's time. Hatton's indignation against the prisoners was at times displayed in a manner which would now be undreamt of; but in the reign of Elizabeth such conduct was by no means uncommon.* The charges against the prisoners were to "assassinate the Queen by any means, or when convenient; to bring in a foreign invasion; to deliver the Queen of Scots, and make her the Sovereign of this realm; to sack London and destroy it; to rob and kill every rich Protestant in the city. The Earl of Leicester, Ralph Sadler, Lord Burleigh, and Sir Amyas Paulet were to be disposed of as heretics."† All these "terrible deeds," says Hatton, "were concocted by the wicked priests, who were sent here by the Pope." Lord Campbell, an able lawyer, and a modern Puritan, gives the result of his inquiries into this trial by stating that the charges were "*unsupported by any evidence.*" The parties who made the allegations—if made at all—were privately examined by the Star Chamber, but never confronted with the prisoners, who had no counsel to defend them.

It is related that Hatton was struck with the courage and

* Life and Times of Sir Christopher Hatton, K.G., by Sir Harris Nicolas.

† Statements made before the Privy Council by Walsingham's agents.

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fortitude of one of the "treason prisoners" named Chidoke, who asked if any Christian man would pay his debts, which were at that moment a heavy burden to his conscience.* "How much," asked Hatton, "is thy debt?" and being told that six angels would discharge it, Sir Christopher Hatton replied, "Then I promise thee it shall be paid."* Upon the trial of Ashington, Tilney, Jones, and others, a few weeks later, Hatton took a prominent and less creditable part.†

On the 6th of October, 1586, the Queen issued a commission for the trial of the Queen of Scots. Hatton was specially appointed by the Queen to carry out this deliberate fraud upon law and equity. The Commissioners assembled at Fotheringay Castle on the 11th of October. Elizabeth gave her private instructions to Hatton as to how the trial was to be conducted. His letters to the Queen about this time are replete with fulsome and blasphemous coarseness, addressed to a woman fifty-three years of age. In one note he writes:—"I must fail in my duty of thankfulness, as your '*Mutton*,' and lay all before God, with my humble prayers to *requite you in Heaven and Earth in the most sincere and devout manner, that through God's grace I may possibly devise.*"

Let the reader remember the mission on which Hatton went to Fotheringay Castle, and then reflect upon the tone of his despatch to the Queen.

In another passage of this despicable document the Royal favourite says: "God in Heaven bless your Highness, and grant me no longer life than that my faith and love may ever be found inviolable and spotless to so Royal and peerless a princess." This letter concludes in words which showed that

* Howell's State Trials, vol. i.

† Hargrave's State Trials, folio i. pp. 127-134.

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Hatton had little regard for the exalted office he held under the Crown, "your Royal Majesty's *most bounden poor slave.*" What opinion could a woman like Elizabeth entertain of a judge who wrote in this vile fashion?

In another communication Hatton seeks forgiveness from the Queen for some quarrel which had arisen between them. "On the knees of *my heart*," writes the Royal favourite, "most dear and dread Sovereign Majesty, I beseech pardon and goodness at your princely hands."*

The Queen of Scots having refused to acknowledge the competency of the Royal Commissioners, or to appear before them, Hatton visited her specially, "on the dangerous position in which she was placed." He stated that she was accused, but not condemned, of having conspired with several others for the destruction of the "good and great Queen Elizabeth." Hatton proceeds in an insolent tone of admonition to address the unhappy friendless prisoner of Fotheringay Castle :—

"You say you are a Queen. Be it so. But in such a crime the Royal dignity is not exempted from answering, neither by the Civil nor Canon Law, nor by the law of nations, nor of nature. For if such kind of offences might be committed without punishment, all justice would stagger—yea, fall to the ground. If you be innocent, you wrong your reputation in avoiding trial. You protest yourself to be innocent, but the great and good Queen Elizabeth thinketh otherwise, and that neither without grief and sorrow for the same. To examine, therefore, your innocency our good and great Queen hath appointed for Commissioners *most honourable, prudent, and upright men*, who are ready to hear you *according to equity with favour, and will rejoice with all their hearts if you shall clear*

*Life and Times of Sir Christopher Hatton, taken from the Hatton Letter Bag, by Sir Harris Nicolas.

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yourself of this foul crime. Believe me the Queen herself will be much *affected with joy*, who affirmed unto me at my coming from her that never anything befel her more grievous than that you were charged with such a crime. Wherefore lay aside the *bootless privilege of Royal dignity, which can now be of no use unto you*, appear in judgment, and show your innocency, lest, by avoiding trial, you draw upon yourself suspicion, and lay upon your reputation an eternal blot and aspersion."*

There was no precedent for this trial save in the iniquitous case concocted for the judicial murder of Elizabeth's own mother. In both cases counsel was refused to the accused. But the trial of the Queen of Scots, when "taken in all its bearings and intricacies," stands forth without one single precedent in the judicial history of dark and murderous conspiracies to destroy human life, and Christopher Hatton was undoubtedly as "red-handed" in the transaction as Cecil and Walsingham. As to the Queen, the secret correspondence which passed between the monarch and her Ministers proves that the tragic scene enacted at Fotheringay Castle formed the "day-dream" of a long portion of her life, and the remorse and despair of her last hours.

The day after the interview between the Queen of Scots and Hatton, Mary sent for some of the Commissioners, and said she consented to appear before them, as she was very desirous to purge herself of the crime preferred against her. The trial accordingly took place on the 15th of October, 1586. As already stated, *there was no counsel permitted to plead for the accused*, neither was Mary Stuart *allowed to consult any lawyers as to the mode she should adopt in defending herself.* In the "protest" she made against the proceedings, she

* Camden's Annals, book iii. p. 37.

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evinced great eloquence, simplicity, and queenly dignity. The Commissioners cross-examined her with coarsest rudeness—especially Lord Burleigh and Francis Walsingham. On the 25th of October, the Commissioners re-assembled at Westminster and pronounced their finding—a judgment which Sir Harris Nicolas, the antiquary of history, describes as "*an iniquitous sentence.*"

A few days later (October 15) a new Parliament assembled, when Hatton declared "that the Queen of Scots was the cause of much danger to this realm, and further, that the said Mary Stuart was the *deadly enemy of the true religion as then established in England.*"* The words here quoted from Hatton's speech in Parliament, which is a correct version, differs widely from the sentiments attributed to him by several authors. Mr. Froude, for instance, contends "that Hatton was *a Catholic in all but in name.*" It is *now* of little consequence what religion Hatton professed or practised, for the historical question at issue is one of more general importance. If Sir Christopher Hatton had been secretly a Catholic he said many bitter things against the Council of Trent and the Catholic Church in general. In 1584 he made a violent speech in the House of Commons against the Jesuits and other missionary priests. Sir Harris Nicolas, who is somewhat astonished "at the Catholicity" attributed to Hatton, writes thus of his Parliamentary campaign in 1584:—"Sir Christopher Hatton gave a remarkable proof of his *religious zeal in this* year."† At the very period Hatton was carrying out an anti-Catholic policy in Parliament, and extolling the Reforma-

* See Parliamentary Hist., vol. i. p. 836; Camden's Annals, book iii.; Sir Harris Nicolas on the Life and Times of Sir Christopher Hatton.

† See Sir Christopher Hatton, by Sir Harris Nicolas, p. 408.

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tion, he was in secret correspondence with several notable English Catholics, and he had others released from the Tower, and "caused mercy to be extended to persons who were ordered to be racked." In his official capacity he spoke as "heavily against Catholics as Walsingham or Cecil." This was a deceitful course of action, but perhaps it was somewhat prudent. There were more "masked Catholics" during the first penal laws than it is easy to indicate. It is an ascertained fact that many men who were supposed to belong to the priest-hunting party had priests privately released from the Fleet prison, and others, upon their death-bed, were crying out for a confessor. I refer the reader to the case of Lord Rich,* and the Earl of Sussex, who changed his religion several times to "suit circumstances." If the statute-book were not disgraced by laws for the persecution and debasement of conscience, there might have been more honest Protestants, and their religion would have escaped the odium of being stigmatised as "a political institution."

To return to Hatton's Parliamentary speech. After dilating at some length on the alleged crimes and conspiracies of Mary Stuart, he said that "a speedy consultation must be had by the House of Commons for the cutting off the said Mary Stuart, known as the Queen of Scots, *by the course of justice.*" This speech was applauded by the Commons. Hatton rose again, and, in most servile words, passed fresh eulogies on his Royal mistress, whose common sense must have felt pained at such repeated exhibitions. He concluded his speech in these words: "Ne pereat Israel, pereat Absolon."

* See Historical Portraits, vol. ii. p. 379, for "the last hours" of Lord Chancellor Rich, who, like many others, traded upon the name of Protestantism, and became wealthy through the agency of repeated perjuries.

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Both Houses of Parliament agreed to present a petition to the Queen, entreating her to order the execution of the Queen of Scots. Elizabeth felt overjoyed at receiving such a petition, which would lead to what I have described as the "day-dream of her life."

The debates which took place in the Commons on the "expediency," by some members, and "for God's glory" by others, of sending the Queen of Scots to the scaffold, betray the intense sectarian feeling which prevailed amongst the members in those times. Speaker Puckering, on the part of the Commons, set forth the reasons for beheading Mary Stuart, in an address delivered by him to the Queen at Richmond. Elizabeth delivered an extempore reply, saying, "if, instead of two Queens, herself and the Scotchwoman were but as two milkmaids, with pails upon their arms, and if her own life only were in danger, and not the whole estate of their religion and well-doing, she *would most willingly pardon the offence* committed against her."* In making the above undignified statement, Elizabeth violated truth and honour. Those who may go to the trouble of examining the English and Scotch State Papers and domestic records, from the landing of the Queen of Scots at Leith (August 20th, 1561), from France, down to the black perjuries committed over the signing of the death-warrant, and its despatch to Fotheringay Castle, can take no other view of the matter than that Elizabeth was, from beginning to end, actuated by the most deadly hatred to her father's grandniece, who, in the absence of her own legitimacy, was the undoubted heiress to the English throne. The

* See the scene between Speaker Puckering and the Queen, in the records of the Commons for the year 1586.

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question which I have raised leaves the issue as clear as the sun at noonday.

In a later chapter I shall recur to the general history of the Queen of Scots from the murder of Rizzio to the scaffold scene at Fotheringay Castle.

In the proceedings respecting the despatch of the warrant for the execution of the Queen of Scots, Hatton took a prominent part. It would appear, as if it had been arranged, that Davidson was to be made the victim in this case of the Queen and her Council.* On the 2nd of February, 1587, Davidson began to feel uneasy about the Queen's real intentions; he accordingly went to Hatton and communicated all the circumstances, adding that he was determined not to proceed any further in the affair by himself, but would leave it to Hatton and others to determine what should be done. Hatton *was "heartily glad," he said, "that the execution of the Queen of Scots was near at hand."*†

Lord Burleigh, the Earls of Derby and Leicester, Lords Howard, Hunsdon, and Cobham, and Sir Francis Walsingham, all joined in approval of sending off the death-warrant to Fotheringay Castle *immediately*, fearing that the Queen might change her mind—an incident that was highly improbable. All the Privy Councillors above named put their "signatures of approval to the strong letter written by Lord Burleigh to the gaoler of the Queen of Scots, urging *immediate execution.*" It has been stated that Walsingham was ill at the time the warrant was despatched, and that the Queen told Davidson to "show the warrant to his friend Walsingham, and that the *very sight of it would cause his recovery, he would become so*

* Life of William Davidson, by Sir Harris Nicolas, 1823.

† Hatton's Secret Correspondence on the Execution of the Queen of Scots.

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overjoyed." Be this statement true or not, Walsingham was *present* at the meeting of the Privy Council, when it was agreed *unanimously* to *immediately* dispatch the death-warrant.

The *original* copy of the fatal warrant is at *present* in the archives of the British Museum, and in a good state of preservation. Elizabeth's signature is surrounded with fancy flourishes, which Davidson considered as an evidence of her being in good humour at the moment of signing it.

When the ostentatious horror and grief simulated by the Queen and her courtiers for the "accident" which occurred at Fotheringay Castle had been played out, the balls and masques were resumed, and being still the handsomest man, the most elegant in dress, and the most gallant attendant on the Queen, who yet seemed delighted with his dancing, Sir Christopher Hatton gained new consequence, "pretending," writes Lord Campbell, "to become an orator and a statesman."

Great as had been the favours lavished upon Hatton by the Queen, the country was not prepared for the extraordinary promotion which raised him to the highest office in the realm, and imposed upon him judicial duties of the most important nature. On Saturday, the 29th of April, 1587, the Queen delivered the Great Seal to Sir Christopher Hatton, saluting him Lord Chancellor of England. The ceremony is thus described: The Court was then at the Archbishop of Canterbury's palace, at Croydon; and about four of the clock in the afternoon, in a private ambulatory or gallery, near the Queen's chamber, and in the presence of the Archbishop, and other great personages, her Highness the Queen took the Great Seal of the Realm, which was lying in a red velvet bag in a window, into her own hands, and carried it to the centre of the gallery, and then

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presented the said seal to the new Lord Chancellor, who received it kneeling before his Sovereign. The Queen then and there proclaimed Christopher Hatton as her Chancellor. A flourish of trumpets followed, and the Lord Chancellor received the congratulations of the Court. A series of banquets on a grand scale followed.

Both the Bar and the Bench were indignant at the appointment, and in their private meetings they severely censured the Queen for "interfering in business of which she knew nothing." Lord Campbell states that "so ignorant was Hatton of law forms that when appointed he could scarcely know the difference between a subpœna and a latitat."* There was, therefore, some ground for the rumour that he was received with coldness and indifference in the Court of Chancery. The Attorney-General and Solicitor, from fear of the Queen's resentment, made themselves agreeable to the new official, whom they looked upon as most incompetent to discharge the duties of the Chancery department. The Council were also aware of these facts, but, like every other public body in the State, they were craven-hearted, and dared not give utterance to their real convictions. So much for the results of tolerating "Royal favourites."

On the third day of May, 1587, vast crowds lined the streets of London from Ely-place, in Holborn, to witness Chancellor Hatton going in state to Westminster to open the Trinity Term, and to take the usual oaths as Chancellor. The "Dancing Favourite" was preceded by some forty of his gentlemen-in-waiting, all dressed in a blue livery, wearing gold chains; and next came twenty pensioners; and then a number of gentlemen on foot; the officers and chief clerks of

* Lord Campbell's English Chancellors, vol. i. p. 147.

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Chancery were all present in grand holiday attire. Twenty-eight trumpeters on horseback enlivened the scene. On the Chancellor's right hand rode Lord Treasurer Burleigh, and on his left the Earl of Leicester; the nobility, judges, knights, and squires were duly represented, all attired in magnificent costume. The burghers and their wives and daughters flocked to see the "Dancing Chancellor." Immense crowds came daily to the Court, to see the Royal favourite as a judge. After a time the strong feeling against the Chancellor was somewhat abated, and he gradually gained ground by his courtesy and good nature; and the sumptuous dinners, with an abundance of old sack, soon made Hatton a welcome guest in "the hospitable mansions of old London Town." It was said that in Court he made up for his want of law by his constant desire to do what was just. He was always the poor suitor's humane friend; and consequently won the hatred of the unprincipled lawyers and attorneys, of whom there were a large number in those days.

In the June of 1589, Hatton attended the wedding of his nephew, William Hatton. On this occasion he danced for the last time. Leaving his official gown in the chair, he said, "*Lie thou there, Lord Chancellor of England.*" He then "appeared on the floor, and was still without a rival, in his fiftieth year." Gray has written thus of Hatton's dancing coteries at Stoke Pogis, in Buckinghamshire :—

> Full oft within the spacious walls,
> When he had fifty winters o'er him,
> My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls—
> The seals and maces danced before him.

For some time the delicacy of Hatton's health prevented his

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appearance in banquet halls and ball-rooms. His dancing days were drawing to a close.

On the 27th of September, 1588, Hatton received intelligence of the death of his friend, Sir Philip Sydney. Hatton, who was a man of warm and kindly feeling, burst into tears, "Ah," said he, "his friendship was of the genuine stamp." And, after a pause, he continued, "I never knew how much I regarded him till *now*. Poor Philip, swept away from those who loved him so long and so dearly." Four days before the scene here narrated, Philip Sydney, acting under his uncle (Lord Leicester) in the Flushing campaign, received a mortal wound in an engagement with the Spanish cavalry near Zutphen. Sydney's horse fell under him, but mounting another, and advancing to a repetition of the attack, a musket ball shattered his thigh above the knee. Still he would not dismount, but rode back to the camp in all the agony inflicted by the wound, and, as he passed, displayed that trait of human kindness to a poor fellow-sufferer, which has immortalised his memory, even more than his accomplishments and literature. Passing by where a number of the wounded lay in agony, and becoming weak from loss of blood, he called for water, which was promptly given to him, but as he was putting the little pitcher to his mouth, he saw a poor bleeding soldier carried by him who, with dying look, cast his eyes at the vessel, which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his own parched lips and delivered it to the man with these words:—"*Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.*" Sydney was conveyed to Arnheim, where he experienced sixteen days of agony. Sydney's leave-taking with his brother was most affecting, "Love my memory," he says; "cherish my friends, their faith and constancy to me may assure you that they are honest. Above all, govern your will and affections by the Will and Word of

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your Creator. In me behold the end of this world, with all its vanities."

Sydney desired that his brother might be removed from the death chamber lest he became affected by his struggle with death; but his last moments were calm and serene, desiring a hymn to be sung for him, and clasping his hands, he closed his eyes and expired. He also sent an affecting and beautiful message to his wife, "to bear him in remembrance, and not forget the days of their early meetings."

The Continental impression of Sydney's manners and conduct was formed so early as his nineteenth year. When he travelled abroad in 1572, Charles the Ninth of France was so pleased with his deportment as to make him one of the Gentlemen of his Household. In this office he soon became a favourite with the Royal family. He "wrote and spoke" in seven different languages. At twenty-one Elizabeth despatched him as her Ambassador to the Emperor and the German Princes. In Germany he won high esteem as a Reformer. Sir Philip composed his prose romance in the summer of 1580. Fourteen editions of "Arcadia" were printed in a comparatively short time.

Sir Philip Sydney was far from being perfect, living in an imperfect and dishonest age. His good maxims are sometimes overstrained—"Doing good for those who require it, is the happiest action of a man's life." Sydney did not adhere to this text in many cases, for with all his professions of disinterestedness and chivalry, he was a fierce Puritan; but his opinions were concealed, because he knew the Queen detested that party. Sydney always spoke with scorn and contempt of the people of Ireland. In speaking of a friend of his who happened to be an *Irish* Protestant—a scarce class in

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those days—Sydney remarks, "an honest fellow, according to the brood of that island."

Notwithstanding all the services that Sydney rendered to Elizabeth in promoting her secret diplomacy on the Continent, she subsequently spoke of his memory in disparaging language, calling him "*that vain fellow*, Sydney."

Sydney and his father had been Catholics in early life. The Sydney family and their relatives were noted for changing their religion whenever any "worldly considerations" were likely to be favourable to such movements. It was no wonder for Elizabeth to entertain grave doubts as to the genuine Protestantism of many of those about her Court. According to the De Quadra State Papers (Simancas) Sir Henry Sydney, Philip's father, was negotiating with King Philip and Queen Elizabeth for the restoration of Catholicity to England, whilst at the same time persecuting the English Catholics.

The Sydney family were for generations in the service of the Tudor dynasty, to whom they were always loyal and devoted. One of the bravest commanders at the battle of Flodden Field was Sir William Sydney, the grandfather of Philip—a generous kind-hearted man; always humane in his treatment of the wounded enemy.

In the autumn of 1591, Sir Christopher Hatton was seized with his last illness. His mind had been greatly affected by the Queen insisting upon the payment of a large sum of money which he owed to the Crown from the receipts of "Tenths and First Fruits," amounting to £42,193 5s., for which, after his death, an execution was laid on his palace in Ely-place.* It is a source of wonder what could have been the cause of Hatton's debts. The Queen gave him large grants of land at

* Camden's Annals, book iv.

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various times; she also paid his debts at three different periods, and gave him £500 per annum as a "pension, or remembrance of her affection." It is true that he gave large sums "in charity to the unfortunate of every creed in the realm." His entertainments were, however, on a large and expensive scale, and his tenantry were treated with "kind consideration." Like Wolsey, he seemed to have no idea of the value of money, for he gave more away to those who sought his bounty than all the members of the Queen's Council put together. It is a fact recorded by contemporary evidence that a public man who did not "give largely, and have in his service some hundreds of retainers," was considered by the public in those times as "extremely mean and parsimonious."

Notwithstanding his broken health, Hatton still contrived to perform his public duties, but was soon compelled to relinquish them. With the "fall of the October leaf," he wrote his last letter to the Queen, briefly detailing the state of his health and pecuniary difficulties. He seemed to have some idea that his enemies were "defaming him to the Queen," for he made an appeal in vindication of his loyalty and gratitude to his "good and most kindly Queen." His spirit seemed broken. He felt that he was no longer the young, handsome, caressed courtier. Time created young rivals; nevertheless, when Elizabeth was informed by the physicians of his precarious condition, her old affection for him revived. She cried and became very sad, remarking how long she had known him, and how devoted he had always been to her person and her interests. She visited Hatton on the 11th of November, and spoke in the "most loving sisterly manner" to him. She advised him "to make his peace with God, and be no longer attached to this deceitful world." On the following day she

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came again, attended by one lady. On this occasion the Queen, according to Lady Nottingham, tied a cross with a white ribbon around his neck. The lady-in-waiting retired down the room, and the Queen and her old favourite were in conversation for a few minutes. Elizabeth waved her hand to the maid of honour, who advanced to the bedside. Hatton put forth his hand, and the young lady kissed it. The Queen, whose face was bathed in tears, stooped and kissed the Royal favourite's cheek. His voice faltered when he said, "I am dying; oh, Royal lady, pray for me. May the Lord Jesus protect you to the last." Standing at the door, the Queen waved her hand again to Hatton. He looked towards her with an air of supplication; his voice faltered; he made a slight move of the right hand. The Royal lady and her favourite dancer never met again.

Fuller gives another version of one of the Queen's visits to the bedside of the dying favourite. "The sad condition of Hatton being related to the Queen, her Highness instantly repaired to his house in Ely-place, bringing with her cordial broths, in the hope of restoring the Chancellor. These she warmed and offered to him with her own hands, adding many soothing expressions, and bidding him live for her dear sake. 'Ah,' said Hatton, 'All will not do. No pulleys will draw up a heart once cast down, though a Queen herself should set her hand thereunto.'"*

Harrington states that the Queen paid several visits to the dying Chancellor, so that these different accounts are all likely to be correct. Elizabeth was often to be found at the bedside of her old domestics when dying, and consoled them with religious sentiments.

* Fuller's Worthies, vol. ii. p. 154.

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Sir Christopher Hatton died on Friday, the 20th of November, 1591, in the 51st year of his age. His health had long been impaired. He died of diabetes, a disease almost always mortal, and to which his constitution seems to have long had a tendency.* A few days before his death Hatton took leave of his principal domestics, and said something kindly to each of them. He was beloved by his numerous retainers.

Sir Christopher Hatton was buried with great state in old St. Paul's Cathedral. The church bells tolled a mournful dirge. The funeral car was preceded by one hundred poor people, who had gowns and caps given them by the executors of the deceased Chancellor. Next followed five hundred gentlemen, and the members of the Privy Council, all in the deep mourning fashion of the times. One hundred of the Royal Guard were in the procession; likewise some sixty of the Queen's servants in mourning, and the most sadly interesting portion of the long procession was that of a crowd of poor widows and nearly one hundred orphan girls whom the Chancellor fed daily and protected like a father. Those poor children evinced their grief in constant wailing along the route to St. Paul's.

The regret for Hatton's death was sincere and universal in London, always excepting the Shylock harpies known as lawyers and attorneys. His contemporary, Camden, describes Hatton as "a man of a pious nature, great pity towards the poor, and munificent to students of learning." The University of Oxford chose him for its Chancellor, and felt proud of its connection with him. In the office of Lord Chancellor of England he could comfort himself with the consciousness of a will to act with equity.

* Camden's Annals, book iv. p. 34.

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Upon the general character of Hatton it is not necessary to make many more observations. He left on record an opinion that "in the cause of religion neither searing nor cutting was to be used." He interceded with the Queen many times to save his deadly enemies from the stake fire. His correspondence shows that he was willing to serve both Catholic and Puritan when in distress. His love of literature was well known to posterity, as Churchyard's letters and the many dedications of books to him show. He made no parade of sympathy. His feelings were ever warm and earnest, and his friendship unbroken or chilled by the changes of fortune.

Sir Christopher Hatton maintained an interesting correspondence, on various subjects, with some of the most learned men of the age.

Many anecdotes have been recorded of the wit—real and imaginary—of our judges and lawyers, but very few have been put forward as of Hatton's coinage. Here is one, on the authority of Bacon:—"In Chancery, one day, when the counsel of the plaintiff and defendant set forth the boundaries of the land in question, by the plot, and the counsel of one part said 'we lie on this side, my Lord;' and the counsel of the other part said, 'and we lie on this side:' Lord Chancellor Hatton stood up and said, "Well, gentlemen, if you *lie on both sides*, whom will you have me to believe?"

With Sir Christopher Hatton's career I am now done. I have presented to my readers the good and the evil parts of the Royal favourite's character; his humanity, his sense of charity, and, above all, the parental feeling with which he guarded the poor suitors in the Court of Chancery. Perhaps

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the grasping disposition of the age in which he lived, the love of pageantry and ostentatious hospitality, led to many of the embarrassments in which he became involved at the period of his death. Be this as it may, Christopher Hatton lived and died like a true Knight, faithful to his Sovereign, to his country, and to his friends.

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CHAPTER XVI.

IRELAND UNDER ELIZABETH'S RULE.

FEW Viceroys were so liked by the Irish people as Sir Henry Sydney. At one time he was much esteemed by the citizens of Dublin and the people of Galway,* on account of the humanity he evinced during the plague. Like other excellent Lord Deputies he subsequently became unpopular, especially when attempting to raise taxes with the concurrence of his Council, and without the approval of the Parliament. A violent agitation followed, in which all parties joined against the Viceroy. In 1569-70 the inhabitants of the Pale met, deliberated, and sent three delegates to present a petition to the Queen. The noblemen, chosen for this purpose, appeared at the English Court to protest against the system of imposts

* Sir Henry Sydney has left on record a most interesting account of his visit to the ancient town of Galway. He describes the gentry of that district as an amiable, educated, and most hospitable people. In writing to Queen Elizabeth, Sydney says :—"The better classes in Galway have been educated in Spain; and they possess all that delicacy of feeling which characterises the Spanish grandees. The name of your Majesty was received with great respect. The people of those quarters are all most devoted to the Papal Church; but that fact does not lessen their loyalty to your Majesty. The women are very beautiful, dress magnificently, and are first-class dancers. In fact, every one—young and old—must take part in the dance. The people are all independent, and the town has a large commercial intercourse with Spain."

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levied by Sir Henry Sydney and his Council. Sir Henry was not idle during the agitation, for he had taken especial care to present an unfavourable statement to Queen Elizabeth of the question at issue. The Queen listened to the Irish complaints with apparent care, and is reported to have shed tears, but the deputies were afterwards committed to the Fleet prison as contumacious opposers of the Royal authority. It is related in an Irish MS. that they were treated with great severity whilst in prison, by order of the Queen; but this statement is incorrect, for Elizabeth wrote an order with her own hand, to the effect, that "the deputies should receive good cheer and be treated with the respect due to their rank during their confinement." When the news reached Dublin and the provinces of the arrest and imprisonment of their representatives, the populace were indignant, and the "inventive story-tellers" at the inns positively asserted that the people's delegates had been murdered by the special order of the Sovereign. About the same period, however, letters reached Dublin which at once removed the impression made upon the public mind by those mischievous newsmongers. The fact of the delegates having been imprisoned by the Queen nevertheless had the effect of renewing the agitation with tenfold energy amongst the inhabitants of the Pale; and a second deputation was appointed to wait upon Sir Henry Sydney and his Council, in order to remonstrate against his "new taxing law." The parties chosen on this occasion were five peers—men of integrity and moderation, in whom the people of the rival creeds had every confidence. The excitement soon became so intense that the Queen was alarmed for the safety of her Irish dominions. The wily Princess was well aware that the subject of dispute was one on which the Protestant settlers and the native Irish

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were likely to become united ; for like the inhabitants of other countries, they cordially detested undue taxation. It was also rumoured at this excited period that a foreign enemy was hovering about the Irish coast; and some influential Protestants of Dublin declared their intention of coalescing with any party, foreign or domestic, in order to have *vengeance upon England for "daring to tax the Irish Protestants after the fashion of the Popish natives."** At this time, however, the native Irish paid little or no tribute to England. It is not now certain whether Sir Henry Sydney knew of these transactions, which, however, were not calculated to excite so much concern as the apprehended combination of the Palesmen and the native Irish. Elizabeth dispatched fresh instructions to Sydney to the effect that he should at once bring the question to an amicable settlement by a compromise, which was ultimately agreed to by the Irish disaffected of both creeds. But the indignation of all parties in Ireland was turned against Sir Henry Sydney, and the people who at one time had given him a triumphal entry into their city would now stone him to death. So much for the gratitude of the populace.

The massacre of Mullaghmast has been ascribed to the reign of Queen Mary, but it occurred in that of Elizabeth, under the Viceroyalty of Lord Sussex. It is stated that Sussex invited a number of Irish chiefs to a banquet, and whilst partaking of his hospitality, it was arranged that a party of assassins should rush upon them, dagger in hand. Only three persons were left to imperfectly relate the bloody deed. In the black pages of the history of Irish misrule there are only two or three

* MS. of the Rev. Robert Watson, a Protestant clergyman of Dublin, in 1592.

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instances more in which an English General stooped to the treachery, or the cold-blooded wickedness of concerted assassinations, whilst their victims were partaking of hospitality given in the name of the English Sovereign. The question may be raised—Did Elizabeth ever hear of the scene which occurred at Mullaghmast? It is alleged by some writers that the narrative concerning Mullaghmast has been much overdrawn. But Lord Sussex is positively named as the organiser of such a massacre. There is also proof of his having corresponded with a noted poisoner.

In March, 1571, Sir Henry Sydney resigned the office of Lord Deputy of Ireland, "considering the task of governing that country hopeless." But the task was not altogether hopeless, although very hard to perform. The successive Viceroys were ignorant of the temper of the people and the resources of the country. The inhabitants were treated as "a barbarian and conquered race." Yet the secret despatches of a few of the Viceroys deny the barbarism. Such men as Lord Sussex did irreparable damage to the honour and humanity of England by his mode of action in Ireland.

Sir Henry Sydney, in writing to Walsingham, says: "Three times the Queen has been pleased to send me to Ireland as her deputy. I returned on each occasion three thousand pounds worse than I went to that country."* Sir Henry Sydney died in a few months subsequent to his return to England, quite broken-hearted at the treatment he received between his Irish friends and the Queen. In fact he became the victim of the English "Cabal" and their agents in Dublin Castle, headed by that marplot and base man, Archbishop Loftus.

Sir William Fitzwilliam became the successor of the once

* Carew State Papers.

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popular Sir Henry Sydney. Fitzwilliam undertook to govern Ireland on a new principle. He commenced by a reduction of the enormous expenditure for the army, spies, and other officials connected with Dublin Castle. The garrisons throughout the country were considerably reduced. The chief officials were in debt to those under them, and peculation and fraud were worked out in a systematic manner for a long period under successive Governments, and the English Council felt it almost impossible to ascertain the real facts of the case. At one time Sir William Cecil contemplated a visit to Ireland, that he "might judge for himself," but his presence being constantly required in London, he depended on the correspondence of his well-paid spies, who were nothing better than a gang of felonious beings who rarely uttered a word of truth. Fitzwilliam, who was a rough old soldier, gives an account of how he found matters in Ireland on his accession to office. "The soldiers had been paid with small notes of hand, which for a time they had illegally forced upon the unfortunate farmer, peasant, or shopkeeper. A universal cry was raised by the dealers of farm produce or cattle at the continued absence of coin of a *bona fide* casting. The garrisons were determined to make the people support them." Mr. Froude describes the soldiers as "*mere gangs of organised robbers, who lived by plunder, and whose main occupation was to kill.* They had become so worthless for fighting purposes that Fitzwilliam thought one hundred of them would run before a score of Alva's Spaniards."

Fitzwilliam again states "that the despair at receiving no payment in solid coin led to numberless disorders which would move any Christian heart to solicit a reformation of the social condition of the country, which was almost beyond description. The Crown did not pay the officers; the officers did not pay the men; the men did not pay the farmers, and the farmers could pay

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no rent to their landlords; all was knavery, confusion, and well-founded discontent." Fitzwilliam became alarmed at the position in which he was placed. All parties were discontented, and looked to him for redress. He found, however, that in removing one evil he only created another, for the "battle between interests" became fierce. He therefore petitioned the Queen for his recall. He assured her Highness that his pecuniary position was fast driving him to ruin. He gave away all the money he had, and was living on credit, which made little of him in the eyes of the people. Sir Henry Sydney was brought to beggary in Ireland, and he said that the same fate awaited himself. The Border tribes took advantage of this state of things, and they were constantly harassing the English garrison of the Pale.

In one of Fitzwilliam's despatches to Sir William Cecil, he relates a startling incident with respect to the solvent position of the representative of the "Majesty of England" *in* Ireland. Here are Fitzwilliam's words: "In order to pay the small garrison of Dundalk, I was *compelled to pledge six score pounds' worth of plate, which I borrowed for that very purpose.*"*

From this statement the reader can form some idea of the general condition of the unfortunate country.

Mr. Froude frankly admits that the "spiritual disorganisation of the country was even more desperate than the social. Whatever might have been the other faults of the Irish people, they *had been at least eminent for their piety*, the multitude of churches and monasteries, which in their ruins meet everywhere the stranger's eye, witness conclusively to their possession of this single virtue. The religious houses in such a state of society could not have existed at all unless protected by the consenting

* Fitzwilliam's Secret Despatches to Sir William Cecil.

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reverence of the whole population. But the religious houses *were gone*, and the prohibition of the Mass had closed the churches, except in those districts which were in arms and open rebellion."

Tremayne, the confidential agent of Sir William Cecil, reports that when the churches were closed, and the priests banished to the mountains, or sent to dungeons, religion had no place. The peasantry *became desperate characters. Neither fear of God, nor regard for virtue, nor oaths, nor common honesty* remained in the land.

The great drag-chain upon conscience was deliberately set aside by the Government. In the presence of this state of affairs society fell to pieces.

Mr. Froude is most outspoken and candid in his description of Ireland under Elizabeth in 1570-71, and his statements correspond completely with many of the secret despatches of those times. He makes the admission that "the English settlers everywhere *became worse than the Irish in all the qualities in which the Irish were most in fault. No native Celt hated England more bitterly than the transported Saxon.* The forms of English justice might be introduced, but juries combined to defeat the ends for which they were instituted, and everyone in authority, English or Irish, preferred to rule *after the Irish system.*"

In concluding his despatches to Sir William Cecil, Mr. Tremayne strongly urges upon him the policy and common honesty of "not *disturbing the Irish chiefs* in the possession of their ancient *patrimonial inheritance.* The Englishmen who might come over to take possession of their lands were men, for the most part, who were doing *no good at home, and would do worse in Ireland.*" Tremayne concludes his advice to Cecil and the Queen in these words, which are full of significance:

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—"*Establish a sound Government, give the Irish good laws and good justice*, and let them keep their laws for themselves."*

Amongst the remarkable men who figured in the background, directing by his talents and immense energy of mind and body, was the Rev. Nicholas Sander. Sander was an enthusiast of the most ardent nature. Although he acted with King Philip, he had a poor opinion of his military talent and bravery. He describes Philip to be "as much afraid of war as a child might be of fire;" and despot-like Philip "did not like to encourage rebellions anywhere unless it ended in profit to himself"—an old policy in Europe.

The small expedition for the conquest of Ireland, with which Sander was connected, left the Spanish waters in May, 1579, for Kerry. Sander was accompanied in this wild and hopeless scheme by two Irish bishops, six friars, and some 500 Spaniards, Italians, and English adventurers—all brave, reckless beings, who were far more interested in the chances of plunder than a desire to liberate an oppressed people. They soon discovered that the prospect of booty was small, and that the people whom they came to aid were divided amongst themselves. The expedition landed safely at Dingle, a harbour at the south-western angle of Kerry. The Earl of Desmond, the great Catholic Chief of the South, looked upon the expedition as too small and ill-timed. Some Irish authorities allege that the invading party numbered 5,000; whilst a Spanish despatch makes it out to be "some five hundred, and by no means effective for such an expedition." Desmond disliked the English rule just as much as the O'Neills did; but he had experienced reverses in the field and elsewhere. He had

* "Causes why Ireland is not reformed."—Endorsed, M. Tremayne, June, 1571. MSS. on Ireland.

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rebelled, and was pardoned. If Sander's expedition failed, and he stood amongst the vanquished, what might be his fate? After a delay of several days Desmond resolved to sustain the English interest.

The Spanish expedition to aid the malcontents of Ireland was, as usual, attended with unexpected disappointments and local disaffection, or apathy. At the eleventh hour the Earl of Desmond joined the "rising," and the Catholics of Munster came forward in three days. One of the first acts of his followers was one of vengeance. They seized upon the town of Youghal, an English colony at that period. For two days the Geraldine party, to their disgrace be it told, plundered the merchants, fired and sacked the town, and murdered everyone who could not escape.

Within six weeks the scene was changed, and English "vengeance revelled in a general carnage." Lord Ormond received the command of the "army of English vengeance." General Pelham writes thus to the Council of the movement of his troops in Munster:—

"We passed through the rebels' counties," wrote Pelham, "in two companies, *consuming with fire all habitations, and executing the people wherever we found them.*" The widow of Fitzmaurice and her two little children were discovered in a cave, where they retired from the heavy snow storm. They were "dragged forth like a lioness and her cubs." A few screams were heard from the children, then all was silent. In the morning a milkmaid discovered their bodies in the snow. The mother had a crucifix closely pressed to her heart, and the frozen left hand in a death grasp around her daughter's neck. We are assured by the "Annals of the Four Masters" that General Pelham and Lord Ormond *killed the blind and the aged,* the women and the children, the sick, the

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insane, and even poor idiots who wandered about the country craving for food, which no one who had it refused them. The despatches sent by Pelham and Ormond to the Council speak in the greatest levity of the wholesale destruction of Papist women and children. The Castle of Carrigafoil was stormed by one hundred soldiers and two pieces of cannon. After a short discharge of artillery the walls gave way, and the castle was invaded with a yell for vengeance. Everyone, save an old Italian, was instantly put to death in the most revolting manner.

General Pelham (March, 1580) was quick advancing to capture Lord Desmond and Father Sander. Ormond boasted that he destroyed or burned down every habitation for ten miles. On one fearful snowy night Sir Edward Fenton, another English commander, regrets that the "sport was not so good." Fenton boasted how he had hanged a Popish priest one day, supposed from his dress to have been a Spaniard.*

At the period of Sander's expedition to Ireland he was about fifty years of age. He had been educated at Winchester, and was subsequently Fellow of New College, where he had resided till the accession of Elizabeth. In Edward's reign he was imprisoned, deprived of his private property, and in many ways injured. In Mary's reign he was restored, and quickly displayed a strong feeling of resentment against the Reformers. He is described by his contemporaries as a learned scholar, and an eloquent expounder of Catholic doctrine.

There were many men in the country—brave men, too—who were willing to fight to the death; but treachery and blundering afforded time to such men as Lord Grey to mature

* Fenton's Despatches, vol. ii.

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his plans of action. The maxim of Lord Grey was "the rough and ready mode of fire and sword." At every side the wretched inhabitants were consumed in the flames, and the fine young women—models of beauty and chastity—were seized upon and outraged by the ruffian soldiers to an extent that caused a forest of hands to be raised to heaven for protection and for vengeance. Sander's army of invasion was most disastrous to the people of the south of Ireland, yet they never upbraided him, nor sought to betray him for the large reward offered for his head. He was a brave man, but a fanatic beyond a doubt.

A few weeks later the scene was changed. The incapacity with which the whole enterprise had been conducted, and the want of sympathy for even his own countrymen on the part of King Philip, created a bitter feeling in Ireland. The hanging and quartering was on a large scale of slaughter. Not more than seven or eight of the expedition ever returned to Spain. On a cold November morning the bodies of six hundred men who were hanged from the "nearest trees" were ranged upon the sands awaiting the barbarous quartering.

The scenes in the Wicklow mountains showed desperate determination. Glenmalure was an appropriate place for an enemy to lie in ambush. An experienced officer, Colonel Cosby, was dispatched to dislodge the "Irish enemy," who were supposed to be under cover here. Cosby and his troops went unmolested up the narrow valley for some distance; all was silent, no human being to be seen, when suddenly the crags and bushes on either side, before and behind, became alive with armed men—tall powerful men—and amidst yells and shouts Cosby's force was assailed with a storm of shot and stones, and well-directed arrows. The native assailants were concealed among the rocks. Another volley, and a shout of vengeance

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from the almost unseen enemy, caused a panic amongst the English troops, who feared to advance one side or the other, not knowing what force they had to contend against. Terrified in a way that English soldiers rarely experience, they looked at one another, and as if with one mind, they flung down their arms and attempted to escape as best they could. In the words of Mr. Froude, "the trap had closed upon them, and all the officers and almost all the men were destroyed."

Sir John Perrott, an Irish Lord Deputy, who was somewhat severe in his administration of justice, makes many admissions as to the source of Irish hate. The condition of religion he places in the front rank. He states in one of his despatches of 1584, "that at that period there were not more than *forty Protestants by birth in Ireland.*" Of course, there were a few thousand English settlers and officials who professed to belong to Protestantism. At the approach of death it was often discovered that they had been playing a game of hypocrisy, and when terror-stricken a messenger was despatched for a Confessor.

Mr. Froude presents the blustering hot-headed Perrott in his own peculiar style—significant, brief, and truthful: "Sir John Perrott had found the common fortune of Irish Lord Deputies: with the best intentions he had displeased everyone. The Irish Council was split into factions. Perrott was a straightforward soldier, vain, passionate, not very wise, but anxious to do what was right; and he had to act with men who were either, like Archbishop Loftus, self-seeking creatures, or were linked in a hundred ways with Irish interests. When he would not lend himself to dishonest schemes, the Council had crossed and thwarted him. In return he had sworn at them, and insulted them, and quarrelled with them all, good and bad."

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The departure of Sir John Perrott is thus described by one who was present :—

"At the day of his departure out of Dublyn, there were many noblemen and gentlemen of great worth come thither to take theyr leave of him, amongst whom the old O'Neale, Turlogh Lenough, with divers others, was there; and he in the great reverence and love that he bare to Sir John Perrott, did not only come to Dublyn to bid hym farewell, but tooke boate and saw hym on shippe board, lookinge after hym as farre as ever he could kenn the shippe under sayle, when he shedde tears as if he had byn beaten. The lyke did others of good note and name at that time. Allso, a great number of poore countrypeople came thither at his departure; some that dwelt twenty, some forty myles or more from Dublyn; and many of them that had never seen hym before: yet they did strive and covet as he went thorow the streets, if they could not take hym by the hand, yet to touch his garment; all praying for hym, and for his long life. And when he asked them why they did soe, they answered that they never had enjoyed theyr owne with peace before his tyme, and did doubt they should never do soe agayn when he was gone."

Several of the hitherto disaffected mountain chiefs and their clansmen accompanied Sir John Perrott to the water side, and there, in the most earnest manner, expressed their gratitude to him. A tradition of those times states that the women of Dublyn did bring out their little childryn to see the "gouvernour going on his way from the citie."

In Sir John Perrott's time (1583-4) there was only one apothecary *in all Ireland,* a man named Smythe, otherwise "Bottle Smythe." This Smythe, according to all the records, was an atrocious villain. He was occasionally employed to compound liquids to produce "a long sleep," and it sometimes happened that he had to prepare, per order, from some unknown quarter

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draughts for unmanageable politicians or warlike native chiefs. Smythe once engaged to drug Shane O'Neile, but the stomach of the "wild Irishman," potently fortified by usquebaugh, withstood the effects of the death-draught suggested by Lord Sussex.* Shane's "wiseman" stated that his master "danced the poison out of his skin."

In a letter of Sir John Perrott, dated from London, October 3rd, 1590, he alludes to this transaction on the part of Sussex in the following words:—"Bottle Smythe gave certaine poysons to Shane O'Neile, who escaped very hardlie afther the receipte of yt, and yet my Lord of Sussex was reyther thought a discreete man than a perilous man, but *a most honourable man*, and a grave gouvernour, as he was indeed."†

For sixty years subsequent to the departure of Sir John Perrott, the ballads and traditions of Dublin presented many kindly reminiscences of this blunt old Pembrokeshire knight. Sir John Perrott ended his days in the Tower under sentence of death for high treason. It was reported at his death that he committed suicide. This allegation has never been fairly tested. Amongst other statements it was very positively asserted that Perrott laid claim to a "left-handed" relationship to the Queen at her "father's side." Sir John Perrott was a man of gigantic frame, and said "to be very like King Hal." In voice and temper he closely resembled the Tudor family. The courtiers did not like Perrott. Perhaps he was too outspoken and honest-minded to become popular with the "knavish vultures" who swarmed around the good-natured Queen. Sir John Perrott was succeeded in the government of Ireland by Sir William Fitzwilliam. In delivering the Sword of State to Fitzwilliam

* Ancient Irish MS.; Cox's History of Ireland.

† Irish State Papers of Elizabeth's reign.

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he used these words:—"Now, my Lord Deputy, I have delivered you the sword, with the country in firm peace and quietness. My hope is you will inform the Queen and Council of England thereof, even as you find it, for I have left all in peace, and pledges sufficient to maynteyne the peace."

Sir William Fitzwilliam's Irish administration may be briefly described as a reign of terror. Morryson, the English historian, informs us that Ireland "was in the best estate that it had been in for a long time, so that the greatest lord, called by letter or messenger, readily came to the assistance of the State, and none of them were known to be in any way disaffected." Fitzwilliam was determined that this state of things should not long continue, for in less than three months after his arrival the country was in a far worse condition than it had been for fifty years before.

Leland observes, "The Irish trembled for their safety, and the disaffected became confirmed in their inveteracy." Upon the whole, the Irish administration of Fitzwilliam was as mischievous, cruel, aggressive, and corrupt as any the worst of his predecessors had presented. The dishonest subordinates in office were permitted to carry on the intrigues and schemes for which they were notorious.

On one occasion, says Leland, Sir William Fitzwilliam seized two gentlemen without any proof or presumption of guilt, and committed them to close confinement in the Castle. It happened, however, that those gentlemen were well affected to Government, and had rendered good service to the English interest. One of those victims of the Viceroy's tyranny and rapacity was not enlarged till the severity of his confinement had reduced him to the point of death, and the other was released after two years' incarceration by purchasing his liberty with a considerable bribe.

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The name of Shane O'Neill first appears in public affairs about 1551, when he was engaged in some rival claims concerning land with men who were not able to resist his power. He is described at this period as a man who liked to do as he pleased with everyone. He had little regard for life, and would shoot or maltreat a creditor as soon as he might "bring down" a pheasant. English generals, writing at a later period, affirm to their cost that Shane was the most formidable enemy they could meet with in Ireland, and that he "observed neither treaties nor oaths." This was a perfect copy of Lord Sussex. Shane O'Neill's hatred of England seemed beyond reconciliation. Ill indeed did he discharge his duties to the numerous vassals who swore allegiance to him, and were faithful followers in adversity as well as prosperity; all he treated with neglect and indifference. He was severe upon others for theft, and thought little of hanging one of them from a forest tree. A contemporary, O'Donnellan, describes Shane as "half-wolf, half-fox. His life was noted for abominable immorality." His body-guard were mostly of gigantic stature —brave, and fearless of death; they were, likewise, true to their master. No money could purchase their allegiance. Like Shane himself they were prepared to perish for that creed which they seldom practised, but at the approach of sickness or death all was changed, and the Soldiers of the Cross were earnestly sought for, and those good men were quickly at the pestilential bedside of the outlaw or the wild mountaineer, who, amidst all his worldly infirmities, still clung to the Faith which he had received in Baptism.

In 1561 Shane O'Neill made preparations for his visit to England. According to Camden he was in London in 1563. Upon his arrival in London he had several long interviews with Sir William Cecil, who reported to Elizabeth a comic

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description of her Irish visitor. The Spanish Ambassador, too, thought he was some wild man from the forests of Ireland; but Shane disappointed them all. Shane's critics soon found him to be a very shrewd astute man, with business habits and deep penetration.

Elizabeth received him graciously, and in return he made divers oaths, "certifying to his friendship and loyalty to her." The decision on his claims was at first deferred by the Queen until Hugh, the young Baron of Dungannon, should arrive and plead his own cause. A report, however, reached London that this young baron was killed in a drunken quarrel. Elizabeth no longer hesitated to grant Shane O'Neill a full pardon and recognise his right of succession to the chieftaincy. She further presented him with a present of £1,000 in gold. Shane was quite delighted at receiving the gold, for he was always in needy circumstances. On the following day he attended Mass at the chapel of the Spanish Ambassador (De Quadra) in Ely-place.*

The appearance of Shane O'Neill at the Court of Elizabeth was a matter of more than surprise. The inhabitants of London shared in the feeling. O'Neill is described as a most

* The chapel in question was rented by the Spanish Ambassador from the Protestant Bishop of Ely, with the sanction of Queen Elizabeth. The Spanish Envoy was the prudent De Quadra, Bishop of Aquila, who subsequently died at Durham House, in the Strand. The chapel where De Quadra celebrated Mass, and Shane O'Neill "prostrated himself," is now, after many vicissitudes of fortune, once more a Catholic church, with a magnificent stained glass window, presented by that zealous Catholic Henry, Duke of Norfolk. The ancient palace of the Bishops of Ely, and Chapel of S. Ethelreda, the patron saint of the diocese, having been sold about one hundred years ago, then became Church of England property. It was again for sale some seven years ago (1875), and purchased by Father Lockhart, of the Order of Charity.

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powerful man, beyond seven feet two inches in height, quite erect, with a large head and face ; his saffron mantle sweeping round him; his black hair curling on his back, and clipped short below the eyes, "which gleamed from under it with a grey lustre, frowning, fierce, and savage-like." Shane had a gold chain and a handsome cross round his neck, said to be the gift of the Pope; and it was further related that the diamond ring he wore was a present to him from King Philip, presented on the King's behalf by De Quadra, Bishop of Aquila, then Spanish Ambassador in London.

Some forty of O'Neill's body-guard were beside him; they were bare-headed and fair-haired, with shirts of mail which reached their knees, a wolf skin flung across their shoulders, and short broad battle-axes in their hands. They were all of large size, and seemed almost to worship their chief. O'Neill, throwing himself on his face before the Queen, offered homage; then in a kneeling posture addressed her Highness in Irish. The following is a translation :—

"Oh, my most dread Sovereign lady and Queen, like as I, Shane O'Neill, your Majesty's subject of your realm of Ireland, have a long time desired to come into the presence of your Majesty to acknowledge my humble and bounden subjection, so am I now here upon my knees by your gracious permission, and do most humbly acknowledge your Majesty to be my Sovereign lady and Queen of England, France, and Ireland; and I do confess that for lack of civil education I have offended your Majesty and your laws, for which I have required and obtained your Majesty's pardon. For that I most humbly, from the bottom of my heart, thank your Majesty, and still do with all humbleness require the continuance of the same. I now, in the presence of the Almighty God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—faithfully promise that I intend by God's grace to live hereafter in the obedience of your

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Majesty as a subject of your land of Ireland. And because this my speech, being Irish, is not well understood, I have caused this my submission to be written in English and Irish, and thereto have set my hand and seal."*

This declaration was not the composition of O'Neill, but virtually arranged by Cecil's secretaries—perhaps by Camden, the future historian. Shane thought as little of swearing false oaths as the Queen herself. O'Neill having made submission, he was allowed to see "life in London" for some months longer. The "great cousin of St. Patrick," as Campion styled him, discovered that he had been outwitted by Cecil. His return to Ireland was delayed for some time, and O'Neill and his retainers were an object of some interest to the people of London, who received them in a very friendly manner. Shane was entertained by the Lord Mayor.

Upon O'Neill's return to Ireland he naturally violated treaties and oaths compiled for him. He burned the Cathedral of Armagh, as an act of personal revenge against Archbishop Loftus, who, in turn, excommunicated him. O'Neill laughed at such fulminations, and asked could Loftus excommunicate a man who never belonged to his religion ? adding:—"He may curse me as long as he pleases, so long as I stand well at Rome." During these hostilities the English army suffered severe losses. A powder magazine was blown up at Derry by a native spy, which destroyed General Randolph and 700 of his troops. This officer had been guilty of some infamous deeds of cruelty, and permitted his soldiers every excess of riot and spoliation. It was no wonder, therefore, that a people especially sensitive as to female honour were roused to retaliation and revenge.

* See Sir William Cecil, and Lord Leicester, Irish MSS. in the Rolls House.

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Cox, the English historian of those transactions, makes no mention of "causes and effects." He describes Randolph attacking O'Neill with 300 foot and 50 horse, in which engagement he slew 400, and put a large number to flight; the victory being won by the loss of only one life, which was that of Randolph himself. The chronicles of the times agree that O'Neill's soldiers were best in the field, but knew little of the mode of defending fortresses or towns. Another historian relates that the Lord Deputy's troops won more victories by stratagem than by force. Indeed, no general could be more fully aware of this fact than Shane O'Neill. The certainty of English success almost always lay in the treachery to each other of the Irish chiefs. In one of Sir Henry Wallop's despatches to Cecil he states "that if the Irish were *united* they would be able, in a few months, to compel the English to retire from the island."

The Lord Deputy, having informed the Queen of the hopelessness of conciliating O'Neill, expressed his fears as to the issue, to which her Highness replied:—"Let not your suspicions of Shane O'Neill give you uneasiness. Tell my troops to take courage, and that his rebellion may turn to their advantage, as there will be lands to bestow on those who have need of them." This significant hint from the Queen was well received by the Viceroy and his Council, and had the desired effect of producing subsequent victories.

It is strange how long O'Neill evaded all the efforts of the officials at Dublin Castle and their emissaries to slay or circumvent him. "If," writes Elizabeth, "Shane O'Neill cannot be made to fear our Royal name and obey our commands, then, my Lord of Sussex, your wisdom must suggest some discreet way of making him less troublesome." The sincere thinker cannot moderate, even by the name of suspicion, his positive

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certainty that Elizabeth learned, without opposition or rebuke, the efforts of Sussex to assassinate Shane O'Neill.

Clannish hate and jealousy made the O'Donnells, Maguires, O'Reillys, and other nobles of Ulster the inveterate enemies of O'Neill. They had, however, much reason to complain of his tyranny and the unscrupulous manner in which he levied contributions. It was, of course, the policy of Elizabeth to subsidise those needy lords, and to reward every follower of O'Neill who might betray his interests. These well-concerted measures proved successful. O'Neill, finding himself deserted by one, betrayed by another, his soldiers reduced in numbers by pestilence, want, and disaffection, was driven to the alternative of seeking protection from his Scotch enemies, whom he had often beaten, but still treated and regarded as generous foes in battle, or honest friends in peace. He accordingly, when pursued by Sir Henry Sydney, and sore beset by his hosting, went to Claneboy, where the Scotch were encamped, to the number of 600 men. He sought the protection of their general, Alexander Macdonald, who received him with a show of welcome; but when the unfortunate chief lay unarmed upon a couch in his tent, Macdonald and his officers rushed upon him, and plunging a dozen daggers into his body, exclaimed—"We are now revenged." Macdonald sent his head as a trophy to the Viceroy, who, at the suggestion of Archbishop Loftus, placed it on a pole at the gates of Dublin Castle. What a "suggestion" to come from a preacher of the Gospel. A tradition of the times states that Loftus had O'Neill's *head pickled*, and sent in a box to the Queen, who ordered it to be "spiked" at the Tower. Sir Henry Sydney describes O'Neill as a brave cruel man; still possessed of some good parts, and charitable to the poor. Campion, who was his contemporary, gives him credit for

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boundless charity. Campion writes, "Shane O'Neill before sitting at his meals used to slice a portion of his daily food and send it to some poor beggars at his gate, saying it was right to serve *Christ first.*"* One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with this extraordinary man was the strong impression which he had made on the mind of Queen Elizabeth; "a feeling which," says Thomas Moore, "was shown by her retaining towards him the same friendly bearing through all the strife, confusion, and what in her eyes was even still worse, lavish expenditure, of which he continued for several years to be the unceasing cause."

In 1566 Sir William Fitzwilliam complained in a letter to Sir William Cecil that "the Council were not permitted to write the truth of O'Neill's evil doings."†

Shane O'Neill is represented as being popular with the English of the Pale, for his generous and high spirit commanded the respect of both friends and foes. Sir James Ware says on the authority of official papers that Shane O'Neill cost Queen Elizabeth the sum of £147,407, "over and above the cesses laid on the country;" and that 3,500 of the Queen's troops were slain by him and his party, besides what they slew of the Scotch and Irish.‡

There can be little doubt that O'Neill was drunken and immoral. He decoyed Janet, Countess of Argyle, from her husband, and then treated her in a very unkind manner.§

* Campion's History of Ireland, p. 189. (Edition of 1809.)

† Fitzwilliam's Despatches to Sir William Cecil.

‡ Ware's Annals, 1568.

§ Lady Argyle was sister to the noted Scotch Peer, Moray, and step-sister to the Queen of Scots. Lady Argyle was present at the murder of Rizzio. After the assassination of Shane O'Neill the Countess returned to Edinburgh. She was styled "Beautiful Janet."

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Shane's illegitimate children were numerous; and his body-guard were men of a wild character, devoid of all pretensions to morality; yet, when the "olden religion" was to be defended, they were the first to draw the sword. Shane O'Neill and his retainers formed no exception. Fighting, drinking, and gallantry still continued in every district.

Shane O'Neill was the foremost man of his time at the chase, and a marvellous horseman, unconscious of fear or danger. Upon the whole, O'Neill's character presents a mixture of conflicting passions; but when those times of civil strife and sectarian hate are considered, he was a notable chief, and a generous man, perhaps worthy of a better fate.

"*Mercy* was the quality with which Elizabeth was most eager to be credited. Her *tenderness* towards conspirators was as remarkable as it was *hitherto unexampled; but her unwillingness to shed blood extended only to high-born traitors.* Unlike her father, who ever struck the leaders and spared the followers, Elizabeth could *rarely bring herself to sign the death-warrant* of a nobleman."*

Now for another item from the black volume, in which the Queen's *mercy* is recorded. I quote Mr. Froude again. "Yet the Queen could, without compunction, *order Yorkshire peasants to be hung up* in scores by court-martial."

The reader has seen enough of Elizabeth's "merciful feeling" in England. Let me introduce a few scenes which

* The third volume of Mr. Froude's history furnishes a contradiction of the assertion that Henry spared "the followers." In the case of the Pilgrims of Grace how did the merciful monarch act? In the first volume of this work I have entered at some length into the history of the disasters which pursued the Pilgrims, and which ascribes to King Henry his true character—"a King who never spared man in his hatred, nor woman in his lust."

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occurred in Ireland during the military command of the Earl of Essex.* Mr. Froude refers to Elizabeth's "merciful feeling" in these words:—"The Queen *was not displeased with the massacre* of the O'Neills in 1574."† Let the reader ponder on *one* or *two* of those outrages upon humanity and civilisation, as chronicled by Mr. Froude himself, and vouched for by the Irish State Papers.

"Report said that during the expedition against Desmond, Sir Bryan O'Neill held a suspicious conference with Tirlough Lenogh, and the Scots of Antrim. It was assumed that Bryan was again playing false, and Lord Essex determined to punish him. He returned to Clandeboy, as if on a friendly visit. Sir Bryan and Lady O'Neill received Essex with all hospitality. The Irish annalists say that they gave him a banquet; he admitted that they made him welcome, and that they accompanied him afterwards to the Castle of Belfast. Had Sir Bryan O'Neill meditated foul play, he would scarcely have ventured into an English fortress, still less would he have selected such a place for a crime which he could have committed with infinitely more facility in his own country. Lord Essex, however, was satisfied that he intended mischief. Essex had been deceived by Sir Bryan O'Neill once before, and for avoiding a second folly by over much trust, as he expressed it, 'he determined to make sure work with so fickle a people.'"

Mr. Froude then proceeds to describe "a feast and a mas-

* Walter, Earl of Essex, subsequently died suddenly. He was supposed to have been poisoned by the hired agents of Lord Leicester, who married his widow. Essex was father to the Royal favourite of that name, whom Elizabeth sent to the scaffold.

† Froude's History of England, vol. xi. p. 181.

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sacre," after the fashion of what Lord Sussex arranged and carried out at Mullaghmast.*

"A high feast was held in the hall. The revelling was protracted late into the night before Sir Bryan O'Neill and his wife retired to their lodging outside the walls. As soon as they *were supposed to be asleep, a company of English soldiers surrounded the house, and prepared to break the doors.* The O'Neills flew to arms. The cry rang through the village, and they swarmed out to defend their chief; but surprised, half-armed, and outnumbered, they were *overpowered and cut to pieces. Two hundred men were killed.* The Annals of the Four Masters state that several women were also slain. The chieftain's wife probably had female attendants with her, and *no one was knowingly spared.*† The tide being out, a squadron of horse was sent at daybreak over the water into the 'Ardes,' from which, in a few hours, they returned with three thousand of Sir Bryan O'Neill's cattle, and with a drove of stud mares, of which the choicest were sent as a present to Fitzwilliam. Bryan O'Neill himself, with his brother and Lady O'Neill, were carried to Dublin, where they were *soon after executed.*"‡

The work of the expedition, however, was not over. Ulster, as Lord Essex admitted, was "quiet; wolves (the Irish) were still *wolves, to be exterminated whenever they could be caught.*" Mr. Froude describes another massacre that met with "the entire approval of the humane and merciful Virgin Queen."

* In the second volume of this work I have referred to the Massacre of Mullaghmast. The English Catholics perpetrated many cruelties against their co-religionists of Ireland. The Irish priesthood were unpopular with English rulers of every period, because they stood nobly by their oppressed countrymen.

† Annals of the Four Masters; Lord Essex to Fitzwilliam.

‡ Froude's History of England, vol. xi. p. 179.

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The subject has been often chronicled, but from the pages of Mr. Froude's work it has an air of historic importance. "On the coast of Antrim, not far from the Giant's Causeway, lies the singular Island of Rathlin. . . . It contains an area of about four thousand acres, of which one thousand are sheltered and capable of cultivation, the rest being heather and rocky. The approach is at all times dangerous. The tide sets fiercely through the strait which divides the island from the mainland, and when the wind is from the west the Atlantic swell renders it impossible to land. The situation and the difficulty of access had thus long marked Rathlin as a place of refuge for . Scotch and Irish fugitives, and, besides its natural strength, it was reputed as a sanctuary, having been the abode at one time of Saint Columba. A mass of broken masonry on a cliff overhanging the sea is a remnant of the Castle, in which Robert Bruce watched the leap of the legendary spider. To this island, when Essex entered Antrim, Macdonnell and the other Scots had sent their wives and children, their aged, and sick for safety. On his way through Carrickfergus, when returning to Dublin, Lord Essex ascertained that they had not yet been brought back to their homes. . . . The officer in command of the English garrison was Colonel Norris, Lord Norris's second son. Three small frigates were in the harbour. The summer had been dry and windless. The sea was smooth; there was a light and favourable air from the coast. Lord Essex directed Colonel Norris to take a company of soldiers with him, and cross over *and kill whatever he could find.* The run up the Antrim coast was rapidly and quietly accomplished. Before an alarm could be given the English had landed, close to the ruins of the church which bears Saint Columba's name. Bruce's Castle was then standing, and was occupied by some

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twenty Scots, who were in charge of the women and children. Norris had brought cannon with him, so the weak defences were speedily destroyed. After a fierce assault, in which many of the garrison were killed, the chief, who was in command, offered to surrender if he and his people were allowed to return to Scotland. The conditions were rejected; the Scots yielded at discretion, and *every living creature in the place, except the chief and his family, who were reserved for ransom, was immediately put to the sword.** *Two hundred were killed in the castle.* It was then discovered that several hundred more, *chiefly mothers and their little ones,* were hidden in the caves about the shore. *There was no more remorse, not even the faintest shadow of perception that the occasion called for it. They were hunted out as if they had been seals or otters, and all destroyed.* 'Surleyboy and the other chiefs,' Lord Essex coolly wrote, 'have sent their wives and children into the island, which have been all taken and executed to the number of *six hundred.* Surleyboy himself,' he continued, 'stood upon the mainland of the Glynnes and saw the taking of the island, and was likely to have run mad with sorrow, tearing and tormenting himself, and saying that he then lost all that ever he had.'† Essex described the scene at the caves *as one of the exploits with which he was most satisfied.* Queen Elizabeth, in

* It is probable that the Scotch above alluded to were Kirk Protestants; but "brave Norris" cared not what they were in *religion;* he supposed they were *Irish,* and cut them down as he might the brushwood which sometimes impeded the gallop of his troopers. The grandfather of this same Norris acted in a cruel manner when sent to Ireland by Henry VIII. Upon *that* Norris's return to England he was impeached for the alleged crimes of Anna Boleyn, and perished at the hands of the headsman.

† Lord Essex to Sir Francis Walsingham; MSS. Ireland—Carew State Papers.

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answer to the letters of Lord Essex, *bade* him tell Sir John Norris ('the executioner of his well-designed enterprise') that *she would not be unmindful of his services.*"* Here is a direct approval of a most cold-blooded massacre of men, women, children, and invalids by a Royal lady whom Mr. Froude presents to his readers as "humane and merciful."

In another passage Mr. Froude enters into the feelings of the down-trodden victims of his heroine when they sought vengeance upon the red-handed murderers of the women and children at Carrickfergus. "It is," writes Mr. Froude, "*some satisfaction to learn that an officer and forty soldiers* who had been engaged in the scenes above described *were cut off* three months later, near Carrickfergus."

I will not venture upon a commentary. I leave that task to Mr. Froude, who, notwithstanding the "merciful qualities" he attributes to Elizabeth, speaks boldly of the massacres above detailed. Here is a passage unlike what he generally writes of Ireland:—"But though passed over and unheeded at the time, and being buried *for three hundred years, the bloody stain* comes back to light again, not in myth and legend, *but in the original account of the nobleman by whose command the deed was done. When the history of England's dealings with Ireland settles at last into its final shape, that hunt among the caves at Rathlin will not be forgotten.*"†

It was not forgotten, for many years afterwards it gave a vengeful strength to the Irish arm, which made but partial reprisals on the descendants of those who were sent by the faithless Stuart, James the First, to enjoy the "Partition of

* Queen Elizabeth's secret despatches to Lord Essex—Carew State Papers; MSS. Ireland; Froude, vol. xi. p. 186.

† Froude's History of England, vol. xi. p. 186.

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Ulster," and to treat as wild dogs the native owners of the land. I refer to what has so long been so exaggeratedly described as the "Irish Massacre of Protestants" in 1642. No such thing as a Protestant massacre ever took place in Ireland. Englishmen were never shot down because they were *Protestant.* This is one of the sectarian falsehoods put forward as "Historical facts," always welcome in the bigoted book market of the past.

In 1581, the massacres in Ireland were of a shocking nature. Captain Brabazon, an ancestor of the present Earl of Meath, received orders to "dislodge and destroy the rebels of certain districts in Connaught." This "soldier of fortune" left behind him a name as deeply stained with human blood as that of Lord Grey. A writer in the "Annals of the Four Masters" says:—"Neither the Sanctuary of the Saint, nor of the Poet; neither the wood, nor the forest valley; the village nor the bawn, was a shelter from Captain Brabazon and his soldiers, till the whole territory was destroyed by him."

As to Munster, we are assured by Mr. Froude that the condition of that once fertile and happy land was then "*beyond imagination frightful.*" The herds had been swept away; the land had not been tilled, and famine came to devour what the sword had left. Colonel St. Leger writes from Cork, to Sir John Perrott, in 1582, to the following effect:—

"The country is ruined. It is well near unpeopled. Between the soldiers and the rebels there were great numbers killed in a barbarous manner. The mortality caused by pestilence lately is not like anything of the kind ever before seen. There died by famine alone not less than *thirty thousand* in the province of Munster within six months."

A large number of people were also hanged, drawn, and

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quartered in Dublin—another proof of the Queen's humanity and equity.

Mr. Froude states that the English victory over those "miserable people was terribly purchased. *Hecatombs of helpless creatures, the aged, the sick, and the blind; the young mother and the babe at her breast, had fallen under the English sword, and though the authentic details of the struggle have been forgotten, the memory of a vague horror remains imprinted* in the national traditions. To Lord Ormonde the Irish were human beings with human rights. To the English (army) *they were vermin to be cleared* from off the earth *by any means that offered.*" *

Archbishop Loftus, St. Leger, and Colonel Wallop detested Ormonde for the "few grains" of humanity occasionally exhibited by him. They declared that the pardoned insurgents would revolt again with the winter, and they persuaded the Queen to bid Ormonde revoke his protection, and *seize them unprepared.* Lord Ormonde's reply to Burleigh was worthy of the ancient family he represented :—

"My Lord Burleigh, the clause in the Queen's letter seems most strange to me. *I will never use treachery to anyone, for it* will both touch her Highness's *honour too much, and my own credit.* Whosoever gave the Queen advice thus to write is fitter to execute such base service than I am." †

* * * * * *

The country soon partook of the silence and solitude of the grave-yards, with their churches and abbeys in ruins. One

* Froude's History of England, vol. xi. p. 258.

† Ormonde to Burleigh, Sept. 10, 1583. MSS. on Ireland.

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remarkable outlaw was still to be hunted down ; to be shot by English soldiers, or betrayed by his own countrymen for gold. The Government, having communicated with their spies, offered a reward for the capture of the Earl of Desmond, dead or alive. The priest and a few devoted followers were captured one by one ; and those faithful friends who supplied food and shelter to the noble outlaw were soon arrested themselves, and "at once disposed of." Desmond was hunted into the mountains between Kerry and the bordering Ocean. His condition was most deplorable—half-naked, half-starved, and every moment expecting to be in the hands of some sordid wretch who could not resist the temptation of gold. Winter was casting its shadows, and many of those cold October nights Desmond spent beneath hedges and trees ; the murmuring of the night winds and the falling of the leaves conjuring up the bygone days of youth and happiness, and then contemplating the dark and hopeless present, with the scaffold and the headsman fast approaching. After spending many nights in dreadful suspense, he received a lodging in a cabin at Glanquichtie, an humble retreat, far away from the busy scenes of life. In this lonely place the noble Desmond lay down, quite weary of life, upon a pallet in the loft ; his beads and crucifix in hand. Some time about midnight the house was surrounded by English soldiers, accompanied by Donell Macdonell Moriarty. The door was burst in, and after a struggle of a few minutes, the Earl of Desmond's body was flung down from the loft, bleeding from the dagger of one of his own kinsmen. The blows were again renewed till the assassin party were certain that their victim was dead. Desmond's body was taken to Cork, where it was spiked beside the skeleton of his brother, and his head was sent to London as a trophy for Queen Elizabeth. Such was the end of the amiable Earl of Desmond.

In September, 1583, Dr. Hurley, the newly appointed Arch-

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bishop of Cashel, arrived in Ireland. From the day he left Rome till he landed in disguise, somewhere between Dublin and Carlingford, he was pursued and traced by the agents of Walsingham. He was arrested in Drogheda, and carried to Dublin Castle, where he was examined before the Lords Justices (Archbishop Loftus and Sir Henry Wallop), two well-known "priest-hunters." He refused to give an account of himself, and maintained a silence which Loftus considered to be "contempt of the Queen's authorities." The Irish Council wrote to London for instructions. The Archbishop was informed that unless he would give a full explanation of what brought him to Ireland, and whether he was one of the Pope's emissaries, they would apply torture to him. Very strange to relate, the Council in London had not, up to this period, furnished Dublin Castle with the "rack." Loftus had great faith in the "rough and ready whip on a bare back." The "cat-o'-nine tails" was the production of the Orange Beresfords of a period not forgotten yet in Ireland. After some months' delay, a final order came from the Government in London. A mode of torture was suggested by Walsingham. Loftus replies in general terms as to how the Irish Council acted in this case :—

"Not finding that an easy method of examination to do any good, we made commission to Mr. Waterhouse and Mr. Fenton to put the said priest Hurley to the torture, *such as your honour advised us to do, and which was to toast his feet against the fire with very hot boots.** Yielding to his dreadful agony, he made a statement, which showed that he was connected with a political party in Rome, and his secret cypher proved that

* Irish tradition relates that *melted rosin* was poured into his boots, causing a maddening torture far worse than the rack.

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he had been recently appointed to the See of Cashel by Pope Gregory XIII. The latter incident was declared to be a treasonable matter, although *not proved to their entire satisfaction.* Hurley solemnly affirmed that his mission was one of peace and charity, and not treason. The lawyers hesitated; they scrupled to find a man guilty of a crime said to be committed outside the English territory, and they declined to arraign him for treason. They would not, however, permit him to escape. Loftus and Wallop suggested, with the Queen's approval, it would be well to execute Archbishop Hurley without further delay. His execution came under the class known as 'special martial law, against which he could take no exception.' The Queen took another month to consider the matter, and then 'approved of the suggestions of Loftus and his colleagues,' and 'commended their doings.' The Irish judges 'persisted in their legal opinions that there was *no case for a trial by a regular jury.*' The opinion of the judges was set aside by the Queen."

In this case the monarch acted against the law. Another proof of the merciful feeling of Queen Elizabeth.

Loftus writes thus to Sir Francis Walsingham respecting this judicial murder of Archbishop Hurley :—"On the 19th of June, we gave the warrant to the Knight Marshal to do execution upon the said priest Hurley, which was duly performed, and the realm thereby rid of a most pestilent member."

The traditions of the times describe the execution as a most barbarous proceeding. It is stated that the head was sent to London. The quartering of Archbishop Hurley was followed by a number of other executions. The people were struck down at every side. The women and children appeared like so many spectres, humanity being represented by skeletons covered with skin—creatures crawling along the roads unable to walk. Still they were pursued and cut down; young mothers

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placing their tattered garments around their infant offspring, in the delusive hope of protecting them from sabre blows. The old women, with uplifted hands, cried out to Heaven for protection, or vengeance upon their inhuman destroyers.

Could Queen Elizabeth witness those scenes she might shudder for her "responsibilities."

The "humane" Lord Ormonde, at times, "executed justice" in a manner worthy of Colonel Norris, or the noted Brabazon. A Kerry lady named Fitzgerald, who was charged with inciting the peasantry "to public violence;" and further, "practising witchcraft," was hanged by Lord Ormonde. This lady was deeply regretted by the people of Munster; and her name was long handed down to posterity as the "brave Lady Fitzgerald who defied the Saxon."

In one of Lord Ormonde's despatches to the English Council he states "that he had executed one hundred and thirty-four of the insurgents." *

At the conclusion of those massacres, the Celtic race had been reduced to nearly one-half its number, especially in Ulster, where the people fought bravely for their homes.

The successor of Elizabeth came to the possession of an unenviable inheritance in Ireland. His intentions were good; but continuous misgovernment had enslaved and debased the people; still they yearned for freedom from successful interlopers, and handed down to posterity an undying hatred of their oppressors. James the First did not send a Mountjoy nor a Carew to inflame party feeling and massacre the inhabitants in the name of Equity and Civilisation. He sent a Petty and a

* Lord Ormonde's Despatch to the English Council, May 28, 1583.

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Davies—two upright men—to investigate and to instruct, to reform and to tranquillise. The black history of Ireland does not end here. Under the Stuarts and the House of Brunswick the noted Penal Laws were enacted—laws that have covered all that were concerned in their enactment and administration with everlasting and well-deserved infamy.

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CHAPTER XVII.

CONFLICTING AUTHORITIES.

PERHAPS the most suitable text to the issue here raised is to be found in the words of Dr. Maitland. "*The question of authorities is a very grave one indeed.*" A sentence which every thoughtful student of history should seriously consider.

Was John Foxe a man of truth? Even the most superficial reader of the present day must answer with an emphatic "No." Some modern histories have favoured a reliance on Burnet; but for others, where the bishop is "out-Foxed," the tomes of the "Martyrologist" become the staple of quotation. The "Book of Martyrs" must necessarily be inaccurate, for it was composed and based upon hearsay. The executions in Mary's reign took place in Foxe's absence from England—a circumstance to which they might be thought to owe their exaggerated character, were the historical student not aware of Foxe's blind bigotry and recklessness in falsehood. At Mary's accession Foxe went to Basle, where he remained almost up to the time of the Queen's death; so that his narrative was the fruit of second-hand information, derived from rebels or fanatics, and elaborated by an imagination fraught with fanatic bitterness.

Amongst his assertions Foxe alleges that "Bishop Gardyner kept the Duke of Norfolk waiting dinner for two hours, that he might have the pleasure of communicating to his

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guest the particulars of the manner in which Latimer and Ridley bore the tortures of the stake." This is but a trifling inaccuracy in Foxe, seeing that the Duke of Norfolk was dead more than a year before the execution of Latimer and Ridley. So much for this "fact." Harding, the contemporary of Foxe, has given very satisfactory proofs that in three important statements with respect to immolations at the stake, the martyrologist has put forth "deliberate falsehoods."

In one of Foxe's many relations of Bonner's cruelties he alleges that the bishop had "taken four Reformers home to his house for the purpose of a mock trial in his library; that they were then condemned to the flames as heretics, and at midnight a fire was kindled in a neighbouring field, at which the Valiant Servants of Christ were roasted; and they roared and screamed so loudly that the inmates of the cottages near were disturbed in their beds by the awfulness of what took place." The whole narrative was based upon the "hearsay gossip of fanatics of disordered mind."

I am not the advocate of either Gardyner or Bonner for the part they took in religious persecution. But these matters have been wilfully misrepresented. Sir James Mackintosh states that the majority of the Papal bishops were opposed to the persecution which is attributed to them by Foxe and his contemporaries.* Maitland "believes that Dr. Gardyner has been misrepresented," and Dean Hook says, "When Gardyner was at the zenith of his power, fewer suffered for religious opinions than at any other period of Queen Mary's reign." So much for Maister Foxe and "his correspondents."

In vindication of Foxe it has been contended that he some-

* Sir James Mackintosh's "History of the Reformation."

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times published "pious women's tales," that "he was very credulous, and his zeal for the Reformation perhaps led his imagination astray." But Foxe was neither simple nor credulous; and his piety as a Reformer or anything else is very questionable. When only fifteen years of age Foxe showed a peculiar talent for lying—a talent sedulously cultivated in after life. When his patron, Archbishop Cranmer, heard any marvellous relation in which Foxe was given as an authority, he would smile cynically—but, with his well-known caution, refrained from comment. Maunder, an equable admirer of heroes, admits, of the "Book of Martyrs," that "there is scarcely any work in existence concerning which such opposite opinions have been entertained."* This diversity is rapidly disappearing; in fact, among the educated and intelligent it has wholly ceased to exist. Macaulay, Hook, Maitland, Blunt, Brewer, and Dixon, all ignore Foxe as in any way an authority. Dean Hook, who cannot be regarded as a friend to the Papacy, but whose probity and respect for truth, ever the characteristics of a really learned and honourable man, inevitably lead him to express facts when he has discovered them, rejects Foxe as an authority, and justifies the rejection by quoting two high Protestant authorities. "For the character of Foxe," he says, "I will refer not to a Roman Catholic, but to the scholar most competent, from his deep researches into the public records, to form an opinion upon the subject. 'Had the martyrologist,' observes Professor Brewer, 'been an honest man, his carelessness and credulity would have incapacitated him from being a trustworthy historian. Unfortunately, he was *not honest. He tampered with the documents that came to*

* Maunder's Biographical Treasury, p. 293.

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his hand, and freely indulged in those very faults of suppression for which he condemned his opponents."* The learned Dean adds: "Some years ago I had occasion to consult the Rev. Dr. Maitland, the learned librarian of Lambeth, on the amount of credit I might give to a statement made by Foxe. His answer was, 'You may regard Foxe as being about as trustworthy as a certain newspaper.' †

"'You must not believe either when they speak of an opponent, for, though professing Protestantism, they are innocent of *charity*. You may accept the documents they print, but certainly not without collation. *Foxe forgot, if he ever knew, who is the father of lies.*'"

Nearly all the circumstances and facts of Queen Mary's reign have been based upon Foxe's "Book of Martyrs"—a book which has been printed by the million. Yet such has been the text-book of English historians, and, unhappily, English homesteads and schools. With regard to John Foxe I again repeat that if the majority of the writers on the Reformation could possibly be now examined as to the authorities from whom they received their information, they would almost unanimously pronounce the name of *Foxe*. Therefore, let the reflecting reader of the present day ponder well the historic axiom of Dr. Maitland, "The matter of authorities is a very serious one."

John Foxe was born at Boston, in Lincolnshire, about 1517, and died in 1587. He is buried in the chancel of St. Giles's, Cripplegate. He was educated at Oxford, and was one of the notable Latin scholars of his time, and, with all his faults, has

* Archbishops of Canterbury, vol. i. (new series) p. 148.

† A Protestant journal which had won some notoriety for publishing statements uncertified as facts.

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no reason to be credited with one-tenth of his recent reputed falsehoods, cheaply diffused and illustrated.

A striking illustration of the influence of inquiry respecting a man of integrity is to be found in Vol. X. of Dean Hook's "Archbishops of Canterbury," in which he retracts sentiments expressed in his sermons some forty years previously, wherein he proclaimed his belief in the virtue, sanctity, and toleration of Cranmer. Dean Hook says: We read of "Bloody Queen Mary, and of persecuting Bonner; Gardyner is represented to us as a bloodthirsty tyrant, though we find him, except in the pages of the Martyrologist Foxe, on the side of leniency; and we are inclined to be loud in our condemnation of the Government, as it existed between the death of Edward and the accession of Elizabeth. At the same time, we pass over, or palliate, in unjustifiable terms the legal murders of which Archbishop Cranmer was guilty, and we regard the severities by which he and some of his compeers were disgraced as a necessary enforcement of the laws of the land. I freely confess that from *long prejudice I have myself been guilty of partiality*, which, in the case of most English readers, must be attributed to the receiving of a *tradition not examined with sufficient care.** When we see the absurdities into which some members of the English Parliament, even in the nineteenth century, are hurried in this respect, we may expect due allowance to be made. We must remember that, on all sides, whether as regards Papists or Puritans, or ourselves, the sin has been committed, and is a national sin, for which the whole nation should be penitent. The severities committed in the

* The "tradition," to which the learned Dean delicately alludes, is, in fact, the Puritan impressions stamped upon the mind of many generations by such historians as Foxe, Speed, and Burnet.

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name of religion in the reign of Elizabeth will bear *explanation* (?), and we can hardly find fault with the severity shown to those who, in the name of religion, openly declared that their main object was the assassination of the reigning Sovereign. Then history hurries us back to those dark spots in Smithfield, in which the fires of persecution had at one time been lighted by Queen Mary, and we hear the proclamation issued by James the First, and endorsed by Archbishop Abbot, that those fires were again to be ignited, and that the cause of persecution was once more to claim its victims."*

Dean Hook draws a contrast between the Catholic priests who entered upon the scene in the reign of James the First, and the Puritan party. "The Seminary Priests and Jesuits of a former reign were men of erudition and courage, and knew the risk they ran; but the Anabaptists and Arians who, under the episcopate and advice of Archbishop Abbot, were ordered by King James for execution, in many instances appear not to have known the peril to which their conduct exposed the Christian faith. It is remarkable that, in this dreadful enforcement of the law, the Puritans took the liveliest interest." †

The erroneous opinions sometimes formed by Catholic readers of the leading characters of the English Reformation have had their origin in the inconsiderate allegations of Sander, to whom I have referred in a preceding chapter. Nicholas Sander was a Fellow of New College, Oxford, during the whole

* In the Egerton Papers, Archbishop Abbot styles the Anabaptists as "blasphemous heretics."

† In Neal's History of the Puritans, and Somers's Tracts, vol. ii., are to be found some important matters in relation to the persecution of Bartholomew Leggett and Wightman, the Anabaptist preachers.

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of the reigns of Edward and Mary. As Anthony Wood quaintly expresses it "religion putting on another face in the beginning of Elizabeth's reign." Sander left England about 1560; and going to Rome he became a priest. He subsequently attended Cardinal Stanislaus Hosius at the Council of Trent. After this he was sent as Nuncio from Gregory the Thirteenth to Ireland, with the view of encouraging the Irish to take up arms against Queen Elizabeth; but, upon the failure of the insurrection, he was compelled to secrete himself, and somewhere about the year 1581 he was starved to death. There is, however, another account of his death, which Wood questions. It is to the effect that, before the end of the war, he died of the flux—that, having a presentiment of death, he sent for the Bishop of Killaloe, and received the last rites of the Catholic Church. It is added that he died shortly after, and was buried in a village churchyard in the county of Cork. He was the author of many controversial works against Bishop Jewel and the leading Reformers. His much-disputed work upon the "Rise and Progress of the Reformation" was published at Cologne in 1585, four years after the author's death. Burnet professes to correct the errors and mis-statements of Sander. I cannot enter into the discussion raised by Burnet; both historians have mis-stated and coloured facts. Sander, although a contemporary of King Henry, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, displays a want of knowledge of many important events that were occurring in England, and puts forth allegations opposed to all possibility.

With regard to the proceedings of Cranmer in the divorce question, Sander is very accurate; whilst Burnet makes several false statements. When Sander comes to matters which depend upon English records, he is not accurate; still he was far more honest than Burnet.

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The fact of Sander's work not having been published until four years after his death may account for some of the errors that are to be found in it. No doubt these stories were invented *after* his death, as was certainly the case with Foxe. Henry Wharton, the eminent historical critic, has remarked that "John Foxe could not by accident do justice to a Papist;" and Baxter and Neal have expressed a similar condemnation of Sander as to their fellow-believers; but it must be allowed that the two latter Puritan writers carry not the slightest weight with any unprejudiced reader of the present time. They have, however, been used for sectarian purposes when misrepresentation suited the literary market. The "early opinions" of Sander were those of Richard Foxe, Warham, Fisher, and Sir Thomas More; but those eminent and virtuous men were disregarded by the bishops and seculars of Henry's reign. Sander belonged to what was called the "High Church Party," but he never attempted to palliate the errors of the secular clergy; and he was specially severe upon the bishops for their carelessness of duty and the servility with which they facilitated the divorce of Queen Katharine.

It is possible that many additions and alterations were made in Sander's work by those who took charge of its printing and publication, and for which the memory of the unconscious author should not be impeached by posterity.

Nicholas Sander was an enthusiastic friend of Ireland; but his military schemes for its liberation ended in disaster and ruin to all concerned. He was thoroughly disinterested, and brave in his convictions. Sander deserved a better fate.

Dr. Goodwin died in 1638. Nicholas Harpsfield, Katharine of Arragon's chaplain, wrote a book upon England, of which little is known to posterity. Harpsfield was a cleric of

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unblemished reputation. He belonged to the old High Church party of the days of Richard Foxe, and Archbishop Warham. The Rev. Mr. Pocock has edited a volume of Harpsfield's works for the Royal Camden Historical Society. It is a work of much interest to the student of history, and its value is enhanced from the fact of Mr. Pocock having had charge of its literary arrangement.

RAPHAEL HOLINGSHED'S history was principally remarkable for the accuracy of its dates and statistics. His accounts of the rebellion in Mary's reign are given with a scrupulous sense of truth. Miss Strickland says:—"Holingshed's guarded, yet circumstantial narrative, is a curiosity." * He was assisted in this part of his history by George Ferrers, a gentleman who wrote for both parties at different times, but was a chivalrous advocate of Mary's cause. Some eminent authors are incorrect as to dates. It must, however, be admitted that many dates have been blundered by printers, and then passed from one to another till it became almost impossible to rectify the error.† In many State Papers the dates are torn or worn out; and again valuable letters have neither month nor year to direct your researches. Those in charge of the State Papers at present, however, have done much to remove obstacles of this kind.

The name of JOHN STOWE is still quoted as an authority, and the worthy little man's memory is honoured by every student of history, and the old book-worms in particular.

* The real name of this author was Harrison; he was chaplain to Lord Brooke. In his youth, maturer years, and old age, he witnessed the horrors of the Tudor dynasty.

† Maunder's Biographical Dictionary, a valuable and interesting work in some points of view, has some wrong dates, and these errors occur in matters difficult to correct.

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Stowe was a Reformer; very honest in his narratives; and generally above sectarian feeling. He was also an honourable antagonist. He has not, however, escaped the malice of party feeling. Some Puritan writers represent him "as an agent to the Papists;" by others he is described as a "credulous retailer of the story-tellers' gossip." He was a tailor by trade; and perhaps made more by the needle than the pen. An anecdote is related by Charles Farlow, that on one occasion Stowe was busily engaged in his humble study, when suddenly called upon to drop the pen and take up the needle, to repair a doublet belonging to the Speaker of the House of Commons. According to this story the Speaker had to remain in bed whilst the historian sat down to repair his clothes. What a commentary on the fostering care of the learned Elizabeth! The Queen did little for Stowe; if he became a political instrument in some form or other he would, doubtless, have fared better. It is true Elizabeth invited him to dinner, and commanded two of her courtiers to attend the historian at table. She presented him with "a purse containing thirty shillings," and there, writes Anthony Wingfield, "our blessed Queen's generosity ended." Stowe must have lived to be nearly ninety years of age. He was present at the funeral of Elizabeth, and "deeply deplored her loss to the Protestant cause." He died as he had lived in poverty, with the noble reputation of being an honest man, amidst every temptation to have been the reverse.

Speed, Baker, and Pomeroy were Puritan writers. The first edition of Speed was published about 1611-2; and in 1632 a third edition—enlarged and more correct—was printed in London. It was, however, still full of misrepresentations and grave errors; but was then much prized for its sectarian bitterness. Mr. Brown Willis, a truthful authority,

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states that the principal accusations put forward by various writers against the monastic houses of Henry's reign rest almost exclusively on the testimony of a pamphlet published by Speed, who derived his information from the writings of Simon Fish and Roger Whitgift—and, later still, Anthony Delabarre, the friend of John Foxe, and his coadjutor, Romney, the preacher, once a Dominican friar.

THOMAS HEYWOOD wrote with the utmost enthusiasm in the cause of Elizabeth, and the Reformers of her time; his statements with regard to Mary are by no means accurate. Miss Strickland has a favourable opinion of Heywood's integrity as a historian. "He is one of those authors," observes Miss Strickland, "who state the facts they have *heard*, or witnessed, without altering or suppressing them on account of political antagonism."* Notwithstanding Miss Strickland's panegyric, Thomas Heywood's impartiality will not stand the test of searchful criticism.

The literary men connected with the Non-jurors suffered much for their principles. Sancroft died in a state of poverty; Dr. Kerr was a pensioner on a noble family; and the other Non-juring bishops were reduced to great straits to exist, and had to encounter a series of insults from persons put forward for that purpose. Dr. Collier was the leading man of the Non-jurist party, and by the boldness of his proceedings attracted popular attention, and was admired even by his opponents.†

* Queens of England, vol. v. (1st edition) p. 378.

† The Non-jurors, deeming James the Second to have been unjustly deposed, refused to swear allegiance to William III. in 1689. Among those honourable recusants were Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury; Kerr, Bishop of Bath and Wells; and the Bishops of Ely, Gloucester, Norwich, Peterborough; and many of the clergy who were deprived of their livings.

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He was several times imprisoned and fined. During the later years of his life he was under sentence of outlawry for Jacobite opinions. The Catholic party were much indebted to him, yet many of them were to be found in the front ranks of his enemies. It is painful to record such cases of ingratitude upon the part of Catholics to their Protestant advocates. Any comparison between Collier and Burnet as Historians is simply an insult to historical integrity. The "dishonest man was covered with honours, and loaded with gold;" whilst Collier was subjected to the close of his life to privations and difficulties, which prove that he was honest and sincere in the course he had adopted as a politician—and, above all, as a Historian. The best test of the integrity and truthfulness of his history is to be found in the censures of such men as Burnet. The works of Collier, especially his "Ecclesiastical History," remain as a monument of his learning, research, labour, and talent. The literary men of Paris held him in high esteem.

Collier may be called the historian of the English Church. Later writers have done little more than modernise the statements inartistically arranged by him. Dean Hook considers him, on the whole, a most honest Historian. As a divine he was superior to Strype; Burnet was inferior to both.*

Dr. Collier was a Non-jurist bishop, and suffered for having sustained the cause of James the Second. He was ridiculed and slandered by the Burnet and Churchill party; yet he

In 1691, Non-jurors were subjected to double taxation, and in 1723 were obliged to register their estates and all particulars of income. A "separate communion" was subsequently formed, which existed till the beginning of the present century.

* Archbishops of Canterbury, vol. ix. p. 2.

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persevered, and was the author of several pamphlets in favour of the fallen King. He combated with great force the accusations made against James II. by the supporters of the Prince of Orange.

The first volume of Collier's "Ecclesiastical History" appeared in 1708. Hitherto, no history, with the exception of Fuller's, of any pretensions, had been published in connection with the Ecclesiastical History of the country. After a lapse of six years the second volume was published.*

Collier's honesty and his motives were at once questioned; and many denounced him as the agent of the Jesuits; but the work was a success; and posterity has pronounced in its favour. Warburton was so impressed with its value that he declared, "We have only two historians of our National Church worthy of the title—Collier, the Non-juror, and Fuller, the jester." Burnet remarked that "he should have had a better opinion of Collier's integrity, if he had professed himself *not to be of our communion, nor of the communion of any other Protestant Church.*" The admirers of this author were particularly severe upon Burnet, for "the manufacture of lies in his Reformation." The second volume of Collier's history created an immense excitement. The "book-worms" were on Collier's side; whilst all the bigots wished to offer an ovation to Dr. Burnet "for having unmasked Popery in his History of the Reformation." The literary battles continued for some years. Burnet, who was the idol of the revolutionary party, was, as a matter of course, at the stronger side—a position he always sought out for himself. Like other literary men of his

* The work now makes nine volumes, well arranged and modernised, and is to be seen upon the shelves of the magnificent library of the British Museum.

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time, Jeremiah Collier was sadly neglected during life; yet his memory will be honoured by the Students of History to the latest posterity.

PALLINO, who was much about the English Court, wrote in Italian. His work is written in the interests of the Papal party, and is very hostile to Anna Boleyn. His sources of information were far above those of contemporary historians, for he frequently introduces matters derived from the Privy Council books and State Papers, a privilege then unknown to English historians, who received much of their narratives from family papers or traditional gossip, all of which were tinged by party and sectarian feeling. The death-bed scene between Henry and his daughter Mary, which I have already quoted, is derived from the pages of Pallino. An original copy of Pallino's Italian work is to be seen in the library of the University of Oxford.

Baoardo's History of Queen Mary was written in Italian, and printed in 1558. This learned Venetian has chronicled the most minute particulars as to Mary's private life; her kindly nature, and the odious slanders heaped upon her by the rebellious factions, who would submit to no Government control, and desired to do as they pleased. Baoardo was amongst the Italian cavaliers who were present at the marriage of Philip and Mary. Baoardo's work was edited by Luca Costile.

FRAZER TYTLER'S "Edward and Mary" is a fair statement of facts, without any sectarian influences. Mr. Tytler's notes on the State Papers of Mary's reign are important, and the whole work reflects the highest credit upon the learned author.

Mr. Tytler never completed his history, which was a life-time undertaking. His health and mental powers gave way, and brought him prematurely to the grave amidst the regret

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of his literary contemporaries, and the deeper feeling of all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Few Presbyterian writers took such a broad unsectarian view of the conduct of the Scotch Reformers as Frazer Tytler; yet his conclusions sometimes involve almost a contradiction. Upon the whole, however, he was a thoroughly honest man, and would not, for the wealth of worlds, misrepresent facts. He entertained a most sensitive feeling as to the "honourable surroundings" of the Historian.

Many Protestant authors agree in their commendations upon Dr. LINGARD'S historical works, and Mr. Froude in particular notices his impartiality and love of truth. Of course, Lingard's History of the Reformation may appear deficient in many facts connected with the notabilities of those times; but, it must be remembered, that it was only within the last thirty or forty years the students of history have been permitted to visit the principal archives where the most valuable State Papers have been deposited for nearly three hundred years. The Government caused the late Professor Brewer, and other learned men, to "calendar" many volumes of State MSS.; and large facilities are now given to those who have the ambition and the power of perseverance to investigate the History of the Past.

There are some marked features in Dr. Lingard's History of England. In his language, where relations might often arouse the indignant feelings of a Catholic, this learned divine never forgets the calmness and the dignity of the Historian. The narrow-minded, or the bigoted of any creed, will feel disappointment in perusing Lingard's historical or miscellaneous works.

CHARLES TOOTLE, subsequently known in literature as Dodd, was born in the neighbourhood of Preston about the year

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1672; he was educated at Douai; and next studied at the English College in Paris, for four years. He received Holy Orders at Douai, and returned to England in 1698. Preston, his native town, was the first scene of his missionary labours. Seeing the ignorance of the Catholic laity as to the history of the Reformation, he formed the idea of writing a work upon that much misrepresented period. His scheme was surrounded with difficulties, but he was determined to persevere. In fact a priest could not undertake a more dangerous task in those times than to write *a history*—and above all, one referring to the Reformation. His views were privately communicated to a few wealthy Catholics, who enabled him to proceed to the Continent. He left England in 1718, and during the four succeeding years visited many colleges and learned libraries in France, Spain, Italy, and the Netherlands. The Continental Catholics, when aware of his mission, gave him many facilities to prosecute his researches. The Irish residents in Belgium presented him with a purse of gold (£150). From the English College at Douai, he received copies of many valuable documents. "Among all the records I met with," he says, "none gave me more satisfaction than the original letters of many eminent English Catholics, who opposed the Reformation at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign."

It has been often asserted that the English Catholics offered little opposition to Elizabeth; in the Continental Colleges have been preserved MSS. containing accounts of the privations and sufferings of English priests and laymen. The Abbé O'Connor, writing from Bruges, in 1601, speaks in grateful terms of the English Catholics, for the resistance they offered to the crushing persecutions of Elizabeth. "It is true," observes the Abbé, "that the English Catholics made no display of that imprudent enthusiasm which sometimes marked

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the conduct of my own poor Irish countrymen; but, nevertheless, they were true to 'Peter's Ship,' and clung to it under the most cruel persecution. Lord Burleigh was determined to crush them out of existence; and the records of the English gaols, and the traditions preserved by many Catholic families, is a proof that the English priests, and many of the laity, were not afraid to encounter the persecutions of Red Bess.* Neither the rack nor the scaffold had any terrors for the English priests. The history of their sufferings and death has been most imperfectly handed down."†

Such is the statement of an Irish priest, who spent ten years in one of Elizabeth's dungeons in Dublin, and then escaped to France.

In a preceding chapter the reader has seen the warm reception given in Ireland to the persecuted English priests. There was little sympathy between the Irish and English at any time; but when the Englishman lay prostrated or hunted down, his Irish brother in faith, filled with warm impulses, and, above all, that charity which binds men by the highest and holiest ties, made the Celt forget past wrongs, and appear as the champion and the friend of those who knelt at the same shrine, and held the same faith.

To resume the narrative concerning Dodd. Upon his return to England he was appointed assistant to Father Bennet, in charge of the Catholic Mission at Harnington Hall, Worcestershire. Here he remained for the greater part of his life, and arranged his history. After immense labour, and much petty

* The name applied to Elizabeth in Ireland.

† The above is taken from a MSS. book which had been preserved for 250 years in a Galway family. I have modernised the extract. The MSS. contains a number of records bearing upon the priest-hunting times.

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annoyance, he produced the first volume of his work (folio) in 1737, the second in 1739, and the third, and last, in 1742. It is stated that the work was printed in Brussels, and privately circulated amongst English Catholics. The expenses were defrayed by a subscription, at the head of which stands the munificent Edward, Duke of Norfolk, without whose aid the work might never have been published. Indeed many valuable documents bearing upon the history of the Reformation would never have been published were it not for the timely and delicate aid rendered by the illustrious House of Norfolk. Father Tootle did not long survive the publication of the last volume of his history. He died at Harnington, in February, 1743.

The work of Hugh Tootle stands alone among the compilations of Catholic History. Commencing with the period of her first misfortunes in this country, the writer accompanies the ancient Church in all the vicissitudes of her course during the next two centuries. He marks the origin of the Reformation in the wayward passions of Henry; mourning with religion over the ruined altars and desecrated shrines of Edward's reign; watches their alternate rise and fall under the sister Sovereigns, Mary and Elizabeth; and tracing the varied calamities of his Catholic countrymen, under the dynasty of the Stuarts, closes his work with the fallen fortunes of that ill-starred family. "In the compilation of this work," says Mr. Berington, "the author spent almost thirty years. I have seldom known a writer, and that writer a Churchman, so free from prejudice, and the degrading impressions of party zeal." "Having had repeated occasions to consult Dodd," observes Mr. Chalmers, "we are ready to acknowledge our obligations to Dodd's history. It remained for many years unknown, and we can remember when

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it was sold almost at the price of waste paper. Its worth is now better ascertained; and the last copy offered for sale, belonging to the Marquis Townshend's library, was sold for ten guineas."* And, at a later period, copies of the work have gone as high as £17 10s.

A commentator upon Dodd states that "the Protestants of England have had many, and able Historians of their Church, almost from the hour when materials for history had accumulated down to the present day; but, with the exception of Dodd, who wrote under great disadvantages, the Catholics of England have had no Historian at all. The natural consequences ensued: The History of the Catholic Church in England; the character and acts of those who, collectively or individually, figured prominently in it, were grossly misrepresented—misrepresented, now from passion, then from prejudice, often from malice."

The Rev. Mr. TIERNEY'S "Revision of Dodd" is a valuable and interesting work. A writer upon "Tierney's Dodd" says:—"Of Mr. Tierney's additions it may, without exaggeration, be stated that they form scarcely less than two-thirds of the extent of the original work. This addition of Dodd throws abundant light on the much-misrepresented proceedings of the Society of Jesus, and other Regulars."

The works of JOHN STRYPE are valuable to the Student of History, but many of his references have been given in a careless manner. He was not so much a historian as a collector of the materials of history. The edition of Strype's Cranmer, printed under his own inspection, was published in 1693, and dedicated to that political prelate, Archbishop Tenison.

* Biog. Dic., vol. xii. p. 127.

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Strype was an ardent admirer of John Foxe, Speed, and the Hot-Gospel men of the Tudor times. Strype's name holds a prominent place on the list of partisan writers. Dr. Maitland remarks:—"He who takes John Strype for his authority without being aware of the honest spirit of prostrate hero-worship in which he wrote biography, and which seems to have rendered him incapable of estimating, or almost of considering the genuineness, authenticity, or weight of documents, on which he relied, or the character and authority of those whom he quoted, will be sadly misled." Dean Hook has detected something like extreme partisanship in the way Strype dealt with the material for writing his life of Cranmer. However interesting the biographies of Parker, Grindall, Whitgift, and Aylmer, they have been fashioned after the style adopted in the memoirs of Archbishop Cranmer. But, apart from his strong sectarian feelings, the University of Cambridge may feel proud of the learning and immense research of John Strype.

The Rev. LAURENCE ECHARD (1707), like many other Protestant writers upon the Reformation epoch, takes Foxe, Speed, Burnet, and the "re-dressed" pamphlets of Lord Crumwell's time as authorities. Echard's history of England is a servile imitation of those writers who hailed the advent of the House of Brunswick.

Archdeacon CARTE was a man of high and unblemished character, and a very learned divine of the Church of England. He "gloried in the Reformation, and was well pleased with the results of the Revolution of 1688;" so says his Puritan chaplain, Arthur Pomeroy. Dr. Carte was the author of several learned works.

OLDMIXON was a Protestant historian. His violent partisan views were admired by the people of his time; he laboured,

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however, under the delusion that he was a most impartial historian. His history is yet "a text-book" in circles of "Puritan piety." He printed an abominable document purporting to be a copy of Crumwell's report on the monastic houses. The printing and publication of such papers—whether true or false—constitute a crime not only against morality, but against Civilization. The motive, however, is quite clear.

RAFIN DE THOYRAS'S "History of England" was written in French, and first published at Antwerp; next at Potsdam, and Vienna, in the German language. The English edition of this voluminous work was translated and *extended* by the Rev. Nicholas Tindal, vicar of Waltham, in Essex. The work was dedicated to Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George the Third. Rapin's history was very popular for many years, and had a large sale in England. Even in Ireland it was received with favour, but in those days there were no newspapers of sufficient influence or information to direct public intellect to the merits or demerits of books. So the "political thinkers" were able to subsidise mercenary and dishonest writers, who still continued to misrepresent the history of affairs during the reign of the Tudor dynasty, which brought so many calamities upon the country. It has been stated frequently that Rapin's history was truthful, and "honourably carried out by himself." But such was not the fact. Miss Strickland some thirty years ago detected a shameful perversion of facts in the translation of the State Papers to which this Dutch historian had access. No such accusation, I am happy to state, has been brought against Dr. Tindal for his part in this work. Considering the fashion in which English history was written in those times, perhaps Rapin's work was the best—which says little for its merits. Rapin de Thoyras was one of William the Third's

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Dutch officers at the Battle of the Boyne, and behaved with great bravery : he was also at the siege of Limerick, where he was twice wounded. He resided in England for some years, but was not popular with the party of the Revolution. He was of Italian extraction, and his family appear in an honourable light upon the roll of Italian history. I have chronicled the fact of Rapin's dissenting from several Protestant historians, who present Anna Boleyn as "a Protestant heroine." "I cannot," says Rapin, "discover where, or how, the Queen promoted Protestantism.* He also censures Cranmer for the part he took in Anna Boleyn's divorce."

DAVID HUME'S merits as a Historian have long been under the consideration of the Students of History. His work was much admired by the ultra-Protestants of the last century, and till within some fifty-five years ago the Catholic party referred to Hume as an authority, though still doubting his veracity. Amongst the authors on Henry VIII.'s reign, Hume quotes Polydore Vergil, Lord Herbert, Hall, Stowe, Rymer, Foxe, Speed, Holingshed, Burnet, Strype, Collier, Baker, Oldmixon, Sander, Anthony Wood, Fuller, Morrison, Heylin, Spottiswood, Heyward in Kenneth, Parliamentary Records, Drummond, Buchanan, Goodwin's Annals, Le Grand, and several foreign authorities. Many important and interesting matters are, however, omitted. The history of the Carthusians is disposed of in a few lines. The rise and progress of Anna Boleyn are related in a most unsatisfactory manner. In fact it is no historical statement, and is quite unworthy of any consideration. The reader can learn little of the Pilgrims of Grace; and the Monastic Inquisition, and the

* Rapin's History of England, vol. i.

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characters of the chief actors, are omitted or coloured. Burnet is the principal authority cited for these transactions. The proceedings that follow are, if possible, more unfairly stated. Such was the first (folio) edition, printed under the author's own inspection, but the many editions styled "Hume and Smollett's History," re-dressed for the book-market, have never undergone any literary criticism, and have been quietly passed off upon the superficial reader, who may, no doubt, have a desire for knowledge, but in this case becomes overloaded with misrepresentations. Better for people to be in utter ignorance of history than to receive false impressions, and those erroneous statements stamped with sectarian prejudices which have now run current for generations. I may add that the tomes I have consulted are David Hume's own quarto copies, with emendations in his own handwriting; one MS. note is an acknowledgment of the courtesy of the French authorities in supplying an interesting complement to his history of James the Second's reign.

The historical works of Hallam, Mackintosh, Lingard, Strickland, Stanhope, Maitland, Macaulay, the Camden Society, Froude, Hook, Blunt, Dixon, and several others have ignored Hume's history as an accurate authority. Nevertheless, Hume is still the prevailing work consulted by a large class of readers, who are unable to purchase histories of a more recent date.

I do not, of course, contend that the above-named authors are all impartial and truthful. Some of them are far from being so, but some of them approach the tolerant and merciful spirit of the age, and pronounce against the worship of despotic and cruel monarchs like Henry VIII.

Miss Aikin, writing some sixty-eight years ago, considered *Jane Seymour as "a warm advocate of the Reformation; but*

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her support was given in a clandestine manner."* There is no document or State Record known to be in existence to confirm this allegation. Miss Aikin, however, was incapable of consciously making a false statement, but in her zeal, perhaps, she adopted without reflection the assertions of persons like Foxe, Speed, Burnet, or Oldmixon. Mrs. Thompson, writing at a later period of Anna Boleyn, has evidently derived her inspiration from such "authorities." This lady contends that "the Queen (Anna) was desirous of having about her such young persons as Jane Seymour, that *by her own example they might tend to increase the Reformed faith. The family of Jane Seymour were of that persuasion.*" And again, Mrs. Thompson, whilst finding fault with Jane Seymour's conduct in relation to Queen Anna, discovers "some redeeming qualities" in the character of Jane—"Jane Seymour's reasoning powers of native strength were soon developed, and she bestowed their *energy in a direction fortunately for this country, by exercising them upon the great subject of the Protestant faith.*" This is the way in which subsequent ignorance improves upon preceding falsehood. This averment leaves the statements of Burnet and Oldmixon in the shade. Even if proved a fact, it is paying a strange compliment to Protestantism to claim for its patroness so vile a creature as Jane Seymour. Miss Strickland wishes to remove the opinion so long held by Protestants as to the religious profession of Jane Seymour—"All the rites of the Roman Catholic Church were administered to Queen Jane; the official statements are still extant, and prove how greatly mistaken those writers are who considered Jane Seymour a Protestant."†

* Lucy Aikin's Court of Queen Elizabeth, vol. i.

† Miss Strickland's Queens of England, vol. iii. p. 21.

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SHARON TURNER is the hero-worshipper of Henry and his daughter Elizabeth. This author has suppressed, coloured, and misrepresented the most important facts concerning the Reformation in England. Mr. Turner quotes from a State Paper* an account of the death-bed scene of Queen Jane. Here is a specimen :—"The Queen's confessor had been with her this morning, and hath done all that to his office appertaineth, is even now preparing to minister to her Highness the Sacrament of Extreme Unction." The above was copied by Mr. Turner from the minute bulletin issued by the six medical men who attended the Queen. In the very next page the learned author—a man of immense research—describes Jane Seymour to be "*as great a friend to the Reformation as Anna Boleyn.*"† It is impossible to regard such contradictions as oversights; and it would hardly be true to designate them as mistakes.‡

I now present a contemporary and an official evidence upon the questions at issue. Sir Richard Gresham, writing to Lord Crumwell concerning the Queen's obsequies, said :—"I have ordered *twelve hundred Masses to be offered up for the sowle of our most gracious Queen.*" Dean Hook has a right to be accepted as an evidence on matters like these. He corroborates the account of Jane's Catholicity, and the "twelve hundred Masses" offered up for her departed spirit. And again :—"If there was a tendency to Protestantism on the part of the King and of Dr. Cranmer—the King who ordered

* MSS. Nero, c. x.

† Sharon Turner, vol. x. p. 485.

‡ In the preceding volumes I have gone into the history of those "mistakes" at some length.

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these Masses, and the Archbishop *who officiated at them*—it was not at this time much developed."*

Lord HERBERT is the panegyrist of Henry the Eighth; still he makes some honest admissions. Miss Strickland has confidence in his historical statements. He had, however, an opportunity of seeing some State Papers—a privilege which was denied to several of his contemporaries. He has been charged by an Oxford commentator "with colouring and suppressing facts;" whilst others declare that he was "an honourable man." He admired Elizabeth for her opposition to the Papacy; yet it was bruited that he was a Papist himself, but had not the courage to avow it. His interests ran at the other side. His history has been quoted by many writers of high repute, and it is generally considered a fair statement of facts. Hallam considers that Lord Herbert consulted "his imagination for many of his facts." Professor Brewer differs from this view. "I have generally found," he observes, "that Lord Herbert had good authority for his statements. It is not always easy to trace his sources of information, for he was often indebted to documents, the originals of which have since been lost, and the abstracts alone are preserved in a volume of his collections, to be seen at Jesus College, Oxford." Lord Herbert was a favourite with the Stuart family. James the First raised him to an Irish Peerage, and King Charles, the victim of the Puritan rebels, gave him a seat in the English House of Lords. Some of Lord Herbert's writings prove that he had a leaning to "free-thinking" principles. Herbert gives an interesting account of his first interview with Queen Elizabeth, who much admired his tall handsome person, and gracious manners.

* Archbishops of Canterbury, vol. vii. pp. 70-71.

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I now enter upon a brief narrative of the most important personage who wrote upon the "Rise and Progress of the English Reformation."

GILBERT BURNET was born on the 18th of September, 1643, at Edinburgh, of an ancient and respectable family, in the county of Aberdeen, and was brought up in the midst of the rude tumult of Scottish political parties without prematurely engaging with, or hastily plunging into, any mass of faction, then so inconsiderate and so prejudiced. His father, a learned jurisconsult, was a sincere and moderate Royalist; his mother a Presbyterian, whose zeal had been fired by the Episcopalian mistake (in Scotland, at least) of Charles the First, and Lord Waristoun, his uncle, was one of the most vehement opponents of the aforesaid Charles Stuart. Gilbert Burnet thus learned from his infancy what the German philosopher has designated "vielseitikeit," or many-sidedness—to understand the language and perhaps also at different times to sympathise with the aims and sentiments of the most opposite parties.*

In fact "interest, not principle," was the prevalent feeling of the future Historian; that he was true to Protestantism, in the abstract, as opposed to the Papacy, there is no doubt, because his inborn sympathies and prejudices were all utilisable for that end. "As I had been," he says of himself, "bred up by my father to love liberty and moderation, so I spent the greatest part of the year 1664 in Holland and France, which contributed not a little to root and fix me in those principles. I saw much peace and quiet in Holland, notwithstanding the diversity of opinions amongst them, which was occasioned by the gentleness of the Government, and the toleration that made all people easy and happy."†

* M. Guizot "On the Men of the English Revolution."

† Burnet's History of his Own Time, vol. i. p. 207, folio edition.

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Of Burnet's abilities, industry, and extensive knowledge, there is no question. In private life he is described as temperate, moral, friendly, and hospitable. He seemed no bigot in religion, because the "sentiment" lightly affected him, and was for some time much esteemed by Catholics at home and abroad, for priests, and even Jesuits, so much denounced in England at the time, were amongst his guests. When his interests, however, became concerned, a sudden revolution occurred in his observance, and his house knew such guests no more.

But to the question at issue. Dr. Burnet's "History of his Own Times" has been denounced by some of the ablest literary men of the last century as "a mass of questionable gossip." In every shape questionable—in the writer and in the statements. Swift, Arbuthnot, and Pope condemned it as a work of art, and estimated it at the very lowest value as a record. Dr. Johnson, who was wont to scan men and motives with the comprehensive eye of a philosopher, sarcastically remarked of Burnet that "He was a man who set his watch by a certain clock, and did not care whether that clock were right or wrong." If this saying of the learned doctor be analysed with a little thought, the reader can limn on the mental canvas a life-long portrait of Burnet. Horace Walpole, born and reared in the atmosphere of Court intrigue and corruption—himself the incarnation of political dishonour—is the only man of literary note in the last age who wrote approvingly of Burnet.

The diaries and journals kept by several of Burnet's contemporaries—men, too, who practised his own tactics—are frequently found at issue with most of his statements. Sir John Dalrymple, a high Protestant authority, in his memoirs says, "I have never tried Burnet's facts by the tests of dates

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and original papers, without finding them wrong." Henry Wharton, in his "Specimens of Some Errors and Defects" (printed 1693), questions, in no sparing mode, the veracity of Burnet. Bevil Higgon's "Historical and Critical Remarks" set on Burnet's "History of his Own Times" the seal of condemnation; but this fact is merely worth mentioning now on account of the carelessness with which some otherwise painstaking historians have since then adopted the statements of a most untrustworthy record.

As to Burnet's "History of the Reformation," the first part of which was published in 1681-2, it was printed for the political market, whereat was to be slain the right undoubted of James, Duke of York, to the throne of his brother Charles. It was an improved supplement to the conspiracies of Messrs. Oates, Bedloe, and Dangerfield; and was successful from the advertised integrity of the writer, as well as from the singularity of its aptitude. The second part of Burnet's "Reformation" was not published until thirty-three years after the first portion (1715). Heaven knows how many changes of thought passed in the interval—cloudlike, bright, or dark—over a mind so ductile to "circumstances." The second edition was issued in hot haste, after the disastrous effort of the first "Pretender," when the noblest families of the north of England were in mourning at the feet of still reeking gibbets, and manhood stood appalled at the spectacle of "law." The first edition was dedicated to King Charles, as the second was to George the First.* It is rather strange to find an

* Burnet himself published an abridgment of the first two volumes of his "Reformation" in 1682. There are three French translations of it, one published at London in 1683 and 1685, in two volumes, quarto; another at Geneva in 1685, in four volumes, 12mo.; a third at Amsterdam in 1687. There is also a Latin translation of it by Mithelhäger, in folio, Geneva,

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apologist for Burnet in Dr. Lingard, who states that William Thomas, author of "Il Pelerino Inglese," led Burnet "into a multitude of errors." Dr. Lingard seems not to have known that many of Burnet's best read contemporaries denied the accuracy of William Thomas as an historian, and Burnet was well aware of the disbelief entertained of his trustworthiness, for he advised with many learned men as to the credibility of his authorities. In fact, Burnet wrote a book for a political object; and, like too many others, subordinated facts to party. Camden has left on record an honest text for the student of history—"I have made it a rule to assert nothing upon hearsay."

The "History of his Own Times"—*not* written by himself—will provide the reader of Burnet with far more than sufficient evidence of the man's unfitness to write a credible history of the Reformation, or of any other epoch. After the many schemes concocted by the Ministry of Charles the Second to put away, or to do away, with the outraged and virtuous Queen Catharine of Braganza had failed, Dr. Burnet, then one of the Royal chaplains, published two papers, or cases, in which he set forth the Queen's barrenness as a good cause for divorce. These papers affected to place the delicate question in a "religious point of view." They were designated, "Solutions of Conscience: one touching on Polygamy, the other Divorce: and what Scripture allows in both Cases." Here the Royal chaplain hesitated not to recur to matters which preceded the Mosaic dispensation; and sought to renew the tenets of a Hebrew economy, which the maturer moral intelligence of the Jews had in greatest part eschewed before the coming of the

1686. All these editions had a large sale, and made an immense impression upon the Protestant mind of Europe. The Catholic party did little in the "way of reply."

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Redeemer. "It is needless," writes Miss Strickland, with the natural indignation of a virtuous mind, "to comment on the base hypocrisy of affecting to search the Scripture for an excuse of vice. These political shafts were aimed at the innocent Queen, at the suggestion, it is presumed, of Buckingham and Lauderdale. It was expected that they would have obtained the reward of a rich bishopric for the writer; but Charles despised both the adviser and the advice, and when Gilbert Burnet, some years subsequently, having joined the opponents of the Court, in consequence of his being deprived of his office in the Chapel Royal, wrote a remonstrance to the King on his immoral way of life, Charles treated him with the most cutting contempt."*

If Satan had reproved Charles, the Royal sinner might have accepted the reproof with civility. But the "Merrie Monarch" had chivalry enough to scorn the human foe of his spotless wife.

Time rolled on: the daughters of the Duke of York were married. Burnet worked darkly and effectively; inciting and confirming the English Tullia in her parricidal ambition. When the goal was won, and William and Mary were enthroned at Whitehall, and the King and father was a fugitive, the new-made Bishop of Salisbury, the betrayer and slanderer of the fallen monarch, in his sermon at the coronation of the daughter, had the unspeakable effrontery in a few days after to admonish Queen Mary for the "indecent and unfeeling manner in which she had acted towards her father," declaring "that the people thought very ill of her for so doing." The power of hypocrisy could no further go, and he must truly have counted much on his remorseful listener's forbearance. The

* Miss Strickland's Queens of England, 2nd edit., vol. v. p. 588.

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reader who does not yet know what manner of man was Burnet, and is inclined to still believe in his honesty as a writer, may consult the documents in reference to Catharine of Braganza, published in the appendix to "Mackey's Court of Great Britain;" documents which Mackey, a personal friend of Burnet, and a witness to his will, states to be in Burnet's own handwriting. The documents are not to be found in Burnet's works, from which his son extruded them, doubtless on account of their character—so damaging, not to the reputation of his father, for that would be impossible, but to the repute of his family. Or had the son suppressed, because the facile father had retracted in obedience to the dicta of a higher power?

Sir Walter Scott, in his compilation, "The Life and Works of Dryden," has bequeathed an opinion of the versatile and astute bishop in his notes to "Glorious John's" nearly last work, "The Hind and the Panther." Sir Walter writes, "Burnet's opinions were often hastily adopted, and of course sometimes awkwardly retracted, and his patrons were frequently changed. Thus he vindicated the legality of divorce for barrenness on the part of the wife, and even that of polygamy, in his solution of two important 'Cases of Conscience.'"

These were intended to pave the way for Charles divorcing his wife Catharine, to enable him to marry another, and so raising a family to succeed him instead of the Duke of York. Burnet's address in attaching himself for a time to almost every leading character whom he had an opportunity of approaching gives us room to suspect that if he did not change his opinions, he had at least the art of disguising such as could not be accommodated to those of his immediate patrons. When King James demanded that Burnet should be

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delivered up by the States, he threatened in return to justify himself by giving an account of the share he had in affairs for twenty years past; in which he intimated he might be driven to mention some particulars which would displease the English Monarch. This threat, as he had enjoyed a considerable share of his confidence when Duke of York, may seem, in some degree, to justify Dryden's charge against him of availing himself of past confidence to criminate former patrons. It is remarkable also that even while he was in the secret of all the intrigues of the Revolution, and must have considered it as a proximate event, he continued to assert the doctrine of Passive Obedience, and in his letter to Middleton, in vindication of his conduct against the charge of high treason, there is an effusion of seeming loyalty to the reigning monarch.

When the Commons, in 1675, had resolved to overthrow the power of the Duke of Lauderdale, they were aware that Burnet "was very much in his confidence," and could reveal many startling schemes of that nobleman. He was accordingly summoned to give evidence "against his patron." He modestly hesitated, but soon complied with the demand, "although he might have retired from the kingdom for awhile to avoid doing so." In his defence of this transaction, Dr. Burnet says:—"I was much blamed for what I had done. The thing had an ill appearance, as the disclosing of what had passed in confidence; though I make it a great question how far even that ought to bind a man when the designs are very wicked, and the person still continued in the same office and capacity of executing them."*

* In the Notes to Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Dryden" (vol. ix.) the reader will find a narrative as to the circumstance under which Dr. Burnet betrayed the secrets of his patron, the Duke of Lauderdale, to the House of Commons in 1675. The Journals of the Commons and several contem-

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Myriads of English-reading people imagine that Burnet was, as he has been designated by many, "the good bishop," the "honest prelate," and would not credit that he wrote the infamous "Solution of Conscience," as well as the equally worthy "Reformation" and "History of My Own Times." Mackey, his friend, saw the copy of the first pamphlet in his handwriting; and the other works do as little honour to Burnet's veracity as the pamphlets redound to the credit of his manhood. Of the latter documents I take leave with Miss Strickland, a historian the most reliable, honourable, painstaking, and conscientious. After describing Burnet as a "notoriously false witness," Miss Strickland endorses Mackey's opinion of these pamphlets: "There cannot be a doubt of their being genuine; and even his (Burnet's) peculiar style stamps them as his own, without any trouble of attestation."

The portrait drawn by M. Guizot is worthy of some consideration in this case. "Dr. Burnet," he says, "appears fickle, restless, awkward, indiscreet, continually *meddling in intrigues*, at one time with the popular party, at another time with the Court; *familiarly connected with men on whose conduct he bestows the greatest blame;* keeping up, in order to gratify his vanity, relationships the most opposed to his convictions; inconsiderate in his movements and in his language; setting no bounds to his activity, which is often without an aim, and of a character as little becoming the superiority of his mind as the dignity of his position."*

porary pamphlets reveal some unpleasant matters as to the "continued intrigues and deception" practised by Burnet upon his political supporters and friends. Miss Strickland has likewise chronicled minute particulars of the part enacted against James the Second and his family by Burnet.

* M. Guizot's Essays "On the Men of the English Revolution," p. 158.

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M. Guizot next notices Burnet's "Reformation" with brief and critical nicety. The great Calvinist statesman continues:—"It is a work which abounds with ingenious remarks, elaborate research, and eloquent passages; we must even admit that, taken as a whole, and in the general aspect of the facts which it presents, the author has the mastery over his opponents; but, notwithstanding all this, it is the work of a partisan full of narrow views, partial statements, biassed opinions, and which, in spite of its prodigious success, *does not now deserve the esteem either of the philosopher or of the historian.*"

There is no truth, alas! so indisputable as that men are not to be judged by their writings. Rather should the value of their writings be estimated by the quality of their actions. Look at the actions of Burnet, and then weigh the worth of his allegations—the extent of his trustworthiness. Here was he the friend and enemy of the high-minded Clarendon and his family—just as "fortune smiled or frowned upon them;" the political agent and spy of Shaftesbury, of Lauderdale, of Danby, of Buckingham, of Tenison: whilst at the same time, "under personal obligations" to the Duke of York; and his wife * the co-conspirator of the Prince of Orange and the Princesses Mary and Anne; and, later still, the secret correspondent of Lord Sunderland, the basest of the base men of his age. Surely a history of the Reformation by such a man cannot be received without grave suspicions of the motives which influenced its author. He had great interests to subserve—his own and

* In Burnet's "History of My Own Times," he speaks highly of the Duchess of York. "Anne, Duchess of York," he observes, "was a very extraordinary woman. . . . She wrote well, and had begun the Duke's life, of which she had nearly completed one volume."

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others. How could a history, in which politics and religion are so closely blended, written by such a man, be unhesitatingly accepted? See the history—behold the man—a prelate the most time-serving that ever shamed a mitre—a man who, it could scarcely be reckoned unfair to say, never performed an action without an interested motive, nor wrote a line without some indirect, if not proximate, regard to his ever-present "self." Yet, on the foundation laid by this sadly time-serving ecclesiastic, more than one of our noted writers have raised their historical structures.*

The sad narratives of Mary, Queen of Scots, which involve so many contradictions, is an illustration of the extent to which literary dealers have carried on a misleading and lucrative trade for personal gain or from party prejudice.

"It is a striking proof," writes Mr. Hosack, "of the carelessness (a mild form of speech) with which history is written, that not one of the authors who have adopted the slanders of George Buchanan against the Queen of Scots has taken the trouble to ascertain whether or not those falsehoods were confirmed by any contemporary evidence. Had they done so, they would have found that none such exists."†

The Royal Camden Historical Society have rendered valuable service to the investigation of the History of the Past.

* Dr. Burnet died in 1715, and was buried in the old church of St. James's, Clerkenwell. In 1788, the bishop's corpse was found in a leaden coffin, which had become much decayed; the skull and some of the hair were visible.

† Mary Stuart and her Accusers, p. 169.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

THE VICISSITUDES OF STATE PAPERS.

THE students of history are largely indebted to the late Lord Romilly, who, in his official capacity of Master of the Rolls, did so much to promote the calendaring of State Papers, and thereby preparing genuine material for History. Mr. Rawdon Brown has rendered valuable service amongst the State Papers of Venice; Mr. Kirk has been his assistant in that arduous, yet pleasing labour, and has discharged his duty in a manner that elicits the praise of many distinguished Continental writers.

The manuscripts distinguished by the title, "Talbot Papers," were extracted from fifteen volumes, which are preserved in the library of the College of Arms, to which they were given, with many other valuable documents, by the "Most Noble Henry, sixth Duke of Norfolk." They contain upwards of six thousand original letters, to, or from, the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh Earls of Shrewsbury.

Amongst the Venetian State Papers are forty letters written on parchment, addressed by English Kings to various Popes; they bear dates from 1476 to 1506, and are authenticated by the original signatures of Edward the Fourth, Richard the Third, and Henry the Seventh. The latter Sovereign was a constant correspondent of the Pontiff—a fact which much annoyed that jealous-minded woman, Queen Isabel, of Castile.

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"For the general reader," writes the Kalendarer of the Venetian State Papers, "perhaps the greatest charm of original documents is that they present the actors in all the reality of life, and not as puppets drawn before the eye in the plausible and measured narrative of the historian. For the merits of graphic description and truthfulness the Venetian State Papers are conspicuous."* The correspondence of the Ambassador is marked by a confidence in the sympathy of the reader, which is very rare in State Papers—even of an early date. There is apparent an anxiety to report everything, just as it was said, and to describe men and women as they appeared, without drawing any inferences one way or the other.

The accumulation of MSS. in the archives of Venice is enormous; and its arrangement shows how admirably every department of Government was conducted. Cadovin estimates "the bundles and volumes at something near twelve millions," a number which the librarian adds will not appear incredible, when it is considered that the shelves occupy the whole of the space from floor to ceiling; that the book-cases run to the extent of 17,438 feet, and that the volumes are arranged in double rows, and so packed as to economise space to the utmost. This vast magazine of universal history has been arranged with care for the facility of reference, according to the character of its contents, and, with certain restrictions, is thrown open to the research of the student of history. The Marcian Library is not the only depository of diplomatic and official documents in Venice. Many State Papers, the originals or counterfoils of which we shall vainly seek at the "Frari,"

* Venetian State Papers in Relation to England, Edited by Rawdon Brown.

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are now to be found in the Biblioteca Marciana, or library of S. Marc. This latter institution dates its origin from the 10th September, 1362, and has an especial right to its name, for on that day the Grand Council passed a decree to accept the offer of the "Poet and Philosopher, Francis Petrarch, who, in consideration of a dwelling house to be provided for himself for the rest of his life, proposed to leave his books to the blessed S. Mark the Evangelist, '*si Christo et sibi sit placitum.*'" The library thus commenced, though now but few of Petrarch's books or MSS. are to be found there, was always an object of special care to the Signory. The librarians have been chosen for their talents and learning. The office was twice filled by Scotchmen—John Dempster in the middle of the 16th, and the Abbé Leith at the close of the 17th century. The Cardinal Bessarian bequeathed his library to S. Marc, and this event is connected with English antiquities by a correspondence, which is still preserved, between the Signory and Wolsey, who desired to obtain copies of the Cardinal's MSS. for his own new college of Christ Church. Since those byegone times the collection has been enriched from various sources, and at the present day yields to few of the most important libraries of Europe in the number and value of its MSS.

The first formation of the Venetian archives commenced in very early times. The nine volumes of the "Pactus," which contain the earliest existing State Papers of the Republic, are only copies, though of very ancient date, and of perfect authenticity. The work of transcription was begun in the 14th and completed in the 15th century. The originals have since perished by fire, a fate which has befallen many of the most valuable MSS. at S. Marc's. The two earliest documents preserved are, a transcript of the proceedings the Council of Chalcedon, A.D. 481, and a diploma dated

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in the year 883, by which the Emperor (Charles le Gros) determined the limits of the jurisdiction of Venice, confirmed her tenure of territory on the main land, and renewed the privileges of the Church of S. Mark.* Of the 10th century there remain but few MSS.; they are on parchment. The most ancient character employed is the Gothic, with some uncial capitals. The next in antiquity is that which is called by the Italian archæologists the "minuscolo antico," then follows the "minuscolo regolare," both of which, in their general aspect, resemble the writing of coeval MSS. in the English Record Office with a clerk to write out the narrative.† On the 24th of July, 1296, the Ambassadors having apparently reported of late years solely to the Doge and his Council, it was further commanded by the Grand Council that the reports should be delivered in the Council by which the Ambassador had been appointed. Such was the origin of the famous Venetian Reports. By degrees it became the custom to add a geographical description of the country, its climate, products and manufactures, the temper and disposition of the people, their manners, laws, and customs; the monarch and his ministers, the personal appearance and dress of the various grades of society. These reports were made by men of great ability, observant and critical on every matter they related. Micquefort holds up the political agents of Venice as models of diplomatists, and Lord Chesterfield advises his son, in whatever Court he resides, to cultivate by all means the society and friendship of the Venetian Ambassador. "It is not wonderful," writes Rawdon Brown, "that the reports of the Venetian Ambas-

* Le Chev. de Mas Latrie, Libri Patrorum.

† Journal of the Grand Council; Rawdon Brown's Venetian State Papers.

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sadors, when they were subsequently published in various forms, were eagerly sought after."

The Venetian official papers are nearly all carefully dated, and thus the student of history is spared a vast amount of labour.

Of the "advices, or news letters," the most interesting to the student of English history are those forwarded by the Venetian Ambassadors in France; they are in number 239—all with the date of London, and ranging from the 21st of June, 1645, to the 16th of May, 1652. Very early in the history of Venetian diplomacy (December, 1268) the Grand Council decreed that all Ambassadors on their return should report their diplomatic proceedings; the Signore being bound to supply them. The reports in question were published contrary to the wishes of the Venetian Government, and were given, it is said, in an incorrect form; but nevertheless, they contained a vast amount of information respecting the Tudor dynasty, and the social life of the English people.

With the political fall of Venice came a number of disasters to the time-honoured library of S. Marc. It is yet, however, in its mute position; sad, lonely, and grand; still in the spring, summer, and autumn, as if in life; still contemplating the shade of Petrarch and *his* Laura.

Like the men and women of whom the State Papers treat those precious documents have met with reverses, and occasionally fell into the hands of rude and savage people. In the "peasant rebellion," which followed the death of Ferdinand, a number of State Papers were destroyed by the rebels, who imagined that by the destruction of such documents, they would be released from rent and taxes. One of the first acts of Charles the Fifth, after he had re-established order in Spain, was to collect all such papers as had escaped the flames pre-

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pared for them; he selected the Castle of Simancas as the general depository of Castilian State Papers. The work thus begun by his father was continued by Philip the Second, as a duty incumbent upon him. He directed his energies so successfully to the undertaking, and the regulations he made for the preservation of the papers were so complete, that he is generally looked upon as the founder of the archives. Not content with placing the papers in order, and preserving them from dust and insects, he endeavoured to make the collection as full and as valuable as possible. In the year 1562 Philip sent Juan Bergosa to Rome for the purpose of collecting or copying all such papers as could be found in Italy which had relation to himself, to his father, to his dominions, or to the world in general, and the decay of which would prove an irreparable loss to posterity."* In 1567, King Philip commissioned Yurita, the learned historian of Aragon, to make a new search for "lost State Papers." Philip was most liberal in rewarding those whom he engaged in any literary researches. Painters, architects, and musicians were his especial favourites. I shall refer to Philip and the artists in another chapter.

King Philip gave liberal and enlightened reasons for preserving State Papers and historical documents, when he wrote thus to the Duke de Feria:—

"In many cases historians know little of the transactions or the characters of whom they speak; they have rarely met with State Papers to guide or direct them in any manner; and their information very often comes from dishonest sources, tinged by party or sectarian feeling. *This is not a fair mode of writing history.* I

* Libros de Bergosa, vol. xi.

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shall gather up all the State Papers I can obtain and preserve them at Simancas."*

Philip guarded the State Papers with a jealous eye, and few, if any, foreigners were permitted to make copies at the Castle of Simancas. It was not till 1844 that M. Gaslards, commissioner of the Belgian Government, and M. Tiran, deputed by France, were first admitted in the quality of literary calendarers within the precincts of the Castle of Simancas. Through some clerical influence, a friend of Dr. Lingard obtained some information a few years previously. Perhaps Mr. Froude was the first English writer who ever entered the archives of Simancas. His translations are those of a distinguished scholar; admirable and faultless. In this case alone Mr. Froude has rendered most important service in the diffusion of History.

There are a vast number of English State Papers still at Simancas. The oldest record preserved at this fortress is a kind of "Land Book" of Peter the Cruel. In form and contents, it is similar to our Norman Domesday Book, only that it enters more minutely into details.

The number of MS. records at present in Simancas amounts to nearly ten millions. The style of writing is good, and the arrangements made by the monks, who were in charge of the place, most admirable.

Amongst the State Papers of Henry the Seventh's reign at Simancas are a number of letters in the handwriting of Katharine of Arragon; those documents are written in a clear and decided style. Too great confidence in men, or their promises, was a weakness the Princess rarely indulged in. Yet, for a time, she was sadly deceived.

* Libros de Bergosa; Bergenroth's Spanish State Papers.

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In the Simancas collections of MSS. are to be found several papers bearing upon the history of Perkin Warbeck. In those documents he is styled "the Duke of York." One letter purporting to have been a love missive, written by this mysterious young man to Lady Catharine Gordon, shows that, as regards refinement and chivalrous feeling, the supposed son of Edward the Fourth had few, if any, equals among the nobles and princes of his time. Judging from the State Papers of Simancas, Barcelona, and Vienna, the story of this once popular Pretender remains a mystery to the present day. He was highly educated. Where—or by what means—did he accomplish that education? That is another mystery which cannot be traced. This "young man of mystery" corresponded with another Scotch lady named Bertha Graham, a relative of the noble House of Montrose, and a delightful writer of poetry. Bertha Graham never married.

France was compelled by the Allied Powers in 1814 to return the State Papers carried from the principal archives of the Continent to Paris by the Emperor Napoleon, but the French Government contrived to keep some twenty-five or thirty thousand documents out of the MSS. plunder of the Continental records. Those MSS. are now carefully preserved in the "Archives de l'Empire" in three hundred and twenty-seven cases. The expense of conveying the German and Italian State Papers from Vienna to Paris amounted to 400,000 francs. In 1809, the Emperor Napoleon had formed a scheme for bringing together all the archives of Europe, and uniting them in the capital of France, in order to form one vast repository of historical manuscripts. He had a plan drawn up of a building for the reception of State Papers. Judging from the Emperor's plans, the residence he intended for the State

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Papers of Europe would have been one of the grandest palaces the world had ever seen.

Mr. Gustave Adolphe Bergenroth died at Madrid on the 13th of February, 1870, from malignant fever, caught in the village of Simancas. This amiable gentleman was employed by the English Government in kalendaring State Papers connected with this country—a duty which he discharged with considerable ability, and, above all party reproach or suspicion. He was a man of extensive learning; and most competent to perform the duty confided to his charge.* Mr. Bergenroth was a native of Bavaria, and a member of an ancient Catholic family.

Simancas is a small village in Old Castile, about eight miles from Valladolid, made more renowned by Le Sage than by its scholarship or cleanliness. The country round Simancas is barren and treeless. For nine months of the year it is destitute of verdure, and the climate in consequence of the great elevation of the land is deadly. The sun is as burning as in Africa, and the winds are as cold as on the plains of Northern Asia. No hotel, even of the most moderate description, in which a traveller could find accommodation is to be found at Simancas. The student of history who wishes to consult the archives is obliged to reside in the house of some poor peasant; the better class of people are proud and disdainful, and consider it "beneath their dignity to lodge foreign scholars—people they know nothing about." Excellent, and in many respects comparatively refined, as are the peasants of Old Castile, it is very difficult to be satisfied with the wretched accommodation which it is in their power to offer. The occupants of such a dwelling suffer

* In vol. i. of Mr. Bergenroth's English and Spanish State Papers is printed an interesting tract entitled, "Remarks on the Cyphered Despatches in the Archives of Simancas."

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by turns from cold, heat, and wet. The food is worse than the lodging. No social intercourse; no books, not even the commonest works of reference, are to be had in this miserable place.

The old castle, formerly a strong fortress belonging to the Admirals of Castile, in which the State Papers are deposited, was confiscated to the Crown by Queen Isabel. It now contains forty-eight rooms, filled with papers and one very large chamber in which the officers and literary readers are accommodated—accommodated in a mean petty manner. This room has a northern aspect; no fires are allowed in the building; yet so bitter is the cold in winter that the thermometer frequently sinks almost to the freezing point, and the ink becomes congealed. Such is the repository chosen by the Spanish Government for the treasures of historic lore, and the accommodation afforded to the literary students of other climes.

It is to be hoped that some influential Englishmen will call the attention of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs to the neglect of an institution which it should be the pride of civilised nations to foster and protect.

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE PRELATE.

No Anglican cleric amongst the English Reformers succeeded in acquiring so great an ascendancy over the mind of Elizabeth as John Whitgift, "some time Bishop of Worcester, and subsequently Archbishop of Canterbury." This subtle ecclesiastic continued his influence to the close of the Queen's life. The Puritans believed that the cruel persecutions inflicted upon them by Elizabeth were at the suggestion of Whitgift, even Cecil could not forbear expressing his disapprobation of the cruelties enacted against Calvinistic clergymen for not taking the Oath of Supremacy. Several of them were imprisoned for years, and two of the sect perished upon the scaffold. Instances multiplied of the tyranny exercised through the extraordinary powers of the Ecclesiastical Commission, which dealt ruthlessly with Dissenters of unblemished character.

In June, 1567, a congregation of more than one hundred Puritans was surprised and seized at Plumbers' Hall, in the City of London, of which fifteen were sent to prison "without either charge, trial, or condemnation." After they had thus been treated they were examined by Dr. Grindal, the Bishop of London, who rated them in violent language, declaring that they were "as incorrigible as Papists." The Puritans retired

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from the Bishop's presence unconvinced, and determined to pull down the Queen's new Church when able to do so.*

At a subsequent period they made a bold effort, but failed to accomplish their object. "Do unto others as you wish to be done by," was not the maxim of the Puritans nor their disdainful antagonists.

Whitgift was, perhaps, the greatest persecutor of "liberty of conscience" which the Church of England has produced in this realm. He held it as a maxim that it was safer and better for the newly established Church to silence than to confute its opponents. So he gave no quarter to the Puritans. A book of Calvinistic discipline having been issued from the Cambridge press, Whitgift procured a Star Chamber decree for "lessening and limiting the number of presses; for restraining any man from exercising the trade of a printer without a special license," and for subjecting all books to the censorship of Whitgift himself, and the Bishop of London. On another occasion Whitgift publicly declared that he would rather live in a dungeon all the days of his life, or even die in a prison, than *permit any persons to practise a religion contrary to that upheld by the Queen and himself*, whom he describes as "the *second person* in the realm." It may be added also that Whitgift always spoke in terms of unmeasured scorn of the Puritan party. Robert Brown, a Cambridge divinity student, was committed to the Tower for proclaiming principles antagonistic to the Church, as sustained by the Queen. Lord Burleigh procured his release, after which he repaired to Holland, where, it is said, he founded several Puritan communities. He designated the Church over which Elizabeth presided as "an anti-Christian

* See Strype's Whitgift; Hook's Archbishops of Canterbury, vol. x.

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establishment." He returned to England, and preached against the Queen's Supremacy. Two men were arrested in Suffolk (1583) for selling Brown's book against the Supremacy; they were tried for treason against this ecclesiastical statute; both were hanged, drawn and quartered. This was the first time that the Supremacy Law was put in force against Puritans. Brown became so alarmed at the fate of his two disciples that he recanted his professions; "became penitent for his disobedience," and actually received a Church living from Whitgift. The Brownites, although deserted by their apostle, still persevered, "amidst persecution at all sides," and were subsequently known "as a flourishing sect under the name of Independents."

Some time before the Queen translated Whitgift from the See of Worcester to that of Canterbury, he wrote a remarkable letter to her Highness upon the wickedness of appropriating Church lands to secular objects. This was a dangerous subject to discuss with the daughter of Henry the Eighth. The Queen, however, took the advice offered in good part, for it was well worth considering. Nevertheless, she adhered to her father's policy of "plucking" the temporalities of the Church whenever an opportunity presented—the See of Ely for example. Whitgift must have had more than ordinary courage as an Anglican prelate to address Elizabeth in this fashion :—

"I beseech your Highness to consider that it was S. Paul that said to those Christians of his time that were offended with idolatry, yet committed sacrileges, 'Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege'—supposing, I think, sacrilege the greater sin. This may occasion your Highness to consider that there is such a sin as sacrilege; and to incline you to prevent the curse that will follow it. I beseech your Highness also to consider

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that Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, and Helena his mother—that King Edgar, Alfred, Edward the Confessor, and indeed many others of your predecessors, besides numberless private Christians—have likewise given to God, and His Church, much land and many immunities, which they might have given to those of their own families. They gave those lands *for ever as an absolute right and sacrifice to God*; and with these immunities and lands they have entailed a curse upon the alienators of them. God prevent your Highness from *being liable to that curse, which will* cleave unto Church-lands as the leprosy to the Jews. . . . Dispose of Church-lands for *Jesus' sake*; *and as you have promised and vowed to God—that is, as the donors intended*, let neither falsehood nor flattery beguile you to do otherwise."*

Was it a pure sense of honesty or mere *esprit de corps* which influenced Whitgift in writing such interesting sentiments? Would he have written them were he not a high officer of the Church? The mere fact of inditing them, however, is one of the most estimable reminiscences of his life.

When the Puritans were so cruelly persecuted by this prelate, the reader may form some idea of the sufferings of the English Catholics under Elizabeth and her spiritual guides—such men as Whitgift, Hutton, Horne, and Pilkington. It is but fair to state that Sir William Cecil frequently remonstrated with Whitgift, and other Bishops, for their "cruel suggestions as to how the Papists should be governed."†

When Whitgift was Bishop of Worcester he was noted for his persecution of Catholics. The admission of such a hero-

* Whitgift's Works, vol. iii. p. 18.

† See Strype's Life of Archbishop Whitgift; Archbishops of Canterbury, vol. x.; Knare's Life of Lord Burleigh; Aikin's Court of Elizabeth, vol. ii.

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worshipper as John Strype leaves no doubt as to Whitgift's claims to be ranked amongst the worst persecutors of Elizabeth's reign. Strype observes:—

"Dr. Whitgift, when Bishop of Worcester, and Vice-President of the Marches of Wales, under Sir Henry Sydney, peculiarly distinguished himself by his activity in detecting secret meetings of the Papists for the purpose of hearing Mass and practising other rites of their religion. The Privy Council, *in reward of his zeal*, promised to direct to him, and to some of the Welsh Bishops, *a special commission for the trial of the said delinquents*. They further instructed him in the case of one Morrice, who had declined answering directly to certain interrogatories tending to criminate himself in these matters, that if he remained obstinate, and the Commissioners saw cause, they might at their discretion cause *some kind of torture to be used upon him*. The *same means* he (Whitgift) was also desired to take with others; in order to come to a full knowledge of all *reconcilements* to the Church of Rome, and *other practices of the Papists in these parts*."*

When Strype makes these matter-of-course and pregnant admissions, we can imagine the lot of the unhappy people subjected to the cruel caprices of those irresponsible ecclesiastics, who seem to have felt a pleasure in insulting and debasing those whose consciences could not accept their teaching.

A "London Lecturer" ascribes a monopoly of persecution to the Catholics of England, and disavows utterly any persecution on the part of Protestants. Queen Mary reigned five years; Elizabeth forty-four years and four months. In the

* Strype's Life of Archbishop Whitgift, p. 83.

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just mind of this candid exponent of History the balance of persecution topples over to the side of the far shorter term; the supreme holiness and innocence in the other scale are unhappily but a feather weight against the concentrated irredeemable guilt of five years of Catholic power. The Council of Mary's Ministers in many instances burnt heretics, who were likewise rebels, and who conspired against their Queen's life. Elizabeth had not even that wretched excuse in her persecutions,* which were numerous, and the records of her reign prove the fact that she was the greatest persecutor of conscience that ever governed this realm.

The Protestant clergy had also reason to complain of the harshness exercised against them by Whitgift. He lived in great splendour, whilst many of his clergy were in poverty; and when he made visitations of the diocese, or otherwise, he was surrounded by a numerous and brilliant retinue. A guard of honour rode before him, composed of five hundred men, in usual cavalry style. A large number of his retainers in gorgeous livery appeared in his public entries. He claimed, after the fashion of his Royal Mistress, "to be served on bended knees."

Dean Hook describes Whitgift as "immensely charitable," giving meat, bread, and beer to hundreds daily. Strype affirms that the Archbishop "readily discoursed with the poor and the unfortunate."

Party feeling sometimes presents unamiable-looking portraits—half caricatures—of public men. However, Archbishop Whitgift is generally admitted to have been plain-looking, with an extremely dark complexion. The Puritans

* In the second and third volumes of this work the subject of the religious persecutions in Mary's reign has been treated at considerable length.

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describe him "as heidous ugly." The Catholic party displayed their good manners in the opposite direction. They respected the high office and the learning of Whitgift; and never descended to personalities with the man who persecuted them for their religious convictions.

Dr. Whitgift's "mode of living is described as extremely luxurious, having a number of savoury dishes laid out in his dining hall for himself and his numerous guests." He also imported the choicest wines for his palaces. He was the "most favoured prelate" in England with the Queen, because he was *celibate*. With her usual want of delicacy and dignity, Elizabeth styled him as her "black husband."

Whitgift was a member of a respectable middle-class family of the West Riding of Yorkshire. His uncle, Robert Whitgift, had been an Abbot, but at an early period he took part in Crumwell's action against the monastic houses. He retired upon a large pension, contracted a clandestine marriage with a girl of sixteen—some say twenty—and professed himself a Protestant "when convenient."

Archbishop Whitgift should receive due credit for any public institutions of benevolence sustained by him. The reader is aware that when Henry the Eighth confiscated the lands which former generations conferred upon *one hundred and ten hospitals*, the King parcelled out those lands amongst his courtiers and retainers, and in the division of this portion of the heritage of the "*most helpless of the poor*," the monarch presented "several allotments" to Archbishop Cranmer and *his* retainers and relatives. Whitgift did not act in this unfeeling and sacrilegious manner. Quite the contrary. He built and endowed an hospital at Croydon, which he dedicated to the Blessed Trinity. It is described as "a decent edifice, built like a college, for a warden, with twenty-eight brothers and

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sisters under him. Near to it he erected a free school, with a house for a schoolmaster, to whom a good salary was allowed." He frequently dined at the hospital among "his poor brethren, as he called the inmates." At Croydon Whitgift was visited by Queen Elizabeth herself, *who dined with the Archbishop and the recipients of his bounty.* On those occasions the Queen's visits were without any ceremony.* She partook of the same plain food as that cooked for the inmates of the hospital. Harrington states that the Queen was generally accompanied by one lady and an elderly gentleman, when she paid those visits "under cover," and was always delighted at hearing country gossip, no one suspecting her to be the Queen. After the Queen's death Whitgift told the poor people of his asylum that the good lady who so often visited them was the late Queen. Upon this news "they all fell a-weeping, exclaiming '*Lord have mercy on her sowle.*'"

Cartwright, the chief of the Nonconformist party, was persecuted by Whitgift. Cartwright was several times imprisoned by Bishop Aylmer. To the great annoyance of Aylmer he would not style him "My Lord."† The Puritans plumed themselves upon a total disregard of courtesy and good breeding. Bishop Aylmer, however unamiable himself, had good reason to complain.

The editors of the *Athenæ Cantabrigienses* relate that Whitgift wrote ninety-one works. Dean Hook states that some of those works still remain in manuscript, but of their authenticity there can be no doubt.‡ The general correspondence of Whitgift throws much light upon the sectarian

* Archbishops of Canterbury, vol. x. p. 166.

† See Brook's Memoir of the Life and Writings of Thomas Cartwright.

‡ Archbishops of Canterbury, vol. x. p. 167.

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feeling of the age, accompanied as it was by ignorance and superstition, which the "reformed clergy" did little to remove, giving a bad example to the people by their own careless mode of life, and haughty bearing to the poor, for whom they had little sympathy. Whitgift remonstrated in vain with his clergy. But the "day of reckoning came." And the Puritans proved themselves to be as earnest in persecution as those whom they condemned.

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CHAPTER XX.

THE QUEEN OF SCOTS AND HER DISAFFECTED SUBJECTS.

THE intriguing De Foix and Sir William Cecil appear upon the scene for the purpose of arranging the dispute between the Queen of Scotland and her rebellious nobles. Cecil, who thoroughly understood the whole question at issue, professed the impossibility of deciding who was the most to blame in the rupture, but added "that he had been told that it all proceeded from the marriage of the Queen of Scots with the son of the Earl of Lennox."* Cecil further stated that the Scotch nobles lived in peace and harmony with their Sovereign till the period of her marriage with young Darnley. Now, the records of what actually occurred contradict the statements made by Sir William Cecil, and clearly prove that Lord Moray was in the pay of the Queen of England at the very time Cecil represents him "as governing Scotland in a mild and conciliatory manner, and to the satisfaction of his Sovereign."

One of the causes of complaint against the Queen of Scots at this time was "the great consideration with which she treated her Italian domestics," especially David Rizzio, who filled the office of musician, "and sometimes secretary in

* De Foix's report of the Conference between himself and Cecil is to be seen in Teulet, vol. ii. p. 72; also the Council Book, wherein is entered an account of the Conference in question.

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drafting foreign correspondence"—a labour for which few of the Scotch gentlemen were capable at that period. Rizzio and his brother never exercised any political power or possessed any influence of importance with the Queen. John Knox stated that Rizzio was the "secret spy, or clerical agent for the Pope in Scotland." Knox knew well enough that the Roman Pontiff would not select for his envoy a half-educated, decrepit little musician from Turin. At best, he never received a suitable education to become a clerical agent for the Court of Rome.

A conspiracy was formed for the destruction of Rizzio, but at the bottom of this scheme lay a deeper and more terrible plot. The foreign Ambassadors accused the English Government of aiding the Scotch rebels with money. Queen Elizabeth, who could assume a virtuous and honourable indignation with any politician of her time, assured the French envoy that she had not given the slightest encouragement to the Scotch rebels. De Foix replied that it had been positively asserted that her Highness had sent large sums of money to the disaffected Scotch lords to promote rebellious movements in the realm. Elizabeth, with much apparent earnestness of feeling, averred with an oath that she had never sent them any money.* Here come the real facts, in the face of Elizabeth's oath. The Queen of England had written to the Earl of Bedford, as the *surviving document proves*, to let Lord Moray *have one thousand pounds, and more, if he saw his need to be great, and further sums if required.* Bedford was also commanded by his Royal mistress to have three hundred soldiers lying in wait at Carlisle, that

* De Foix's Ambassadorial Reports; State Papers of Sir William Cecil on Scotch affairs.

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they might, "*under circumstances*," be drawn to the aid of the Scotch lords.*

Amongst the State Papers preserved of Elizabeth's reign is the petition of J. Nicolson and J. Johnson to Queen Elizabeth, complaining that "they have been put to the last extremity by their Sovereign, the Queen of Scots, in consequence of their having conveyed *an aid-money* to the Earl of Moray from Maister Tamworth," Queen Elizabeth's agent. These transactions require no commentary, for they pronounce a verdict which the reader must accept.

Every day the Queen of Scots felt the results of her unfortunate marriage with Darnley. It being judged expedient by the Queen and her Council to send a strong military force to the Borders,† Lord Bothwell was chosen as the best suited for the command of the expedition. Darnley opposed the views of the Council, who would not be dictated to by "a petulant boy," as some of them remarked. Darnley insisted that his father should be made Lieutenant-General of the Border. No Scot, however, of any prudence or patriotism could sanction such an appointment, for Lord Lennox was well known to have been an unscrupulous agent of the English Government for many years. Darnley and his father now became violent from disappointment. Sir Thomas Randolph and his spies assured Darnley that he was "badly treated, and he should assert *his rights*." This mischievous

* These proceedings are printed in Robertson's Appendix; also in Fraser Tytler, vol. v.; and likewise in vol. iv. of the Queens of Scotland.

† Thieves, assassins, outlaws, spies, gamblers, rebels, and patriots, all found an asylum in the Border haunts, and lived on good terms. The noblest, the bravest, and the basest of mankind were to be found in those districts, where English gold was often spurned when offered to betray the unfortunate to the cruel agents of the English Queen.

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advice gave fresh courage to the thoughtless and obstinate youth. About the same time Randolph writes in confidence to Cecil as to the "political disagreements" between the Queen and her husband. "I must," says Randolph, "let you know what jars there are already rising between the Queen and her husband; *the boy* wants to have his father, Lord Lennox, made Lieutenant-General, and the Queen is in favour of Lord Bothwell."

The Queen was still popular with the majority of her Protestant subjects. Eighteen thousand men—brave and enthusiastic subjects — assembled at Biggar, in Lanarkshire, to "defend their young Queen and auld countrie." When the Queen took the field the enthusiasm was immense. The rebels retreated in confusion; and the disaffected nobles retired to Carlisle, where they remained under the protection of Queen Elizabeth. After a bloodless victory over her enemies, Queen Mary disbanded her army, and returned in triumph to Edinburgh. This event proved that when the Queen followed the dictates of her own judgment she acted like a wise and prudent monarch. The Scottish Queen has been repeatedly accused of being a cruel and vindictive woman. If this had been the case, she had full opportunity of exercising it on the people of Dumfries, where the rebels had been sustained for about five weeks. Neither Buchanan nor Randolph, who were the greatest libellers of the Queen, nor even Knox, bear record of a single act of vengeance on her part. No blood-stained scaffolds marked her triumph, nor were the gates of her palaces loaded with gory heads and mangled limbs, as were the English "Bridge of Sighs," and the noted Tower of London.

The next scheme in which many of the Scotch nobles embarked was that of "a private assassination." The friendship

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which existed between Darnley and "the Italian interloper," as Rizzio was styled, had turned to bitter hate. Lord Lennox was amongst the enemies of Rizzio; and Lethington and Morton belonged to the same party. The latter nobles professed a devotion for Darnley, whom they secretly despised.

The Queen at this time felt the neglect with which she had been treated by her husband. Darnley preferred the society of wild immoral young men of his own age to that of his peerless wife—his Queen. He became a confirmed drunkard, and his language to the Queen and her ladies was condemned by all who honoured manhood. At other times he took a religious turn; laid aside strong liquors, and abandoned his evil companions. When in this mood he spoke in most insulting language of the Protestant party, and would tell them that he "should compel them to attend Mass."* As a matter of course, this conduct created fresh enemies for him. Morton, the Queen's Chancellor, assured her that the violence and folly of her husband would bring ruin upon her. Morton, like others of his party, acted with dissimulation and treachery, for whilst he spoke thus to his Sovereign he secretly excited the ambition and piqued the pride of the boy-husband into asserting *his* "rights," and the miserable youth soon became the ready and unconscious instrument of assassins and rebels; all this time Morton professing to be the loyal and devoted minister of his Sovereign. Morton next induced Darnley to accompany him to a private meeting in Lord Ruthven's sick chamber,† where the assassins were making arrangements for the murder of David Rizzio. Here the expediency of the proposed murder was freely discussed like any business matter.

* Randolph to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, Feb., 1565.

† Spottiswoode's History of the Church of Scotland.

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There is but little doubt that Sir James Melville was acquainted with the existence of the plot; and Sir Thomas Randolph is described as "the ready go-between in these intrigues and plots." As the period for the assassination approached, Randolph wrote thus to his friend and patron, Lord Leicester:—"David Rizzio, with the *consent* of the King (Darnley), will have his *throat cut within ten days*."*

An English Ambassador privy to a horrible murder, and the English Council in the secret! In this their English abettors exceeded in infamy the Scotch conspirators, because the latter (including most of the so-called "nobles") were at that time savagely ignorant, and made a common practice of murder and plunder.

There were several schemes arranged for the murder of Rizzio. On one occasion the intended victim was out in a boat on a lake with Sir George Douglas and Darnley; when, it is stated, Rizzio's back was turned to the party, Douglas made signs to the puppet king to throw the Italian overboard, into the deep water, where he would have perished mysteriously, without either of them being called to account for it.† At that period of his brief history Darnley revolted from the horrible suggestion of Douglas, whose hands were so often stained with the blood of innocent men.

At this time Darnley was fast drifting to destruction, and his mode of life in Edinburgh had become a topic of general conversation; his conduct to the Queen could not be sanc-

* Sir Thomas Randolph's Secret Correspondence with Lord Leicester—Fitch's MSS.

† This curious anecdote was produced by the late Robert Chambers, of dinburgh, from a MS. Memoir of the family of Dalgleish in Mr. Chambers's Life of James VI. of Scotland.

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tioned even by her enemies. According to the written statements of such men as Lords Lethington, Argyle, and Fleming, his private history had become too abominable to be committed to paper.

Randolph continued to play his rôle. During the eventful month of February, 1566, a collision took place between Queen Mary and the dishonourable representative of the English Court, in the person of Sir Thomas Randolph, whose correspondence with the Scotch rebels now became notorious. Much importance must be attached to the research of such an upright historian as Mr. Frazer Tytler. "Randolph," writes this stern Calvinist, "transmitted to Sir William Cecil and his Royal Mistress the most false and distorted accounts of the state of Scotland. His object was to induce the Queen of England to assist the insurgent lords with money and troops, as she had done before. To accomplish this end, Sir Thomas Randolph not only concealed the truth, but did not scruple to employ calumny and falsehood. He represented Queen Mary's proceedings to her nobles as tyrannical, when they were forbearing. He described her as earnestly bent on the destruction of religion, when for five years she maintained it exactly as she found it on her arrival from France, and had recently, by a solemn proclamation, declared her determination to preserve the fullest liberty of conscience. Randolph pointed at the Scottish Queen as an object of contempt and ridicule to her subjects, whereas she was popular and beloved at the same time."* Again he says: "Mary was deserted by her nobles and people." The fact was "that her barons and vassals were daily crowding into the capital." On the other hand, Moray and his party were "equally misrepresented by Sir Thomas

* Tytler's Mary Stuart, vol. v. p. 312.

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Randolph, when he assured Cecil that the country lay at the mercy of Moray and his followers, whilst they only waited for the advice and money of England to sweep away every opposition, and to compel the Queen of Scotland to place herself once more at their disposal."

The evidence of being a traitor was fully established against Sir Thomas Randolph. Queen Mary summoned him before her Council, and there charged him with the violation of his duty as an Ambassador, and his honour as a gentleman. Randolph boldly denied the accusation.

"What," said the Queen, "can you dare deny that you have been supplying my traitorous subjects with money?"

"I do," was the cool reply.

"I can quickly confront you, Sir, with your own agents," remarked the Queen, with a look of scorn and triumph.

Johnstone, the man who had charge of three sealed bags, each containing three thousand crowns, satisfied the Queen and her Council that he had been engaged by Randolph and Tamworth to deliver the bags of English gold to Lord Moray's wife. Lady Moray sent her card back to Thomas Randolph as a token that she had received the said bags of gold.* Johnstone gave the strongest proofs of the truth of his statements. Randolph looked confounded, but remained silent. The Queen and her Council had resolved at once to send Randolph under an armed guard over the boundary of Scotland as a person convicted of abusing the privileges and violating the duties of his office as an Ambassador; with passionate censure on his treacherous practices, the Scottish Queen

* Papers discovered in the Earl of Leven's charter-chest, printed in the Maitland Club Miscellany, vol. iii. p. 1; Scotch Correspondence in State Papers.

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pronounced the judgment of her Council against Sir Thomas Randolph. She also directed her Ambassador, Sir Robert Melville, to address a formal note to the Queen of England, detailing the conduct of her Ambassador. Randolph, retiring from the scene, looked and muttered vengeance, but, with murderous prevision, bided his time. He kept his "unspoken word" during the dark days of the terrible future.

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CHAPTER XXI.

MURDER OF RIZZIO.

PLOTTED against by her brother, on whom the Queen of Scots bestowed so many favours, shamed and impeded by her vicious husband, it is not to be wondered, under the circumstances, that the Queen made the most of the honesty of her secretary, who was entrusted with the secret political correspondence which the circumstances of the times forced upon her. She may not have been wise in the expression of her appreciation of Rizzio's talents and devotion. The gross-minded Scotch lords could not comprehend the meaning of platonic friendship existing between men and women of high culture and pure minds. It is no wonder that Rizzio soon incurred the deadly hatred of the nobles and chiefs. Sir James Melville, in his memoirs, relates many narratives of the conduct of the nobles and gentlemen towards the Queen's Italian secretary. "The lords frowned fiercely upon Rizzio, and others would thrust him bodily aside, muttering some gross expressions."*

In a letter of Sir George Douglas to his friend Andrew Kerr, he boasts how he "stood upon Maister Rizzio's lame foot, and made him yell out for his brother Joe." Kerr often spoke of the dagger in relation to the secretary.

* Sir James Melville's Account of the Murder of Rizzio.

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Darnley was quite ready to fall in with the murderous designs of Morton, Ruthven, and Douglas; he had a personal feeling against Rizzio, not that of jealousy, for such would have been absurd; Rizzio had honestly and wisely advised the Queen not to confer upon Darnley the "Crown-matrimonial." This judicious advice won the enmity of Darnley, who soon became the tool of those who had far more extensive designs to accomplish than the assassination of Rizzio. It was also said that Rizzio had lent sums of money to Darnley and Douglas, and "both repudiated their bills." Darnley was heavily in debt, "without the Queen's knowledge," and Sir George Douglas had the character of rarely paying his debts; and in the negotiations for murdering Cardinal Beaton he expected to have received as much money from the English Council as would "square all his difficulties;" but, as the reader is aware, the negotiations were broken off under extraordinary and disgraceful circumstances.*

The work of death, according to the arrangements made, was not to be confined to David Rizzio, for a wholesale slaughter was contemplated. Those members of the Queen's Council who had shown themselves opposed to her deposition, by refusing to concur in granting the Crown-matrimonial to the Queen's ungrateful husband, became marked men. The intended victims were the Lords Bothwell, Huntley, Atholl, Fleming, Livingstone, and Sir James Balfour—the last was, for some unexplained reason, *to be hanged at the Queen's chamber door.* A selection was also made of the Court ladies who were to suffer. Six of the Queen's most confidential maids of honour were to be tied up in sacks and drowned;

* See chapter on "Masks Removed," in the second volume of this work.

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and the Queen herself, if she survived the horrors of the tragedy proposed to be acted in her presence, was either to be slain or imprisoned in Stirling Castle, till she consented to acknowledge her husband's usurpation.*

The amount of dissimulation with which so young a man, yet of a bent so reckless and utterly unprincipled as Darnley, concealed these atrocious designs appears far more remarkable than the readiness with which his lost honour, his want of common sense, not to mention conscience, urged him to adopt them in order to avert suspicion as to his deadly plans. Darnley challenged Rizzio to play a game of tennis with him, and was actually thus engaged with his victim the very day preceding that appointed for the assassination.†

On this occasion the conspirators suggested that it was "a good opportunity to despatch 'Auld Davie.'"

"No," replied Darnley, "the best time to select is when he is at supper with the Queen and her ladies; and then we can strike terror, or blows, as required."

The accounts concerning this tragic narrative, although agreeing in the main incidents, are contradictory. The statements furnished by Randolph and Lord Bedford must be received with caution, for they were aware of the entire conspiracy for many weeks. Did these agents of the Queen of England do anything to avert the murder? According to their own despatches—still extant—they undoubtedly did much to promote the assassinations which quickly followed.

I now arrive almost at the fatal moment of this savage butchery—a scene which some Scotch "nobles" may still look back on

* Reports to Cardinal de Lorraine n Teulet.

† Italian Memorial in Labanoff's Appendix, vol. vii.

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with shame and downcast eyes. On Saturday evening, the 9th of March, 1566, about seven of the clock, when quite dark, the Earls of Morton and Lindsay, with one hundred and fifty men bearing torches and deadly weapons, occupied the court of the palace of Holyrood, seized the gates without resistance, and closed them against all but their own companions. At this moment the Queen was at supper in a small room, or cabinet, which opened from her bedchamber. She was attended by three of her ladies, four gentlemen in waiting, the captain of the guard, and her recently appointed secretary, David Rizzio, who, accompanied by two pages, stood behind the Queen's chair. The bedchamber communicated by a secret staircase with the King's apartment behind, to which the assassins had been admitted. Darnley, ascending this stair, threw up the arras which concealed its opening in the wall, entered the little apartment where the Queen sat, and with apparent affection, kissed his wife. A mysterious silence ensued, and in about five minutes a change of scene took place, when Lord Ruthven, clad in complete armour, rushed into the apartment. He had just risen from a sick bed; his features were sunken and pale from disease; his voice hollow; his whole appearance haggard and weary; yet murder in its direst form was traceable upon his countenance. In the words of one of the ladies present, he "appeared like a vampire thirsting for more blood." The Queen became terror-stricken; still she had the courage to tell Ruthven to retire from her presence—a command returned by a look of insolent scorn.

"Are there no true Scots present," exclaimed one of the ladies, "who would strike down this coward ruffian who styles himself *the* Lord Ruthven?"

The young lady's interrogatory was received with a coarse

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laugh by the men who stood near the door. In another moment torches flamed in the outer chamber, and the clash of arms was heard amidst ferocious shouts from the followers of the chief assassins.

"Mother of God," exclaimed the Queen, with uplifted hands to Heaven, "What is all this about?"

A momentary silence and then a shout of "Forward!" was heard. George Douglas bounded into the room like an uncaged tiger. Dagger in hand, he looked, every inch, a murderer, to whom pity or mercy was unknown. He was followed by Kerr, of Fandonside, and the other assassins.* Lord Ruthven unsheathed his dagger, and called out that their business was with David Rizzio, and made an effort to seize him.

"If my secretary has been guilty of any crimes," said the Queen, "his case shall be investigated, and if he has done wrong to any of my subjects, the law shall punish him to the utmost extent. The law makes no distinction between the lord and the peasant when they have done evil. I wish you all, however, to understand that I will not permit any man to take the law into his own hands."

This short speech of the Queen, which was delivered with firmness and dignity, excited an ironical laugh from Sir George Douglas.

"Here is the means of justice," exclaimed one of the assassins, producing a rope.

"Oh, good Queen," said Rizzio, "I am a dead man."

"Fear not," said her Highness, in a firm voice. "The King, my husband, will never suffer you to be slain in *my*

* See Queen Mary's Despatches to the Archbishop of Glasgow; Keith; Queens of Scotland, vol. iv.; Frazer Tytler, vol. v.

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presence; neither can *my* husband forget your faithful services."*

At this stage of the proceedings Darnley looked quite bewildered. He trembled from head to foot, whilst the assassins uttered another ironical laugh, and pointed at him with scorn. Ruthven, in an insolent tone, told Darnley "*to take charge of his wife, and hold the woman tight till*——"

The savage slogan yell, "A Douglas! a Douglas!" now resounded through the palace. Morton and his eighty followers, impatient of delay, rushed forward to the scene of slaughter, and were disappointed that several of those whom they came to murder were absent. Rizzio, bleeding profusely, again caught the Queen's robe. His last exclamations were: "Mercy, mercy, for the love of Jesus Christ." A scene of horror ensued; the Queen cried and supplicated; the tables and lights were overturned. "Drag auld Davie out," exclaimed several voices. "I must plunge my dagger in him again," were the words of George Douglas.

The end of the tragic scene was now at hand. The cold-blooded and coward husband of the Queen came forward to play *his* part, and fulfil his pledge to the conspirators whose miserable creature he had become. He succeeded in unlocking the death-grasp with which the unhappy victim clung to the Queen's robe, and then forced his outraged wife into a chair and stood behind it, holding her tightly that she might not rise. This scene extinguished Mary Stuart's fast-fading love for her cruel and profligate consort; and, perhaps, for the first time in her life she felt what species of resentment gives birth to hatred.

All further obstruction to the murderers was now removed.

* Birrel's Diary; Adam Blackwood; Queens of Scotland, vol. iv.

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They plunged their daggers in the body of the dying man, each blow accompanied by fearful oaths and words of demoniac triumph. The body was mangled by fifty-six wounds, and left in a pool of blood. Kerr and Douglas returned to the scene, and further disfigured the reeking corpse, tied it up with a rope and flung it into the street.

During the struggle, Andrew Kerr, the most sanguinary of the blood-stained men present, placed a pistol to the Queen's breast, and with a terrible imprecation, assured her he would shoot her dead if she offered resistance. The Queen stood undaunted. She exclaimed in a firm voice, "Villain, fire! Fire if you respect not the Royal infant in my womb."* The assassin was not moved by the speech of the Queen—he pulled the trigger, but the pistol accidentally hung fire. Nor was this the only attempt made on the life of the defenceless Mary Stuart during that dreadful night, when a set of miscreants, reckoned amongst those who were called "the Scottish nobles," covered themselves with infamy. James Bellenden, brother of the Lord Justice Clerk, aimed a murderous blow at the Queen, under cover of the tumultuous attack on unfortunate Rizzio, but his purpose was observed by one of the pages in attendance upon the Queen, who, with equal courage and presence of mind, parried the blow by striking the rapier aside with the torch he had been holding. The name of the page was Anthony Standen, a handsome young English gentleman. When an old man, and residing in Rome, Mr. Standen related many particulars of the terrible scenes that occurred on the night of Rizzio's murder. He had a personal knowledge of the principal actors.

When the murder had ended, Lord Ruthven returned to

* Italian Memorials in Labanoff's Mary Stuart.

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the Royal presence to make himself, if possible, more hateful to the Queen, who became dreadfully excited upon beholding the bloody hands of Ruthven uplifted in thanks to Heaven for what had just occurred. As the excitement caused by Ruthven's presence had somewhat calmed, the Queen stood still, with clasped hands, in prayer, evidently expecting that her own life was the next to be sacrificed. After his blasphemous thanksgiving for a barbarous murder, Ruthven indulged in gross allusions to the Queen's ladies. He threw himself upon a seat, and called out for a goblet of wine. "Wine, wine, I must have quickly." Then addressing himself to the Queen, he said: "Good Queen, you are in no danger. But your favourite is done for; and my dagger, and my hand, aided in sending him down to hell. 'So perish every man or woman who are enemies to our holy religion of the Reformed Gospel.'"*

Ruthven not only attempted to vindicate himself and his associates, but he added enduring poignancy to the Queen's feelings, when he assured her that the conspiracy and the murder were all planned with the *express approval of her own husband*, who actually led them into her private apartment, and "held her down whilst they were plunging their steel into the body of Maister Davie. What think you of *your husband now?*" The Queen, starting from her seat, intensely excited, uttered the following words:—"*My husband! my husband! Then farewell tears! we must* NOW *think of revenge.*" Mary Stuart's high spirit quailed not a moment before Ruthven. With renewed energy of mind and spirit, she continued her address to Ruthven, who sat opposite, with rude and undignified bearing. "I trust," said the Queen, "my Lord Ruthven,

* Anthony Standen's Narrative.

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that the Almighty *God, who beholds this scene from the highest heavens, will avenge my wrongs, and move that which shall be born of me to root out you and your treacherous posterity.*"*

The prophetical denunciation of the Queen of Scots as to Ruthven was fully accomplished by her son (King James) on the House of the "*red-handed Ruthven.*"

"That *poltroon*, and vile knave, 'Auld Davie,' was justly punished on the 9th day of March, in the year of God, 1565-6, for abusing the Commonwealth, and for his other villany, which we list not to express, by the counsel and hands of Sir George Douglas, the Earl of Morton, Patrick Lord Lindsay, and the Lord Ruthven, with other assisters in their company, who all, *for their just act, and most worthy of all praise*, are now unworthily reft of their brethren, and suffer the bitterness of punishment and exile."†

The above remarkable passage was written by Knox during the exile of Morton and the other assassins of Rizzio. Knox adds a "fervent prayer that God will restore them to their country, and punish the 'head and tail' that now trouble the just and maintain impiety." The marginal note explains that Knox was then predicting the fate of his Queen and her Ministers. "The head," he observes, "is known; the tail has two branches — the temporal lords that maintain her

* Notes of Anthony Standen, who was present, and stood behind the Queen throughout this terrible scene; also the statements in corroboration by the ladies in waiting; Ruthven and Morton's Narrative; Keith's Appendix; Spottiswood and Tytler. The statement put forward by Ruthven and Morton must be considered as the allegations of the principal assassins. Anthony Standen and the ladies who were witnesses to the whole proceeding must be accepted as the genuine evidence of what occurred.

† History of the Reformation in Scotland, by John Knox, vol. i. p. 235.

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abominations, and her flattering counsellors, blasphemous Balfour, now called Clerk of Register, and Clair, Dean of Restalrig, blind of one eye, but of both in his soul, upon whom God shortly took vengeance."

Andrew Kerr was Lord Ruthven's nephew.* Many years subsequent to the death of Rizzio, Kerr married the still young and handsome widow of John Knox. This poor lady became the wife of another bad husband. A cruel, licentious, drunken ruffian was this dagger-man. Yet, strange as it may appear, Sir Andrew Kerr ranks amongst the "Saints of the Kirk of Scotland."

On the night of the murder of Rizzio the Queen was made a prisoner in her own palace. The excitement was immense; the assassins took to drink freely, to pray, and to fight amongst themselves; the dagger was again in use. On Sunday the rebel lords, with Moray at their head, returned to Edinburgh, where they were received by Darnley, who cordially welcomed his cousin Moray. Let it be remembered that Moray and his companions were fully aware of the assassination on the previous night. Moray had an interview with the Queen, when "she flung herself in his arms and wept bitterly, exclaiming 'If my dear brother was here, poor Rizzio would not have suffered the terrible death he received last night.'" Moray "*cried heartily*, and assured his sister that he would *protect her and shed the last drop of his blood in her defence.*"

Only a few hours after this scene Lord Moray assembled the "enterprising" of the late murder, and several of the disaffected who had returned to Edinburgh with him. The

* Lord Ruthven did not live to see the results of his evil deeds. A sudden and a violent death closed his career; and history ranks him amongst the worst of his order.

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questions Moray submitted for the consideration of this band of assassins was, "whether it was expedient to imprison the Queen at Stirling Castle, or put her to death at once," remarking that "delays were dangerous." Lord Lennox, the father of Darnley, was present at this council as the friend of Moray, who, at the same time, was secretly pledged to have his (Lennox's) son "murdered as soon as possible." A "more secret meeting" was held at Lord Morton's house, where the fate of the Queen was again discussed. The conspirators desired particularly to know what course Lord Moray would recommend. He replied without hesitation, "*that they should put the Queen to death quickly.*"

"Put to death quickly" that trusting sister, whose tears *had so lately commingled with his own;* they had wept together as we have seen; as she clung to him in her agonising welcome of trusting confidence—the confiding dependence of a sister who had neither husband nor friend to shield her. This unparalleled brother concluded his address by telling his audience that it was *for the good and the security of their holy religion that the Queen should die.* And again, he impressed upon his followers that "delays were dangerous."*

Within a few hours the most extraordinary incidents occurred, and the Queen's faith in human nature and its professions of loyalty and love was tested to the utmost. The conspirators in the case of Rizzio had quarrelled amongst themselves and suddenly laid the whole plot before the Queen, and in the most distinct and positive manner accused Darnley of being the "instigator and contriver of the murder." To prove this they laid "the bonds or covenants before her

* Adam Blackwood's Life of Queen Mary, Maitland Club edition; Tytler vol. v.

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Highness," and the dreadful truth broke upon her in all its horrors.*

Mary now understood for the first time, but from a hostile source, that "her husband was the principal conspirator against her; the defamer of her honour; the plotter against her liberty and her Crown; the almost murderer of herself and her infant child." Darnley stood convicted as a traitor and a perjurer; false to every principle of honour; false to his wife; false to his Sovereign; and, like the basest of criminals, false to his associates in crime. The Queen was reduced almost to despair, not knowing in whom to confide. Up to this time Mary did not believe in the reports of her husband's treachery to herself, and his desire to dethrone her.

Seeing the results of his own conduct, Darnley made a confession to the Queen, implicating his accomplices in conspiracy and murder. When too late he ascertained that his own life was in as much if not more danger than his wife's at this very period. Then, subordinating all to the "principle" of self-preservation, he besought pardon and obtained it. But the conspiracy of the red-handed "nobles" made flight necessary. Many plans were arranged for the escape of the Royal couple from Holyrood; but all proved hazardous. Mary's spirits rose with the excitement of the adventure.

At last a scheme was devised which proved successful. In order to avoid suspicion the King and Queen retired early, but rose two hours after midnight; the Queen being only attended by one faithful maid, Margaret Cawood. The party stealthily descended a secret stair to a postern leading through the cemetery of the Royal Chapel. The night was dark, which

* Italian Memorial in Labanoff; Queens of Scotland, vol. iv.; MS. letter, State Papers; Thomas Randolph to Sir William Cecil.

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added to the difficulties of the fugitives, but the guards were asleep or intoxicated. At the outer gate of the cemetery the faithful young Standen was waiting with a horse for Darnley, who seemed to feel his situation much, for he sobbed and cried; next came the Queen. The narrator states that there was danger in lifting a woman in her delicate condition to a pillion; however, after some fear and excitement Queen Mary was seated behind Arthur Erskine. Traquair took charge of Margaret Cawood, and Anthony Standen and Bastian rode singly. The party cleared the precincts of the palace without alarm being raised, and after a sharp gallop arrived safely at Lord Seton's. Seton, with two hundred armed cavaliers, was in readiness to receive his Queen, and to escort her to Dunbar.*

Invigorated by the sharp air and exercise, Queen Mary insisted on taking a horse to herself, and was not only able to support herself in the saddle, but performed the last twelve miles of the journey with such speed that she and her chivalrous body-guard arrived at Dunbar before sunrise, and demanded admittance to her Royal fortress.

The warder's challenge was answered by the startling announcement—"Your Queen!"

Four-and-twenty hours had scarcely elapsed since Lord Moray and his rebel confederates had swept past the fortress on their triumphant return to Edinburgh, escorted by one thousand spearmen, proclaiming as they marched along the

* Prince Labanoff's Appendix; Lord Herries' History of the Queen of Scots; Jane Kennedy states that Herries, then very young, was present at many of those adventures. Randolph's letters to Cecil at this period correctly describes the extraordinary scenes which were passing, and the courage and perseverance of the Queen of Scots.

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tidings that "Holyrood Abbey was occupied by the 'followers of Lord Moray,' that wicked little Rizzio was served out as he deserved, and the Queen a prisoner in Darnley's hands, who meant to destroy her for the public good."

Such had been the current reports. Now it turned out that the Royal couple—Mary and her handsome worthless husband—had eloped together, and were riding, side by side like romantic lovers, in the grey light of morning. The whole thing appeared so strange to the warder in command that he ventured not to raise the portcullis till he had ascertained how the chatelain stood affected. The suspense was quickly over; the Governor of the Castle hastened to offer homage to the Queen and her husband. Darnley received a cold reception from the more devoted loyalists. But when the base part he had taken in the brutal murder of Rizzio became known a feeling of horror possessed every right-minded person.

Having been duly admitted to the Castle of Dunbar, the first thing the Queen did was to order a fire to be made to warm herself. "I am cold and hungry," said her Highness, "I want some new-laid eggs and a warm drink."

The Queen cooked the eggs herself, which caused Archibald Mackenzie, a chivalrous old follower of the Stuart family, to burst into tears. "My Royal mistress to be allowed to cook eggs for her breakfast! Has Scotland lost her pride?"*

On this occasion the Queen walked through a crowd of her supporters, the majority of whom belonged to the Kirk congregations, and she said something kindly to each, and thanked them for the devotion they evinced for her cause that morning.

* Memorials of the Royal Flight to Dunbar.

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Darnley, who was present at "this interviewing" of the Queen by a crowd of some hundreds, remained silent, and was perfectly unnoticed.

This scene in the hall of Dunbar over, Mary Stuart sat down and wrote letters to her French relatives, detailing her recent troubles. In the letter to her uncle, the Cardinal de Lorraine, she subscribed herself "your niece, Marie, Queen without a kingdom." Mary was mistaken when she signed herself a Queen without a kingdom, for the hearts of the people of Scotland were undoubtedly with her at *that period.* In a few days thousands flocked to the Royal standard. Men sixty and seventy years of age came from remote districts with their sons and grandsons, ready and willing to defend their Queen—the granddaughter of their "beloved Bonnie King Jamie."

The rebel league now began to split, and the dagger-men were quite willing to betray one another. The principal men amongst the assassins of Rizzio fled to England, where they were entertained by the agents of Queen Elizabeth till their evil services were again required.

A distinguished writer of the present day, and sometimes a reasonless defamer of Mary Stuart, describes her at this crisis of her eventful history :—

"Whatever credit is due to iron fortitude and intellectual address must be given without stint to this extraordinary woman. Her energy grew with exertion; the terrible agitation of the three preceding days, the wild escape, and a midnight gallop of more than twenty miles within a few weeks of her confinement would have shaken the strength of the least fragile of human frames; but Mary Stuart seemed not to know the meaning of the word *exhaustion.* She had scarcely alighted from her horse than couriers were flying east, west, north and south, to call the Catholic nobles to her side. She wrote her own story to her Minister at Paris,

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bidding the Archbishop in a postscript to anticipate the false rumours which would be spread against her honour. . . . To Elizabeth, Mary wrote on this occasion with her own hand—fierce, dauntless, and haughty as in the days of her prosperity,* Queen Mary demanded to know whether the Queen of England intended to support the traitors who had slain her most faithful servant in her presence."†

In eight days after her flight from Edinburgh, the Queen returned to her capital, when the inhabitants—young and old—came out to meet her. Lords, chiefs, and knights crowded around their Sovereign, who was at the head of an army of nearly twelve thousand men. The Queen's popularity was immense, whilst her husband was detested by the people of every party in the State. He seemed to have been deserted by the Presbyterians, with whom he had sought an alliance. Darnley's father (Lord Lennox), who was connected with the conspiracy to murder Rizzio, was ordered by the Queen to leave the country. Moray, whom Mary had never ceased to trust, was once more pardoned and re-called. On the very day he received his sister's letter, restoring him to his place, he was actually corresponding with Morton and Randolph, the deadly enemies of his Queen.

About this time a fresh conspiracy, and one which subsequently proved fatal to Mary, was formed. The principal

* The letter of the Queen of Scots, above alluded to, is to be seen amongst the State Papers of Elizabeth's reign. This letter, viewed in many forms, and the circumstances under which it was written, makes it a marvellous document. The strokes are thick and slightly uneven from excitement, but strong, firm, and without sign of tremulousness. When the Queen wrote this note she was after riding twenty miles without any refreshments, save *a goblet of water from a ditch on the highway.*

† Froude's History of England, vol. viii.

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actors in the late plot and murder were all united as to what should be the fate of Darnley, and his assassination became merely a matter of time. In the new conspiracy were Lords Morton, Moray, and Lethington. Lord Ruthven, George Douglas, and Andrew Kerr were "ready for action when called upon." With very few exceptions the Protestant party had no confidence in Darnley. They looked upon him as "a fine handsome boy, possessed of little talent; vain and petulant."

Darnley next put himself forward as the champion of Catholicity. But the Catholic party were few, and not accustomed to the dictatorship of "a beardless boy," as Randolph styled Darnley. The "boy" wrote to the Pope, censuring his Royal wife for upholding Protestantism. Darnley had no party in the country.*

As the time of the Queen's confinement approached, her resentment softened towards her husband. Uncertain that she should survive her confinement, she called a few of the principal nobles together, took measures regarding the government of the kingdom, made her will, became reconciled to Darnley, who fell upon his knees before his Royal wife, expressing his deep sorrow for the past, and a fervid hope that his conduct for the future would cause her to blot out the memory of his evil deeds. An affecting scene followed, in which the beautiful young wife—again confiding and loving—mingled her tears with those of the tall handsome youth, whom she had honoured with her hand, and made her husband. New vows were registered before Heaven by the young couple—vows to be, from on High, lamentably unconfirmed and unconsecrated.

* MSS State Papers still procurable.

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Lord Moray was now treated with marked confidence on this occasion, and through his influence the extreme Church party were conciliated—for a time at least.

Considering the difficulties of her position, the Queen of Scots had, upon the whole, conducted the Government of Scotland with remarkable prudence and success, and her respect for the conscientious and religious opinions of others induced the most powerful of the Protestant nobility to regard her rights with favour. There was one party that she could never conciliate. The Presbyterian clergy were in the front rank of the Queen's most implacable enemies. At the head of this base, cowardly, and unmanly confederacy stood John Knox, to whom I have alluded at some length in the third volume of this work.

Mr. Hosack takes a favourable view of Mary Stuart's abilities and good temper on the occasion of her religious discussion with John Knox—

"It was unfortunate for the Queen that, according to Knox's own narrative, she had maintained throughout the superiority as well in temper as in argument. Had there been a spark of generosity in the 'great Reformer's' nature, he could not have failed to admire, in one so young, the native clearness of her intellect, and even the steadfastness with which she clung to the persecuted faith of her fathers. But the egotism of John Knox seems to have been wounded by his discomfiture, for it is certain that he ever afterwards regarded the Scottish Queen with feelings of personal hostility."*

An event occurred on the 19th of June, 1566, which caused great joy throughout Scotland—the Queen was safely delivered of a son. Sir James Melville was specially charged to an-

* Hosack's Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers, p. 75.

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nounce the "happy tidings" to the Queen of England. Queen Mary and her husband seemed to be now quite reconciled. The nobles and chiefs expressed their satisfaction. The rejoicings lasted several weeks.

Suddenly it was whispered in many quarters that a formidable conspiracy was working its way at certain midnight meetings. The existence of plots was denied by the supporters of the Queen's Council. Moray, so recently pardoned, and on whom the Queen lavished many favours, was discovered to be the leading spirit in a plot to destroy his Royal sister's honour in the estimation of the Queen of England. Moray's wife took part in the "new device." George Buchanan and Randolph were also of the party. Still Moray continued to be the confidential adviser of the Queen. Notwithstanding all the solemn oaths he had taken, and the professions of love he had made for his "dear sister," he belonged to a body of men who were determined to assassinate that sister's husband at the most favourable opportunity, and to fasten the crime upon the Queen herself, by a fresh series of forgeries, and a renewal of assassinations—if required. The conspirators met every night to deliberate, and there is reason to believe that the English Council knew of their proceedings, as in the case of Rizzio.

The pictures of Mary Stuart have long been an object of patriotic interest and sympathy in Scotland—in fact, in all parts of Europe. In the picture galleries of Paris, Vienna, Milan, Madrid, and other Continental cities, there are portraits of Mary Stuart in the various stages of her misfortunes. It is, however, worthy of remark that some of the best executed likenesses of the Queen of Scots differ in essential features. There is still extant, and to be seen at Culgeon Castle, in Ayrshire, a picture of the Queen of Scots, which was taken

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about the period of her marriage with the Dauphin of France. This picture represents her in the "bright May-morning of her loveliness," when her charms were enhanced by the consciousness of possessing earthly felicity and queenly grandeur. The picture is in a nobler style of portrait-painting than that of Yaekero, and it is worthy of the genius of Titian or Guercino. The hair is of a rich chesnut tint, almost black; the complexion that of a delicate brunette, clear and glowing; and this accords with the darkness of her eyes, hair, and strongly marked eyebrows. The hair is parted in wide bands across the forehead, and rolled back in a large curl on each temple, above the small delicately moulded ears. She wears a little round crimson velvet cap, embroided with gold, and ornamented with gems, placed almost at the back of her head, resembling a Greek cap. The dress is of rich crimson damask, embroidered with gold, and ornamented with gems. It fits tightly to her bust and taper waist, which is long and slender; so is her gracefully turned throat. She has balloon-shaped tops to her sleeves, rising above the natural curve of her shoulder. Her dress is finished at the throat with a collar-band, supporting a lawn collarette, with a finely quilted demi-ruff. Her only ornament is a string of large round pearls, carelessly knotted about the throat, from which depends an amethyst cross. The general effect of this picture upon such eminent critics as Jane Porter and Agnes Strickland was one of enthusiasm, love, and admiration. Miss Strickland styles it "a glorious painting." The thoughtful mind of Maria Edgeworth caused her to utter these words:—"I have looked at this particular picture of Queen Marie many times, and always with admiration, intensified by love, and pity for her long sufferings."

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CHAPTER XXII.

THE DARNLEY MYSTERY.

WHY party and sectarian feeling should be imported into the miserable, yet mysterious narrative concerning the violent death of Henry, Earl of Darnley, is unworthy of the enlightened spirit of the age in which we live. The "choice," like many other Royal marriages, was under the control of circumstances "hedged round" by sectarian intrigue and secret malice. But a short time after the marriage it became quite apparent to the courtiers that Darnley was "largely indulging in a profligate mode of life." When he first arrived at Holyrood Palace he was in the bloom of youth, and one most likely to captivate the eye and win the heart of a young and lovely girl, and that girl—a Queen. For a few weeks he captivated his Royal bride; but his attractions of mind were of small account and soon vanished. His beauty of person was that incomplete kind of attraction, as a painter observes, wanting in the manliness bestowed by years. He was deficient in firmness and in judgment; and much attached to those grosser passions to which he soon became a slave. Lord Morton, who had a good knowledge of Darnley, describes him as "a buffoon, a vindictive, mindless boy whom the people hated because he desired to restore Popery." A much more honest writer affirms that Darnley "was sometimes violent, yet variable in his enterprises; insolent, yet credulous, and easily governed by flatterers; he was devoid of all gratitude,

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because he thought no favours equal to his merits; he was equally incapable of all delicate sentiments of love and tenderness."* A fair picture of the would-be King.

Three days before the murder of Darnley, Robert Stuart, another illegitimate brother of the Queen of Scots, and who was actually in the conspiracy to kill the Queen's husband, went to Darnley, with whom he was intimate, and informed him that there was a well-organised plot arranged for the destruction of his life. He honestly assured Darnley that "unless he left the Kirk-of-Field immediately he was certain to be killed in the same manner as Maister Davie."† Darnley informed the Queen of this dreadful warning, but she was slow to believe in any statement made by Robert Stuart. The Queen sent for her brother Robert, and commanded him to explain the meaning of his statement to her husband. A very exciting scene took place. Robert Stuart point blank denied that he had made such a statement to Darnley; and the latter, enraged at his falsehood, told him that he lied; the other insolently retorting, a fierce altercation ensued, and both laid hands on their daggers. Bloodshed might have occurred if the Queen had not called, in terror, on Lord Moray to part them, and take her brother away. Buchanan represents the Queen's conduct on this occasion as dictated by a desire to cause the death of either her husband or her brother. Upon his death-bed Buchanan retracted this and many other statements. Queen Elizabeth, who gave ample publicity to the wicked libels spoken or written by Buchanan against the Queen of Scots, would not permit his "retractations" to be published in England. This was an act of characteristic in-

* Keith, p. 287.

† Memoirs of Sir James Melville; Buchanan's Accusations.

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justice, and is a perennial stain on the memory of Elizabeth, not only as a monarch, but as a woman. Mr. Froude, it is well to say, does not praise this trait in the lineaments of his marvellously coloured portrait—a picture whose original is, in one chapter, peerless, and whose "honour" is, in another chapter, represented as "a stained rag."

The altercation between Darnley and Robert Stuart hastened the plot; and there can be no doubt that Bothwell was one of the conspirators, but there is no evidence as to his being one of the actual murderers. Moray, Lethington, Balfour, Morton, the Laird of Ormiston, and several others of the leading Kirkmen, belonged to the conspiracy. About this time the conduct of John Knox was not approved by the moderate men of Edinburgh; but the moderate men were few indeed. The denunciations of Knox against Darnley were of a cruel nature. He actually stated that to kill the wretched boy *would be a meritorious action in the sight of God.* Whatever might have been the reason, those Presbyterian parsons who were Catholic priests a few years previous became the deadly enemies of Darnley at this critical period. At the head of this party stands forth John Knox, Archibald Douglas, James Balfour, and many others. Knox held the maxim of his friend, John Calvin, "that *moderation* in the preaching of the new Gospel was *a dangerous thing, and that they should give no rest to Popery. Down with it.*"

It is an important matter to ascertain on what terms Darnley and the Queen lived together about the period of the terrible explosion at Kirk-of-Field. Here is one incident which may illustrate the case. One day Queen Mary, entering her husband's room unexpectedly, discovered him in the act of closing letters he had been amusing himself in writing to his father, the Earl of Lennox. She had such bitter and repeated

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cause to complain of the inimical manner in which Lord Lennox had exerted his paternal influence over the mind of his son that a shade of uneasiness was perhaps perceptible in her countenance. Darnley, with good sense, and an honest, homely feeling, remarked there should "exist no secret where a husband and wife loved as they should love." He handed the letters to the Queen, with a request that she should read them through to the end. The young wife seemed delighted at this proposal. She sat down beside her pale, sickly-looking boy-husband, and placing her jewelled hand lovingly upon his shoulder, read the letters to the end. She was immensely surprised to find that those missives were all in praise of *his* "darling and most beloved Marie—*his* first and *only love*." He described "her kindness to him during his illness as that of the most loving of all wives to a husband that did not deserve it." He assured his father "that he was now satisfied that both their feelings and hearts were in union;" expressing at the same time "his confident hope that all things would change for the better."*

Darnley's letters are full of sorrow for his past conduct to the Queen, "who did so much to lift him up in the estimation of the people."

Mary became transported with joy at so gratifying a testimonial of her husband's love; and with that swift enthusiasm which always characterised her love or her friendship, she kissed her husband several times, uttering these words with the exquisite softness of a young mother's voice, "Oh, the father of *my* son—the father of *my* darling baby."

Jane Kennedy, writing in after years, states that the letters

* Buchanan, vol. ii.; Labanoff's Papers; Queens of Scotland, vol. v.

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in question made an everlasting impression upon the Queen, whose love returned again for her most unworthy husband.

It was against the interests of Lord Moray and his confederates that this good feeling should exist for any length of time. Darnley assured his wife that he would not meddle in public affairs till he became schooled in the politics of the times. A nice problem for a thoughtless youth to solve. All the dangers that threatened Darnley had their origin in his violent denunciations of Protestantism, which were uncalled for and imprudent.

On Sunday, the 9th day of February, the last he was ever to spend in life, "Darnley heard Mass very devoutly and received Holy Communion. Everyone who approached him were edified by his manner." On this day he spoke kindly of the Reformers, remarking "that they were mistaken; he would pray for them that they might see the error of their way."

The French and Spanish Catholics, who had some knowledge of Darnley, had little faith in his professions of repentance. De Croc, the French Ambassador, remarked that "the fluctuations in temper and conduct were not to be relied upon, and no good could be expected from him." Father Edmonds, who had known Darnley from childhood, believed that he would act like his father on the score of religion—playing a game to suit his interests. "But then," adds Edmonds, "the youth changes his mind so often, it is difficult to know what course he may adopt."

A few months before his death Darnley weighed twenty stone, and was six feet two inches in height. The Queen, like her mother, Mary of Lorraine, was of the largest size of woman.*

* Chalmers' Life of Mary Queen of Scots, vol. i. p. 129.

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According to Darnley's steward, he consumed as much meat daily as would be sufficient for four men. "He drank freely of strong liquor, and when intoxicated became gross and violent in his language." The Queen dreaded him on those occasions, and her inner life was sad; yet she never complained to the Council of her sufferings.

On the fatal Sunday, Queen Mary attended the wedding of her faithful domestic, Margaret Cawood. She also visited her husband for about three hours. On the evening of this day Darnley parted from his wife with evident reluctance. If the evidence of the domestics can be credited, he had a dreadful presentiment that a violent death awaited him very soon. There is, however, no proof that he made such a statement to the Queen. They parted on affectionate terms, and never met again.

The end was now at hand, and the remaining hours, minutes, and seconds, of the ill-starred Henry, Earl of Darnley's life were counted by his assassins, who were hungering for the deadly moment. Nineteen cold-blooded villains were seated in a remote chamber of the house "at a stoup of liquor," awaiting the signal for the slaughter of all "within and around the house."

The narrative respecting Darnley and his little page singing hymns on "the last night;" then "chatting familiarly together till the King (Darnley) and the page closed their eyelids and slumbered in forgetfulness," is pure fiction. No one was left alive to tell what occurred. Willie Taylour, the "pretty page of romance," was no boy, but actually an old man, who had been a faithful servant of Lord Lennox, and had attended Darnley from childhood. Willie Taylour was story-teller to Darnley, and amused him during his hilarious hours. Between Taylour and David Rizzio there existed

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a feeling of jealousy. However, they agreed in their hostility to the congregations of the Kirk, and to Scotland in general. Taylour was an Englishman. His father and grandfather had been story-tellers to the noble House of Northumberland.

It is stated in the Labanoff Papers that the women (domestics), whose sleeping apartments adjoined the garden, positively affirmed that they heard a struggle between Darnley and some men in a passage near their bedrooms. The women were well acquainted with Darnley's voice, and they positively contend that he supplicated for mercy in these words :— "Oh, my kinsmen, have mercy upon me, for the love of Him, who had mercy on us all." The domestics' narrative concludes—"In a few minutes more all was silent."

No doubt the women were terrified, and narrowly escaped being blown up, or strangled, lest they might trace the voice of any individual amongst the assassins. Moray was certainly *not* present. Where was George Douglas, or Lord Robert Stuart that night? If they were not present, they were there *in spirit*, for they approved of the murder. The remarkable words, "Oh, my kinsmen," go far to prove that Darnley recognised some of his relatives amongst the murderers. Although Moray kept out of the way, he was well aware of what was to occur; he *approved of the murder, and corresponded with the assassins.*

Mr. Tytler's research arrives at a somewhat similar conclusion to that of the Labanoff report :—

"The miserable victim was awakened by the noise of false keys in the lock of his apartment, and rushing down in his night-dress and pelisse he endeavoured to make his escape; but he was intercepted, and strangled after a desperate resistance, his cries for mercy being heard by some women in the nearest house. The

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page was also strangled. The bodies were carried into a small orchard without the garden wall, where they were found, Darnley in his shirt only, and the pelisse by his side."*

For this scene Mr. Tytler quotes M. de Morrett as an authority.

About midnight, it is supposed, Lord Bothwell joined the band of murderous noblemen, knights, and their retainers—a class of persons who "would commit any desperate crime for a few pieces of silver and a stoup of liquor." The parties all met at the Kirk-of-Field. One of the murderers, Sir George Douglas, writing in after years, says :—"No one hesitated ; there was neither fear nor conscience to interpose. The boy-man was the great enemy of the Protestant cause. Either party should perish. The arrival of Lord Bothwell was the signal to complete the work already begun." †

The excitement increased, the match was lighted but burnt too slow for the breathless impatience of the chief actors, who were stealing forward to examine it, when it took effect. A loud noise, like the bursting of a thunder-cloud, awoke the sleeping city. Darnley's house was torn in pieces, and cast into the air. The scene was terrific. The assassins hurried from the spot, under the cover of the darkness, and reached the palace unnoticed, where another party of the conspirators awaited their report. The news of the blowing-up of the house and the murder of Darnley and his domestics

* This terrible murder is supposed to have taken place "about two of the clock on Monday morning."

† Donald Graham, a preacher, states that Bothwell was not there at all, but some other person like him. Graham further affirms that Bothwell was the most true Protestant in the land, and that his brethren "were very ungrateful to him."

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flew quickly to Holyrood; and a servant is said to have conveyed the dreadful intelligence to Bothwell's chamber. "The latter started from his bed in well-feigned astonishment, and running through the palace, shouted aloud, 'Treason, treason.' He was joined the next moment by Lord Huntley, a brother-conspirator. With several others connected with the Court, they entered the Queen's apartments. When made acquainted with the fate of her husband, Queen Mary became very excited. She could not believe the terrible reality. Within one hour all delusions were at an end; and the Queen became overwhelmed with grief."

Miss Strickland does not credit the statement that Bothwell was present at the murder of Darnley, and shows that he was at that moment in the palace, where the wedding festivities of Margaret Cawood were proceeding. This allegation rests upon a statement made by Bothwell's French servant, who was tortured to extort a confession. It is certain that Bothwell and Moray arranged the murder. Of this fact there can be no doubt. The evidence to connect Moray with the murder of Darnley is to be found in the English State Papers, the Records of Edinburgh and his own *confidential correspondence*. According to Sir Henry Killegrew, an English Ambassador, *Moray was entertaining at his own house, Bothwell, who was then publicly charged with the murder of Darnley*. Moray and his brothers, about the same time, through their agents, denounced Bothwell as the assassin of Darnley. Let the reader dwell upon these facts. The conflict of evidence was also startling. The Queen offered a reward of £2,000, and a pension of £500 for life, to discover the murderers, or "find the bottom of the conspiracy." The rewards had only the effect of bringing out a number of persons who were prepared to swear away the

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lives of innocent men. From the highest to the lowest circles there was nothing but venality and wickedness of the foulest description. "Honour amongst thieves" was a sentiment never entertained by the assassins of Darnley.

Suspicion everywhere attached to the agents of Queen Elizabeth. Sir William Drury, writing from Berwick, in a few days subsequent to the murder of Darnley, could inform Sir William Cecil of the conversation which was said to have passed between the assassins and their victim. From whom did Drury obtain this information? It must have proceeded either from the murderers themselves, or the conspirators by whom they had been employed, for there was no one living who could disclose the dreadful secret. Again, I wish to call the reader's attention to the fact that the communication made to Sir William Cecil by his agent, Drury, did not take place till *after* Drury had a secret and confidential interview with Lord Moray at Berwick.* Any twelve honest intelligent men could understand the chain of evidence here interwoven from this incident alone.

Darnley had only completed his twentieth year in the December preceding his death, and scarcely two years had elapsed since his first arrival in Scotland. In the Court of Elizabeth he was described as "the lady-faced boy." He was no favourite with the Court ladies, nor with Queen Elizabeth, who styled him "*that* vain boy." At this time no one ever imagined that he would become the husband of the Queen of Scots. At the Palace of Holyrood he offended the Scotch "nobles and courtiers"—such as they were—by his pre-

* State Paper MS.; Border Correspondence; Nelson's Depositions; Drury to Cecil (State Paper); Chalmers' Life of Mary Queen of Scots, vols. i. ii.

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sumptuous bearing; and his selfishness excited the contempt of those who might otherwise tolerate him for the sake of the Queen.

Chalmers, in reviewing the life of Darnley, says "No one cared about him during life; and the circumstances of his death were used by the enemies of the Queen to create a sympathy which had no existence." Miss Strickland states that Darnley "had provoked enmities among the nobles of Scotland which nothing but his death could satisfy." His interference with the game laws and the public amusements of the people was another source of his unpopularity. In fact, he was as thoroughly hated as his wife deserved to be loved. Mary had a manner of winning back hearts, which Darnley could not even simulate.

In contrast with the mental and social qualifications of Darnley, it may be fitting here to adduce the testimony of a distinguished Scotch Judge by no means noted for his friendship to the Queen of Scots:—

"I have often heard the most serene Princess, Queen Mary of Scotland, discourse so appositely and rationally in all affairs which were brought before the Privy Council, that she was admired by all, and when most of the councillors were silent, being astonished or straight, declared themselves to be of her opinion, she rebuked them sharply, and exhorted them to speak brief, as became unprejudiced councillors, against her opinion, that the best reasons might decide their determinations. Truly her reasonings were so strong and clear that she could turn their hearts what side she pleased. She had not studied laws, yet, by the natural light of her judgment, when she reasoned of matters of equity and justice, she oftentimes had the advantage over able lawyers. Her other discourses and actions were suitable to her clear judgment on every nice point under consideration. No word ever dropped from her mouth that

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was not exactly weighed and pondered. As for her liberality and other virtues, they were well known."*

Many persons were accused of the murder of Darnley who were perfectly innocent, and nevertheless perished upon the scaffold. As I have already narrated, the "reward system" brought upon the scene a crowd of sordid villains who were willing to swear away every honest man's life. The confession of Nicholas Hubert to criminate the Queen "was written for him." He received no trial, but as soon as the statement was made public he immediately took steps to "denounce the whole proceeding as a deliberate forgery." He told Lord Robert Stuart (Moray's brother) that he, *Moray*, was the man who organised the whole plot to murder Lord Darnley. "Strong words" passed between Hubert and Moray's brother, and the old process of "Dead men tell no tales" was enacted. About midnight this Hubert was strangled in his bed by Lord Robert Stuart, and his alleged confession immediately forwarded by Lord Moray to Sir William Cecil. The wickedness of Lord Moray and his confederates seems incredible, if it were not *now* so well authenticated from the private papers of the assassins themselves. Here is a scene between one of the assassins and a fellow conspirator. The Laird of Ormiston visited Bothwell in his chamber one night, when a scene of recrimination occurred. Bothwell had in his possession the bond, which was signed by several nobles, for the assassination of Darnley, and it was exhibited on this occasion. The bond agreeing to take part in the murder was in the handwriting of Sir James

* Craig's Answer to Doleman, p. 84. Edited by Freebairn in his translation of "Mary Stuart," by "Pierre le Pesant."

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Balfour, and the most prominent signature was that of Lord Moray. The signatures were affixed to the bond *three months before the murder.**

The subordinates, or "helpers," as they were styled, were arrested, and went through the form of a trial before the chief criminals themselves. Powrie, Harry Tallo, Dalgleish, and three others were convicted before Lord Argyle of the murder of Darnley. Let it be remembered that the judge before whom this case was tried had himself signed the bond for the assassination of Darnley. At the place of execution these men made solemn declaration of their innocence. They further charged Moray as the contriver of the plot to kill the Queen's husband. They affirmed that Moray desired to hang them that they might *not* turn "tail on himself." John Hepburn stated, when on the scaffold, that the Queen was wholly innocent of all the schemes laid down for the murder of Darnley. He named Balfour and Morton as of the party, and that Lord Moray was the contriver of all the wicked deeds that took place. In conclusion Hepburn *called upon the Holy Trinity to be a witness to the truth of what he stated.* The solemn manner in which Hepburn addressed the populace caused immense excitement. An Englishman named Adam Latchett made these confessions public in Edinburgh and the chief towns of Scotland, and the result was an excitement which Knox and Moray had some trouble to calm down. Latchett was arrested as "an incendiary and a Papist;" yet he was neither, but a London Anabaptist preacher, who was shocked at the villainy he saw practised in Edinburgh in the name of the Gospel and the perversion of law and order. He was tortured, according to

* The Laird of Ormiston's Confession. Printed in Arnott's Criminal Trials.

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the Scotch system, imprisoned for three months, and then sent down to the Border Countrie with a request never to show his face again in Scotland.*

When the period of Bothwell's trial arrived, his "noble and right honourable accusers did not appear in court." There was no evidence against him, and further, he proved an *alibi*. Yet the strongest evidence is on record that he belonged to the secret confederacy who planned the murder. The evidence as to whether he was at the scene of action is not fully established—far from it. Time, however, has drawn the mask from the faces of the real assassins—namely, Sir George Douglas and Lord Morton. It is lamentable to contemplate the number of innocent men who were beheaded, or hanged, for the murder of Darnley. In fact, the most appalling crimes were committed in Scotland for the miserable bribe of a few shillings. These incidents show the debased state of society, and reflect little credit upon Knox and his coadjutors, who had charge of the religious teaching "under the *reformed* system."

Buchanan's statement as to the murder of Darnley is to the effect that Archbishop Hamilton was *the* chief assassin; that he sent eight of his vassals into the bedroom of Darnley and strangled him while asleep; and that the body was afterwards carried out and placed in the orchard under an old apple tree; and next, they arranged the gunpowder and blew up the whole place, narrowly escaping themselves. It was on this statement of perjured George Buchanan that the Earl of Lennox—*himself the murderer of eleven children*—impeached, and then *hanged*, *the Archbishop* as the "contriver of his son's

* Penrose Narrative of Honest Adam Latobett.

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death," acquitting thereby Bothwell and all those who had been previously charged with the crime of slaying the Queen's husband. At the time Buchanan made this fearful accusation against the prelate he was intimately acquainted with the real assassins, and knew all their movements. Lord Lennox took the law into his own hands, and hanged a man upon the mere assertion of a perjured witness—a man who had dishonoured the almost sacred office of a historian.

On the 17th of April, 1564, Parliament was summoned to meet at Edinburgh. The Queen was present, and received a cordial reception from her subjects.

Several statutes were passed in this session against the "growth of Popery"—the phrase of the times. An Act against the celebration of Mass was also adopted and put in force "in a manner that would disgrace the most despotic days of Moslem rule." To be present at the celebration of Mass was made punishable by the "loss of lands, goods, and even life, if the Sovereign or the Council should see fit;" nor were any persons exempted from the full penalties of the statutes except the Queen and her household.*

The execution of such an unjust code might at least have convinced the extreme partisans of the Reformation that their Sovereign remained true to the promises she had made on her arrival in Scotland.† Mr. Froude, however, states that Mary Stuart came to Scotland with the fixed determination to uproot Protestantism.‡ The historical facts lead the reader to an opposite conclusion. Queen Mary's sense of toleration and honour in this transaction presents a marked contrast with

* See Statutes of the Scottish Parliament of 1564; Tytler, vol. v.

† Tytler, vol. v.; Records of the Scotch Parliament.

‡ Froude's History of England, vol. vii.

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that of the Kirk Reformers, who would permit liberty of conscience to no one save themselves. The Scottish Queen did not propose to confiscate any man's inheritance on account of his religious opinions. The members of the Kirk accumulated property, and in some instances, wealth, by "removing their neighbour's landmark," and with the baleful hypocrisy redolent of the age, they raised the shout of "Praise the Lord on high."

The business of the Parliament ended in five days, when the Queen retired to Seton Castle. This was the last Parliament in which Queen Mary appeared as the Sovereign of Scotland.

Both branches of the Legislature sat in the same hall, which sometimes led to riot, and even "dirk-work" amongst the legislators, who have been truly described as ignorant and "hoggish" in their manners.

On the night of the 22nd of April, when the Parliament had only adjourned a few hours, Lord Bothwell entertained at a supper all the "nobles who had attended the convention of the Three Estates of Scotland." The supper took place at a noted inn known as Ainsley's Tavern, near Edinburgh.

Bothwell, we are told, was the most jovial person at this memorable meeting. He entered the large supper-room half-an-hour before his guests. His dress was suited for any Knight or Peer of the first rank. His doublet of cloth-of-gold glittered in the light of the setting sun; his ruff buttoned by diamonds; his shoulder belt and mantle stiff with gold embroidery; while his sword, dagger, and plumed bonnet were flashing with precious stones. It was evident to those who understood the man that he was at that moment engaged in a dreadful conflict of feeling.

Lord Morton next appeared. His sinister eyes, his long

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beard, and a small English hat; his black velvet cloak and silver-headed cane, all appeared neatly arranged.

Lord Huntley entered playing with his dagger, and in a dull humour. Maitland, with his bland smile and flutelike voice, sauntered into the room. Cassillis, who once half-roasted an abbot, marched into the supper-room "armed at every point." It was evident that the company feared one another, or expected an enemy from without, for they were all fully armed, and there were some desperate men amongst them.

At this gathering a bond was executed and signed declaring "that the Earl of Bothwell had no knowledge whatever of the murder of Darnley;" that he was "a pious, God-fearing man;" and further, that they would "espouse his cause against all slanders." This bond was signed by the Earl of Morton, who held the office of Chancellor at the time of Rizzio's murder. Then follow the names of the Earls of Huntly, Argyle, Glencairn, Cassillis, Rothes, and eight other Earls, also eleven barons, who were Peers of Parliament.* The declaration of the Peers assembled *recommended the Earl of Bothwell as a suitable husband for their widowed Queen.* All present were aware that Bothwell *was a married man at the time indicated.*

It has been contended by the Puritan champions of the Scotch Lords assembled at the supper that they "became over-convivial, and knew not what they were doing." Another authority states "that they were perfectly sober, but moved by the spirit." Lord Moray was a temperate man bibulously; so was his brother-in-law, Lord Argyle. In fact, the motive for the meeting caused those assembled to be temperate.

* The nobles assembled at the supper in question had all signed the bond *for, and in approval of, the murder of Darnley.*

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Never did any body of "nobles" assemble under such circumstances; "red-handed assassins" they have been described by their own friends and allies.

Moray was *not* present. He had repaired to London a few hours previously.

Here are the words of the "Bond," modernised and curtailed in verbiage—

"We pledge *our honour before God Almighty*, to further advance and set forward the said marriage by our votes, fortification, and assistance; but in case any 'law' would presume, directly or indirectly, openly or under whatsoever colour or pretence, to hinder or hold back the said marriage, we shall in that behalf esteem the obstructors as our common enemies and evil-willers, and take post and fortify the said Earl of Bothwell to the said marriage, so far as it may please our Sovereign Lady the Queen to allow, and therein shall spend and bestow our lives and goods against all that live or die.

"And further, *we shall answer to God, upon our own fidelity and conscience*; and in case we do in the contrary, never to have reputation or credit in no time hereafter, but to be accounted unworthy and faithless traitors."*

It is stated that Leslie, the Queen's confidential friend, or supposed friend, was present, also several bishops. This part of the narrative appears doubtful.

Moray assured Queen Elizabeth and Cecil that Bothwell was the murderer of Darnley, and that *the Queen was privy to the crime*. Still, Lord Moray advised his widowed sister to marry

* Anderson's Collections, vol. i. pp. 107–112; Goodall; Chalmers' Life of Mary Queen of Scots, vol. iii. (quarto); Robertson's History of Scotland; Tytler, vol. vi.

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the man whom he stigmatised as the murderer of her husband. If one grain of pity or honour touched the heart of Sir William Cecil when reading the document in question, what opinion could he have formed of his Scottish agents, and, above all, of Queen Mary's brother ? Would not his manhood, his "Christian feeling" of which he boasted so frequently, his sense of right and wrong, compel him to shrink from such subvented utensils with horror ? But facts point in the opposite way. No man could have done more to blacken the character and honour of Queen Mary than William Cecil. He invented the most odious calumnies against her. After the murder of Rizzio, he informed M. Paul de Foix, the French Ambassador in London, that Rizzio had been killed by Darnley in the act of committing adultery with Queen Mary. Mr. Allan Crosbie, in his Preface to the Calendar of State Papers (foreign series) for the year 1566, truly remarks that when Sir William Cecil told this horrible falsehood, he knew perfectly well the real circumstances of the case under which the murder was committed, for ten days before the butchery of Rizzio, Cecil and his council received a despatch from Sir Thomas Randolph, stating that "in a few days Rizzio's *throat would be cut.*"

The French Ambassador at that time implicitly believed the statement of Cecil. Why Cecil should have thus essayed to impose upon the French Ambassador is easily explained. Paul de Foix was known to incline to the Huguenot doctrines, and he would therefore the more readily give credit to the accusation, which, if Queen Mary had not defeated the schemes of Rizzio's assassins, would, no doubt, have been speedily circulated throughout Europe. As it is, we may infer from Cecil's conduct on this occasion, that, if the plot had succeeded, Mary's enemies would have been quite prepared to produce

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evidence of her guilt with Rizzio, as they afterwards did in the case of the casket of letters.*

The most infamous part of the plot hatched by the "road-side inn" conspirators is to be found in the fact that those who secretly signed the bond subsequently came forward to denounce the marriage as a proof of the Queen's guilt of the murder of Darnley, and the conspirators, with Moray at their head, called upon the Queen of England to interpose, and save their country from the disgrace which the wicked deeds of Queen Mary had brought upon them.†

The forgeries in the case of the "casket of letters" is another infamous transaction on the part of Lord Moray. Randolph, too, was concerned in many forgeries. Here is Miss Strickland's opinion of this Ambassador of England:—"Never did a violator of the sacred character of an Ambassador, and the confidential abettor of assassins and traitors, deserve *a rope more richly than Sir Thomas Randolph.*"

Whoever may desire most crucial and minute proofs of Lord Moray's forgeries against Queen Mary in the case of the "casket of letters," may consult Goodall's "Examination," 1574; Tytler, sen., "Inquiry," 1760-90; Whitaker's "Vindication," 1789-90; and Mr. Hosack's "Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers."

The state of my health at the present time prevents me from entering at any length into the "history of the casket mystery," and other important matters in relation to the persecution and subsequent immolation of the Queen of Scots.

* See Goodall, vol. ii.; Labanoff, vol. iv.; Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers, vol. ii.

† Border Correspondence; Lord Moray's Secret Despatches to Sir William Cecil; Tytler, vol. vii.

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The alleged correspondence with Bothwell does not bear the test of inquiry.

Three passionate love letters have been attributed to Mary Stuart, the sentiments in which bore their own disproval. The letters in question have been traced to Moray's secretary, and also to that daring, evil man, George Douglas. The dates involve a contradiction. Two of those forgeries were in the old Scottish dialect, of which the Queen was wholly ignorant. The correspondence was evidently "a joint production." Phrases well known to have been coined by Lethington were used, and gross allusions to one of the Queen's ladies, then unmarried, were introduced. These letters were, it is supposed, "an improved copy" of the forgeries sent to Berwick for the inspection of Sir William Drury. It was further alleged that the Laird of Ormiston was the confidential agent chosen by the Queen for conveying her love letters to Lord Bothwell. Yet, in Ormiston's "confession," he made no allusion whatever to this alleged correspondence. If revealing such secrets could injure the Queen, the Laird of Ormiston was not the man to remain silent, for he was both vindictive and unprincipled.

Lord Lethington occasionally forged warrants in Queen Mary's name. Besides, his wife, once known as Mary Fleming, one of the Queen's "four Maries," had from childhood learned to write in the exact style of her Royal mistress, so that Lord Lethington was in a fair way of forging the handwriting of his Sovereign—when it suited his schemes. Mary Beaton, another of the Maries, who had shared the same tuition, wrote a "character" so like her Royal mistress that it was not easy to detect the difference. Thomas Randolph, who was ever to be found as the perpetrator of treacherous and dishonourable actions, obtained the decipherment of Queen Mary's most private correspondence through the unconscious adaptability of

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this young lady, and it can scarcely be supposed she could have been more scrupulous, if tempted to sign, or copy, papers that were intended to be imposed upon the world as the veritable penmanship of her Royal mistress.* So the forgers had many facilities. George Douglas frequently boasted that he could "imitate the writing of at least twenty Scotch ladies of rank, but he only cared to imitate, and successfully forge a letter from top to bottom, as that of the Queen's handwriting."

A vast amount of falsehood has been overthrown by the evidence of the Parliamentary Records, defining "the when, where, and how" the Queen's capture was effected by Lord Bothwell. It is certain that she was suddenly carried off to Dunbar Castle, accompanied by only one lady, and that lady the sister of Bothwell. Bothwell in his rudest manner told the Queen that she should become his wife. She cried out, "Never, never."

"You are now in my power," said this fitting specimen of the Scotch nobility of the period.

The Queen's threats of vengeance were laughed at by the ruffian, who had made her his prisoner. Whilst in this condition Bothwell exultingly displayed the infamous bond to which I have alluded, by which the majority of the Peers and Privy Councillors had pledged themselves to accomplish a marriage between their Sovereign and Lord Bothwell, "*despite of all who might oppose it.*"

When the Queen looked at this "bond," as it was styled, she was overcome with horror, fell back in a chair and fainted several times.

"After awhile," writes a spectator, "the Queen became

* Labanoff State Papers.

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calm; and taking up the mysterious document called 'the bond,' she minutely examined the signatures, and when she glanced at the well-known name of Moray, she became dreadfully excited, dashing from one room to another, exclaiming 'Oh, my treacherous brother; oh, false Jamie! Did I deserve this treatment from the brother I loved and served so much?'" The name of Moray was placed to the bond before his departure for England.

Queen Mary named several noblemen with whom she desired to confer, but was informed in a harsh tone that "she could not communicate with anyone but Lord Bothwell." The Queen now considered her case hopeless. She screamed aloud; paced the room many times; and it became evident that her mind was fast approaching to madness.*

Some even of Bothwell's attendants who were present burst into tears and cried out for the Queen; but they were quickly silenced.

The following important passage occurs in the second edition of Mr. Hosack's "Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers:" "Since the first volume of this work was published, the singular discovery has been made that the Queen of Scots was never legally married to the Earl of Bothwell."

I must now take leave of the "casket" and "marriage" mysteries, and refer the reader to the valuable and interesting investigation of these questions, to be found in the pages of Mr. Hosack's two volumes, for which the lovers of fair play and Historical Truth must, in the present and future generations, feel grateful.

* Melville's Memorials; Scotch State Papers.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

QUEEN MARY AND JOHN KNOX.

I HERE refer to some antecedent scenes between the Queen of Scots, John Knox, and the higher order of the Kirk of Scotland.

One of the first public actions of the Queen of Scots was to have an interview with John Knox, and to seek an explanation as to his conduct respecting her. She was attended on this occasion by her step-brother, Lord James Stuart, whom she had just created the Earl of Moray. Moray, though illegitimate, had the pride of birth, and was shocked at the violent address and the vulgar manners of Knox, with whom he remonstrated several times for his want of respect for his Sovereign. The Queen severely censured the "Rustic Apostle" for the violence of his book against female government, and with a clearness and vigour of argument for which he was probably not prepared, pointed out its evil consequences in exciting subjects against their rulers. She then advised Knox to treat with greater charity those who differed from him in opinion.

"If, madam," said Knox, "to rebuke idolatry and to persuade the people to worship God according to His Word, be to raise subjects against their princes, I cannot stand excused, for so have I acted; but if the true knowledge of God and

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His right worshipping lead all good subjects to obey the prince from their heart, then who can reprehend me?" *

As for his book, Knox allowed it was "diverted" against female government, but excused its principles as being more a matter of opinion than of conscience, and professed his willingness to live in all contentment under her Majesty's government "*as long as she kept her hands undefiled by the blood of the Saints of God.*" In continuation, Knox contended that in religion subjects were bound to follow not the will of their prince, but the commands of their Creator. "If," said he, "all men in the days of the Apostles should have been compelled to follow the religion of the Roman Emperors, where would have been the Christian faith? Daniel and his followers were subjects to Nebuchadnezzar and Darius, yet they refused to accept their religion."

"But," interrupted the Queen, "these men did not resist."

"And yet," replied Knox, "they who obey not the commandment may virtually be said to resist."

"Nay," rejoined Queen Mary, "they did not resist with the sword."

"That," observed Knox, "was simply because they had not the power."

"What," exclaimed her Majesty, starting forward, and speaking with unusual energy, "do you, sir, maintain that subjects having power may resist their princes?"

With great coolness, Knox replied, "Yes, if princes exceed their bounds." Raising his voice and fixing his eyes upon the Queen, he continued to denounce princes *who dared*

* See Knox's History of the Reformation in Scotland.

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to resist the will of the people. His speech seemed to impress the Lollard doctrines, though somewhat concealed. His gestures were those of scorn and contempt for "authority." The Queen stood for some time silent and amazed. She was completely terrified by the ferocity with which every word was uttered. The Queen thought of her own youth and weakness, and the fierce savage man with whom she had to hold intercourse. Her mind pictured to itself in gloomy anticipation the struggles which awaited her, and she burst into tears.*

"At this," writes Mary Seaton, "Lord James remonstrated with Maister Knox on his rude and wicked speech to her Highness. The Lord James said many words of comfort to the Queen, who seemed happy that she had a brother beside her. The Queen laid her hand on his shoulder in an affectionate manner.† Then turning to Knox, on whose face a malicious smile of triumph was visible, her Highness continued, "Well, sir, I perceive that *my* subjects shall only obey *you* and not *me*. They must do what they list, not what *I* command; whilst I must learn to be subject to them, and not *they* to *me*." The last few observations were uttered with all the dignity and firmness of a woman who felt the weight, responsibility, and dignity of her queenly office.

The violence of the rustic Reformer cooled down for a moment.

"God forbid," said Knox, "that it should ever be as you say. Far be it from me to command any, or to absolve sub-

* Tytler's History of Scotland, vol. v.

† The reader must remember that Lord James was the illegitimate son of King James the Fifth of Scotland, by Margaret Erskine, subsequently known as Lady Douglas of Lochleven Castle, and, later still, the cruel gaoler of Mary Queen of Scots.

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jects from their lawful obedience. My only desire is that both princes and subjects should obey God, who has in His Word enjoined Kings to be nursing fathers, and Queens nursing mothers to His Church."

"Yea," exclaimed the young Queen, "this is indeed true; but, Maister Knox, *yours* is not *the* Church that I will nourish. I will defend the Church of Rome, because I know it is the true Church of God."

At this bold assertion of the Queen's religious belief, which was uttered in that peculiar style for which Mary Stuart was remarkable when her feelings became excited, and the Royal blood warmed with indignation, John Knox, to use the words of Frazer Tytler, "flamed fierce and high." The "Apostle of the North," in continuation said, "Madam, *your* will is no reason; neither doth *your* thought make that Roman —— to be the immaculate spouse of Christ. And wonder not, Madam, that I call Rome a ——, for that Church is altogether polluted with every kind of abomination that Satan and his devils could devise."

Here the Queen, with intense indignation, interrupted Knox, asking him how he dared to speak to *his* Sovereign of her conscience, or to impeach the purity of her Faith. "If I were a man," exclaimed Mary Stuart——

Knox again interrupted the Queen, "ridiculing her Popish conscience," and told her that she did not know what it meant.

This first meeting between Queen Mary and John Knox ended in bitter feelings at both sides. Good breeding and chivalrous actions were not to be reckoned amongst the merits of John Knox or his coadjutor, the Laird of Cranston.

Alluding to the conference between the Queen of Scots and Knox, Lord Lethington, in a letter to Sir William Cecil, does

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justice to the gentleness and dignity of Mary, and contrasts it with the conduct of the much-praised Knox, whose rudeness, especially to women, was noted. Randolph's letters to Cecil likewise censure Knox for his want of courtesy to his Queen.

Knox lost no time in announcing to his partisans how completely he had vanquished the Queen in discussion.

As I have already remarked, John Knox was the idol of the Scotch Reformers. He was likewise very popular with the English Puritans.

The Queen of Scots had incurred the hatred of John Knox before she left France, by declaring "that of all men in Scotland she considered Maister Knox the most dangerous to her realm; and that she was determined to banish him from Scotland as soon as possible."*

At a meeting of the assembly of the Church of Scotland, which took place on the 25th of June, 1564, Lethington, who was then a prominent member of the Kirk, remonstrated with Knox for calling the Queen from his pulpit "a slave of Satan," and affirming "that God's vengeance hung over the realm on account of her impiety in continuing to practise the rites of her own religion." The loyal part of the Assembly declared "that such violence of language could never profit."

The Master of Maxwell dissented from his friend Knox. He assured the Assembly that "if he were in the Queen's position he would not permit such language to be used."

Knox defended himself from the charge of intolerance in these words:—The most vehement, and, as ye speak excessive manner of prayer, I use in public is this:—

* Sir Nicholas Throckmorton's French Despatches to Queen Elizabeth.

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"O Lord, if Thy pleasure be, purge the heart of the Queen's Highness from the treason of idolatry, and deliver her from the bondage of Satan, in which she hath been brought up, and yet remains for lack of true doctrines."

Lord Lethington asked Knox "where he found the example of such prayer as that?"

Knox coolly replied, "Thy will be done," in the Lord's Prayer.

These observations of John Knox did not give satisfaction to the Assembly. Many of the members dissented from the style of arguing adopted by their chief, but still Knox was all-powerful; right or wrong, he was triumphant.

Lethington assured Knox "that he was raising doubts as to the Queen's conversion."

"Not I, my lord," replied Knox, "but her own obstinate rebellion."

"In what does she rebel against God?" asked Lord Lethington.

Starting from his seat with some excitement, Knox retorted, "In every action of her life; but in these two heads especially —that she will not hear the preaching of the blessed evangile of Jesus Christ; and, secondly, that she maintains the Mass."

"She thinks not *that* rebellion, but good religion," replied Lord Lethington.

After some interruption, Lord Lethington proceeded, "Why say ye that the Queen refuses admonition? She will gladly hear any man."

"When will she be seen to give her presence to the public preaching?" said Knox, with an air of scorn.

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"I think never," replied Lethington, "as long as she is entreated in the present fashion of words."

A lengthened discussion ensued as to whether the Queen should be permitted the "private use of her own religion, or be *compelled* to adopt the principles of the Kirk."

Several members expressed their opinion to the effect that *no one's conscience should be regulated by others*; that *the Queen did not interfere with the religion of any man or woman;* but only claimed her rightful inheritance of worshipping God according to her conscientious belief. "We should do unto others as we wish to be done by," was also amongst the arguments. The latter opinion was considered "rather old fashioned," and "snivelled strongly of one of the little tricks of Popery;" so it was stamped out. The Assembly was, however, much divided on this occasion, and the quotation "do unto others as you would wish to be done by," made an impression upon some present. But Knox would hear of no "toleration—no compromise." It was then proposed to refer the question to Calvin. Knox became indignant at such a proposal. Calvin or no other Reformer should intrude upon *his* sanctuary. Knox made a display of jealousy and tyranny on this occasion which was quite characteristic of the man. The people who advocated the maxim of "doing unto others as they wish to be done by," were looked upon as tainted with something approaching to rank Popery.* So the principles of Calvin and Knox triumphed; nevertheless, there were a Protestant party,

* A portion of this extraordinary scene is printed in John Knox's History of the Reformation in Scotland, vol. ii. pp. 418–461. It is also referred to by Tytler, vol. v.; Queens of Scotland, vol. iv.; Chalmers' Life of Mary Stuart, vol. i. and ii.

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however small, who believed in the primitive Christian principle of "doing unto others as they wished to be done by." The Scotch Saints, of what was styled the "Reformed School," repudiated such maxims. They desired to "remove their neighbour's landmark," and they did so without the sanction of law or equity, and continued to invoke the name of God in perpetrating wrong against their neighbour, who adhered to his conscientious convictions upon matters of religion. In fact, Moslem intolerance, not improved by age, seemed to have taken possession of the Scotch Reformers at this lamentable period.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FORSAKEN QUEEN.

THE revolution spread quickly. Bothwell fled, and his victim awaited her fate. The Laird of Grange was appointed to receive the Queen. Mary Stuart, who looked pale and sad, advancing towards him, said, "Laird of Grange, I surrender unto you upon the conditions already discussed in the names of the Lords."

When the Queen had been placed on horseback, the Laird, remounting his black charger, preceded the Royal lady down the hill, holding his steel bonnet high above his bald head, with an air of eager exultation. Buchanan, who was present, has left on record a description of the Queen's dress on this humiliating march to the camp of her enemies. "She looked the picture of desolation itself. Her dress was very short, mean, and threadbare." The author of the "French Fragments," who saw Mary at Dunbar on the morning of her escape from Borthwick Castle, states that "she wore a red coat reaching to the middle of her leg, a tunic which she had borrowed, and a toffaty cloak."

Sir William Drury describes the Queen in the field, "attired after the fashion of the lively young women of Edinburgh, wearing a red petticoat, with sleeves tied with points, a portlet, a black velvet hat and muffler." The Royal prisoner was mounted on a large grey charger, which was led by one

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of her equerries in the Royal livery of the Stuart family—red and yellow. A young lady on a pony was beside the Queen; she, too, looked sad; she wore a black hat, a white veil, a red jacket, and yellow petticoat. This was the beautiful Mary Seton.

In a philosophic mood Miss Strickland remarks "that a monarch of the reflective sex might have perceived the expediency of temporising; but women are the creatures of impulse, and Mary Stuart, in obeying the instincts of repulsion, which prompted her to seize this opportunity of extricating herself from Bothwell, found that she was in no better condition than the simple little bird that falls into the coils of a serpent in endeavouring to escape from the talons of a cat."

Having arrived at the rebel camp, the Queen surrendered herself to Lord Morton, who received her with an "evident mockery of respect." In a few minutes subsequent a scene commenced, which covers the Scotchmen—and women too—of the period with infamy. Horrible yells and blasphemous words were uttered by the soldiers and the mob. The language used to the Queen in the presence of the confederate lords is unfit to be printed in these times. Maddened with indignation, the unfortunate Queen turned to the Earl of Morton, and asked him, "What is your purpose? If it be the *blood of your Queen—the daughter of the Stuarts, whom your fathers loved—you desire, I am here to offer it, nor needs there other means to seek to be revenged.*"* The Queen's brief address was treated by Morton with contempt, remarking to his lieutenant, "*mind your prisoner.*" †

* Melville's Memorials; MS. Letters; Queens of Scotland, vol. v.

† Keith, Tytler, and Chalmers.

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The associate lords had used for the ensign of their party on this day a white banner, with the delineation of the dead body of Darnley extended beneath a tree with the infant Prince kneeling with folded hands, having a label pendant from his mouth, with these words—"Judge and avenge our cause, O Lord"—a device chosen by the associated murderers, Morton, Lethington, and others, for the purpose of exciting the passions of the people against the Queen. Buchanan affirms "that this banner was placed before the Queen's eyes by two soldiers, who held it up extended between two pikes, at which sight she swooned, and was with difficulty prevented from falling." No marvel that the unhappy Queen should succumb before such inhuman treatment, and give way to terror and tears of anguish.

About nine of the clock, on the night of the 15th of June, Queen Mary arrived in the capital of her turbulent realm, girt by every appliance of studied indignity. The grim banner just alluded to was carried before her. Lords Morton and Atholl—the former a professed Kirk Saint, the latter an unprofessed perjured Papist, but both red-handed with innocent blood—rode each side of the Royal prisoner. The dress of the Queen was covered with dust; she was exhausted and fevered with fatigue and the violence of her emotion. Her face was bathed with tears, and so disfigured with the anguish of her mind that her features were scarcely recognisable. In this condition she was led along the streets of Edinburgh amidst the scoffs and insults of the baser population, who were set in motion by the so-called clergy, who publicly declared in their pulpits that the scene of that day was for the "promotion of Gospel Truth and the *Glory of God.*"

The forlorn Queen and her ladies were not admitted to the Palace of Holyrood that night. They were lodged in a por-

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tion of the Tolbooth assigned to malefactors. The Queen was separated from her female attendants; left without a change of clothes, not even a night dress; and locked up in a small filthy room. The faithful Maries received similar treatment, and all were left *four-and-twenty hours without food.** One of the gaolers—a ruffian like Topclyffe, of the Tower—asked the Queen in a sneering tone would she have some supper. Mary Stuart replied "No; not from *you*." Ill-starred Mary Stuart passed the night in a dungeon lately occupied by some highwayman or murderer. When morning dawned, the Royal captive made her way to a front room looking into a noisy street, where many people passed. Opening the window, she cried out to the people below to succour her. She had rent her garments in her frantic agony, and appeared with dishevelled hair hanging wildly about her face and bosom, a sight which moved many of the spectators of her misery to compassion.† The conduct of the soldiers and the mob on this occasion is perhaps without a precedent in the history of civilised nations—always excepting the ruffian and bloodthirsty French democracy. . . . The morning brought new horrors. In the wild delirium of despair, the Queen tore the dress from her person, and, almost naked, exclaimed "*Here stands your wronged and injured Queen. I appeal to the great God for justice.*" The Queen's speech was received with shouts of derision. Lord Morton encouraged the savage mob in this line of conduct, for he absolutely stood beside the crowd whilst they applied abominable epithets to his Sovereign.

The rebel lords were determined to remove their Royal prisoner to the remote and lonely castle of Lochleven. There

* Document in Teulet's Collections; Melville's Memorials.

† Letter of James Beton; Drury's Despatches to Cecil—State Papers.

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none could hear her cries for mercy or justice but a Douglas or a Lindsay—traitorous criminals. Before her departure from Edinburgh, Mary Stuart was marched on foot, with tattered shoes and ragged garments, from her prison-house to Holyrood, for no other purpose than that she might be insulted and ill-used by an organised mob of infamous women engaged for the occasion by George Douglas. Miss Strickland's research as to this infamous transaction leads to the conclusion that the "public procession was arranged in order to inflame the fanatic rabble *to tear the Queen limb from limb.*" The ladies of her Court were likewise with her, and shared the insults and buffets of the mob. Amongst the right noble band of virgin attendants were Mary Seton, Mary Livingstone, and Jane Kennedy (then very young); Marie Courcelles,* and Blanche Valcary. A French contemporary states that these ladies "deserve the everlasting honour of posterity. They were good in every sense of the word; ready to die for, or with, their Royal mistress." In tattered garments, these young ladies accompanied their Queen to Lochleven, and, with one exception, they remained true to the death.

The last words which fell upon the ear of the distracted Queen from the Edinburgh mob were—"Cut the Popish head

* In 1609, forty-one years after this scene, Marie Courcelles, then a decrepit old woman, petitioned King James the First of England for some means to relieve her destitution. The King allowed her £30 per annum for the remainder of her life, but declined to pay the sum of £340, which his mother owed her. Several of Mary Stuart's domestics died in old age and poverty. The King was more inclined to render a good office to the enemies of his mother than to her devoted followers. In one instance this eccentric and heartless monarch conferred a small pension upon a servant of Sir Francis Walsingham; and also upon a near relative of Ralph Sadler; and created Sir Robert Cecil Earl of Salisbury. Cecil's father was the deadly enemy of the King's mother.

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off her ;" "*cut out her Papist tongue and give it to the dogs ;*" "*whip her, lash her well ;*" "*pinch her well ;*" "*hang her up before the fire ;*" "*let us tear her to pieces.*"*

Whilst this scene was enacting one man was looking on with a smile of apparent satisfaction. That man was Lord Morton, who perished on the scaffold fourteen years subsequently as the *clearly convicted murderer* of the Earl of Darnley. How many "historians" have suppressed this fact for the sole object of keeping alive sectarian hate and propagating that which is untrue?

The Queen's abdication of the Crown was forced by fraud and violence whilst a prisoner at Lochleven. Lord Lindsay has been described as the chief person engaged in coercing the Queen to abdicate. He burst rudely into her presence, and flinging the deeds violently on the table before her, told her to sign the documents without delay, or worse would befall her.

"What!" exclaimed the Queen, "shall I set my hand to a deliberate falsehood, and to gratify the ambition of my nobles, relinquish the office, which God hath given to me, to my son, an infant little more than a year old, incapable of governing the realm, that my brother, Lord Moray, may reign in his name?"

The Queen was proceeding to demonstrate the unreasonableness of what was required of her, but Lord Lindsay interrupted her with an insolent laugh; then, scowling ferociously upon her, he swore with a fearful oath, which cannot be here repeated, "that if she would not sign those instruments, he would do it *with her heart's blood, and then cast her into the waters of Lochleven to feed the fishes.*"†

From the night of Rizzio's murder the Queen was too well

* The above scene was noted down by Morton's secretary and others.

† Innocence de Marie Stuart, Jebb's Collections.

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aware what Lindsay was capable of doing. She began to weep. "What a sea of trouble I have gone through before I have reached five and twenty years—what is to be the end? Mother of God protect me." Her allusion to the Virgin Mother infuriated Lindsay. He said he would have no more delay, tears had no influence upon him. Using another oath, he said "that having begun the matter he should also finish it then and there. His next movement was to *force the pen into her hand*, and grasped her arm in the struggle so rudely as to leave the prints of mail-clad fingers visibly impressed. In an access of pain and terror, with streaming eyes and averted head, she affixed her regal signature to the three deeds without once looking upon them.*

The agitation and distress the Queen had suffered in the contest brought on a fever which confined her to bed for several weeks.†

On the day of the forced abdication Throckmorton wrote to his own Sovereign in confidence, stating that "this tragedy will end in Queen Mary's person, as it did begin with Rizzio and Darnley." Throckmorton's opinion assumes greater weight in the scale of evidence when the position he occupied at that time is considered. He was thoroughly acquainted with the projects of the rebel lords and their chief, Lord Moray, whose secret schemes were divulged to Throckmorton by a Swedish lady who was on terms of intimacy with the Regent.

John Riddell, the learned antiquary, throws a flood of light upon the means by which the Lords of the Council obtained

* Queens of Scotland, vol. v.; Chalmers, vol. i.; Tytler, vol. vi.

† In Pitcairn's Preface to "Bannatyne's Memorials" is to be found an account of the means by which the Privy Seal of Scotland was appended to the extorted deed of abdication.

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what they styled the "freewill abdication" of Queen Mary. Lord Lethington played an infamous part in this proceeding. His perjuries were shocking, yet he professed to be a religious man; but men must be judged by their actions and the results of those actions rather than by their professions.

The next step taken by the Confederate Lords was the sham ceremony of crowning the infant Prince. It was arranged, "with the *consent* of the Queen of England, that Lord Moray was to reign as Regent, and he now became the arbiter of the Queen's fate."

Moray entered Edinburgh in triumph on the 11th of August, riding between the Envoy of France and the English Ambassador. France, too, had deserted the unfortunate Mary Stuart. This was the action of Catherine de Medicis, her mother-in-law, who had been plotting her ruin for years.

As soon as the Queen was consigned to the custody of Lord Ruthven and Lady Douglas at the Lake prison, the Confederate Lords seized upon the plate, jewels, dresses, and furniture of Mary Stuart, then deposited at Holyrood Palace. Let the reader remember that the articles in question were the private property of the Queen, derived from her estates in France; and further, she never took a dollar from the bankrupt treasury of Scotland. Moray's wife took possession of the Queen's wardrobe.

The Confederate Lords likewise carried away the massive christening font presented by Queen Elizabeth for the infant Prince.* Lord Glencairn entered the chapel royal with his

* Amongst the malicious fabrications of Sir Thomas Randolph to Elizabeth was one regarding the christening font, to the effect that Queen Mary "had broken it up to coin money, showing thereby the little regard she entertained for her good cousin of England." The christening font became a portion of Lord Morton's plunder. So much for the veracity of Randolph.

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vassals, broke down the altars, demolished the beautiful carving, ornaments, and pictures, some of which were of great beauty and antiquity.

Whilst the Royal captive was at Lochleven her brother (Moray) was privately negotiating the sale of her jewels with a London goldsmith. As the pearls were considered the finest in Europe, Queen Elizabeth was so far complimented as to be offered a preference of purchase. The price asked was "considered too high;" in fact, Elizabeth expected that the jewels might have been presented to herself. Moray, Scotchman-like, did not desire to make such valuable presents even to his English patroness. Another competitor for the jewels was Catherine de Medicis, who offered double the sum at first demanded by Moray. When Elizabeth heard that the French Royal family were anxious to possess them, she exclaimed with one of her favourite oaths, that "as she possessed the pearls they should be her property." She promised to pay Lord Moray twelve thousand golden crowns for the jewels, which were valued at twice that sum. Whether the English Queen ever paid the money stipulated is very doubtful. The jewels and pearls in question were originally the gift of Mary Stuart's first husband, Francis the Second.

The Queen's French servants—male and female—were driven into the streets to starve. They implored Du Croc, the French Ambassador, to have pity upon them. Having some money of Queen Mary's in his charge, he expended it in sending these faithful domestics home to their own country to tell the story of the despicable robbery of Lords Glencairn and Morton, who had even turned to the use of their own families the trinkets and dresses of the waiting maids.

On the 2nd of August, 1567, James, Earl of Moray, was formally declared Regent of Scotland. The ceremony of his

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inauguration was held in the Council Chamber within the Tolbooth, where, in the presence of the Lords of the Secret Council and other accomplices of his party, he was sworn into office as Regent of Scotland. He spoke of his unfitness for the office, and besought the prayers of the Kirk for his success. He was sure that the hand of the Almighty was directing the good work. "Laying his hands upon the Gospels, the Regent swore that, to the utmost of his power, he would serve the Almighty God, according to His Holy Word revealed in the New and Old Testament; that he would maintain *the true religion as it was then received in the realm of Scotland*; that he would govern the people according to the ancient laws of the kingdom; procure peace, repress all wrong, maintain justice and equity, and *strike out from the realm all heretics*" —signifying *Papists.**

One of the earliest actions of the Regent was to purchase, or compel the silence, of all who had taken a prominent part in the conspiracy to murder Darnley. Several of the murderers belonged to the Regent's family. Sir James Balfour was notoriously known to be one of the murderous band. Balfour "received a full pardon and remission for his share in the plot and subsequent murder. He also received the large sum of £5,000." The question arises where did this money come from. Certainly not from the bankrupt Scotch treasury. Balfour was a "kind of go-between" in delicate matters where it was not considered prudent for the Regent to appear. The "conspirators on the old track" were watching one another in order to betray their companions whenever their secret service money was withdrawn. Lord Argyle was an acting and principal agent in the plot to ruin his Royal sister-in-law,

* Anderson's Collections, vol. ii.

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whom he styled "*that woman.*" With characteristic good taste, he volunteered to command the Queen's army at the battle of Langside, where, it is alleged, he basely betrayed her interests. Morton could not possibly do worse. The apologists of Lord Argyle state that he was "suddenly seized with a fit shortly after the battle commenced, and, consequently had to retire from the action." It is certain, Argyle was in bad health at the time of the battle of Langside. I regret that my "space" will not permit me to touch upon many thrilling incidents in connection with the battle of Langside.

The penal laws enacted by the Regent were of the most cruel and oppressive nature. A discussion took place in the Parliament, under the direction of Moray, as to the continued imprisonment of the Queen at Lochleven. Some members suggested that she "should be hanged like any other —— that deserved death." Others desired to keep her a prisoner, and to use harshness, *and by all means to reduce her mind to the level of any common woman.* The extreme party of the Presbyterians exclaimed "*kill her at once.*" This was the oft-repeated advice of John Knox.

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE ESCAPE FROM LOCHLEVEN.

ROMANCE and poetry have illustrated with affectionate interest this particular epoch of the Castle of Lochleven's existence. History, however, only looks upon this prison-house in its barbarous strength and its gloomy uses, bathed, as the Nile has been described, in mists, and defended by the deep waters of the lake, situated in a lone island of Kinross. Many tragic scenes are supposed to have taken place at Lochleven. When the Royal prisoner arrived at the edge of the lake, she was commanded by Lord Ruthven to step into the boat. Mary's face crimsoned with anger as she replied:

"No, I will not go. I am your Queen. Before God and the world I protest against your injustice to me."

Lords Lindsay and Ruthven lifted her into the boat. She "screamed from the squeezing she received from Lindsay; she became faint, and laid her head upon the shoulder of Jane Kennedy." The party reached the castle in silence. The next painful incident was to encounter Lady Douglas (Moray's mother), to whose charge the Queen was committed.*

* "Willie the Foundling" describes this scene in a letter written to a French Abbé some years subsequent. Jane Kennedy also alludes to the "struggle at the boat," and tradition makes the scene more sad, if possible.

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In this fortress of the far-off times languished Mary Stuart, the granddaughter of "Bonnie King Jamie." Here was imprisoned by a cruel and unnatural brother "the most lovely and the most gifted of Royal women." Here the "right Royal Queen of Scotland" suffered insult, cold, and hunger—in fact, she was half-starved. Some writers, however, have had the temerity to assert that she was "well treated, and wanted for nothing." The fact of such a woman as Lady Douglas having been her gaoler is at once a contradiction of the statement. Yet, for the honour of human nature, all were not bad. Even amongst those who held Mary in durance was to be found a man who rose above his stern occupation. It was far from being imagined at this time that a Douglas should become the champion of Mary Stuart. There is not any circumstance in the personal history of Mary Stuart more remarkable than the fact that at the dreary and hopeless period of her incarceration in Lochleven Castle, deliverers should have been raised up for her in the family of her deadliest foes. The Regent Moray's maternal brother, George Douglas, commonly called "Pretty Georgie,"* the youngest son of Lady Douglas, being employed as one of Queen Mary's gaolers, became deeply interested in her behalf. He had been present when her signature to the deed of abdication was extorted by violence, and, unable to restrain his feelings, had indignantly reproached his inhuman brother-in-law, Lord Lindsay, for what he termed "the brutality of his conduct to the Royal lady." From that moment young Douglas made a vow to effect the deliverance of his Queen. If ever the spirit of true chivalry and disinterested

* George Douglas was, at the time, about the same age as the Queen herself—some five-and-twenty years old, handsome and amiable, although "a branch of an Upas-tree."

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loyalty animated a young, warm heart, it was exemplified in the conduct of George Douglas to his oppressed Sovereign. Douglas soon became the medium of communication between the Queen and a number of loyal gentlemen—Reformers and Catholics—who had pledged themselves by a solemn oath to break the chains which bound the Royal captive. A variety of plans were proposed, but all failed, and, to add to the misfortunes of the case, Douglas was betrayed. His mother and Lord Moray dismissed him from the island. When Moray visited his prisoner she denounced him as the author of all her misfortunes.

Moray's manner on this occasion was "insolent and cruel," as Jane Kennedy has stated. Lord Lindsay said: "Recollect, *woman*, that *you are our prisoner*."

Moray informed the Queen that the "preaching of the Gospel could not proceed while she was at liberty;" and again he remarked that "her imprisonment was a *necessity*, that he (Moray) and the other lords could do no less for their own personal security than to put her into captivity."* Lord Lindsay again told her that "justice demanded her life, as she had offended against the Gospel!"

The barbarous treatment the Queen received at Lochleven adds tenfold to the infamy of Lord Moray and his wicked mother.† The interview at an end, Moray sat down in another apartment of the fortress, and wrote a letter to Sir William Drury, one of Elizabeth's agents, in which he misrepresented everything that took place, and then read his false epistle for Lord Lindsay. It happened that the contents of the letter were revealed to two persons who were the secret friends of

* Sir William Drury to Cecil; Forrester to Cecil—State Papers, 1568.

† This woman has been described as "a she-wolf."

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the Royal prisoner. Independent of this incident, the statements of Lord Moray are contradicted by other circumstances with which the English Council were well acquainted. In fact the whole correspondence with respect to the prisoner at Lochleven presented a fearful amount of falsehood, treachery, and baseness, which, in the absence of State Papers, would appear incredible. Queen Mary had another interview with Lord Moray that same night, when no one was present but the faithful Jane Kennedy. On this occasion the Queen cried bitterly; "she was pale and sickly-looking, and had the appearance of one who had been almost worried to death." If she indulged in the delusion that she might even at the eleventh hour receive the sympathy of her father's son—of that brother upon whom she had lavished estates and honours —she was quickly undeceived.

"Lord Moray came," writes Mary's distinguished Protestant biographer, "not to fulfil the Christian duty of speaking of deliverance to the poor captive, nor to heal the broken heart, but to pour the last drop of gall into her cup of misery by his taunts." Moray had gone too far to recede, and to avert his own ruin he used every means to consummate the destruction of his sister whom he had made a prisoner.

The circumstances under which Moray became Regent of Scotland have scarcely a precedent in the history of the many wicked statesmen who wielded power in Europe in the sixteenth century.

The Mary Stuart of reality was of a far different spirit from the woman portrayed by party and sectarian writers. Mary Stuart was a woman of immense courage: she could look death in the face unmoved, and amidst the show of unsheathed, yet ready, daggers she would demand justice; still there was nothing masculine in her courage—she was all

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gentleness and forgiveness to her turbulent nobles, whom she had so often pardoned. Her address to Morton and Atholl at her cell door in Lochleven proves how little value she placed on her own life, and how unlikely she would have been to purchase it by self-abasement. "My lords," said the Royal victim, "you have had experience of my severity and the end of it. Let me find that *you* have learned by *me* to make an end of yours, or at least that you can make *it final*." * Let it be remembered that the traitors above named had been several times pardoned by the Queen.

George Douglas, after his expulsion from the Castle of Lochleven, remained concealed in the house of one of his humble allies at Kinross. At last a scheme was devised for the escape of the Queen. A laundress from a neighbouring village was allowed to come across the lake in a boat to "fetch the linen of the Royal prisoner, and returned again without exciting any suspicion." The laundress, being a true Scotch-woman, entered into the secret plans then arranging for the escape of her Queen. The time chosen was the 25th March, being the day for the laundress's customary visit to the Queen's chamber. The Queen disguised herself in the attire of the faithful rustic, drew a muffler over her face, and taking in her arms the bundle of linen that was to be carried away, passed out of the Castle in that manner, unsuspected, slipped into the boat, and took her seat. Nature had not, however, fitted Mary Stuart to support the character of a washerwoman. The boatmen quickly discovered the secret. "They tacked about," and rowed her back to the island, where she was "more safely guarded."

Jane Kennedy states that the result of this adventure was

* Sir Nicholas Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth.

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an increase of cruelty and insult from Lady Douglas. The condition of Mary's mind after this incident was full of sadness. Once when looking through the bars of her window on the lake, where she saw in every wave an image of the instability of her fortunes, she sank into such a profound melancholy that the evil spirit took occasion of her despair to tempt her with the thought that, since the earth and air were denied to her, she had no other choice than the water, and that she might, by one plunge, terminate her weary captivity, and bury all her sorrows in the deep waters that flowed beneath the tower. But the next moment her trust in Jesus Christ and the intercession of His Mother returned to her despairing heart. Throwing herself on her knees, she besought pardon for her sinful thought, and supplicated the Almighty for grace and strength of mind to endure her cruel wrongs.* When the agony of her mind had been calmed by prayer, she sat down, and by the aid of the writing materials just obtained for her by the faithful Jane Kennedy, wrote the following prayer :—

" Alas, my soul, if the Almighty and Eternal Creator permits this suffering for my sins, shouldst thou not kiss the rod that chastens thee by temporal troubles, instead of making thee the object of eternal suffering? And if this hath happened to thee to prove thy virtue, shrinkest thou from passing through the furnace where the Great Refiner will purge away the dross to make thee shine as pure gold? Is it because thou art deprived of liberty, and the pleasures of a court? Take now the wings of contempla-

* See M. Caussin. This amiable French biographer of Mary was possessed of some trustworthy sources of information in Scotland—perhaps from Jane Kennedy, the Queen's Protestant maid of honour, and the truest amongst the few that were faithful.

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tion and Divine Love, and fly beyond this Lake of Sorrow; soar far above the seas that surround our isles, and thou wilt learn that there is no prison for a soul which is enfranchised by its Eternal Creator. And then, do thou despise this wicked world and all that pertains to it."

Here are the outpourings of a spirit which manifests acquaintance with those Patristic writings, the knowledge of which has been ascribed, and denied, to the Queen of Scots. Be he believer or non-believer, the reader must, at least, acknowledge the grand hopefulness of a solitary, helpless, and outraged Queen, thus essaying to "lean upon the arm of the Deity," as Lamartine has said, "and conquer self-extinction by trustfulness in God."

Human aid, however, was nearer to the Queen than she imagined. George Douglas had left within the castle an unsuspected coadjutor in his enterprise for her deliverance, in a boy of tender years and mysterious parentage. This youth of sixteen was page-in-waiting to Lady Douglas. He was called the "Lad Willie;" "Orphan Willie;" "Little Willie;" and "Foundling Willie." It is alleged that he was found when a baby in a basket at the Castle gate. Much romantic gossip has been circulated as to Willie's parentage; but it still remains a mystery. Willie, however, was brought up in Lochleven, and received an education suitable to the rank of a gentleman. He understood Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish; how he acquired his education is not recorded.

Thornton states that Willie was instructed by a learned priest who had been many years in the Castle as a prisoner.* Be

* It was bruited that Willie was the son of Lord Cassilis, by Clara Graham, of the House of Montrose. Many circumstances contradict this story. And again, that Willie's mother drowned herself at Lochleven. So

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this as it may, Willie was a general favourite in the fortress. His young heart was touched with the fire of chivalry, and he made a vow to do something towards the release of the Queen of Scots. One day, seeing the Royal captive more than usually sorrowful, he took the liberty of whispering to her—"Right Royal Queen, if your Highness will venture to attempt your escape a second time, I can tell you of the means of doing it. We have here below a postern-gate by which we sometimes go out in one of the boats on the lake. I will bring you the key when I can get the boat ready, and will deliver you, and flee at the same time with you from the fury of Lord Ruthven and Lady Douglas.

"Oh, good Queen, do not tremble as you do—God will aid you; and my young life will be cheerfully offered up to promote your release. If you become free do not forget friendless Little Willie, who knows no one in this world that he can call father, mother, brother, nor sister."

Jane Kennedy, who was present, states that the Queen was immensely affected. After a pause, the Royal prisoner dried her tears, and replied in her well-known voice when expressing sympathy or gratitude: "My little friend, this is very good of you—very good indeed; but see you tell no one, or we shall be ruined. If you succeed in rendering me this service, I will make you happy for the rest of your life."*

Being destitute of pen, ink, and paper at the time, the

writes Adam Thornton, an English "story-teller," who was possessed of a vast amount of Scotch anecdotes of those times. During the imprisonment of the Queen of Scots in England, "The Mysterious Willie," then an accomplished young gentleman, went on several secret missions for Mary to Spain, and became a special favourite of Philip the Second.

* See M. Caussin; Bell's Life of Queen Mary; letters of Jane Kennedy.

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Queen wrote with *a piece of charcoal on her handkerchief* a few words, probably in cypher, and made her first trial of little Willie's sagacity and faith by entrusting him with the care of transmitting it to her loyal friend, Lord Seton. This task was readily done through the agency of George Douglas, who was no farther off than Kinross. The token soon reached Lord Seton, who commenced preparations. He transported a company of sixty picked horsemen, armed and apparelled for defence, to the lake-shore, and then concealed them in a convenient glen in the secluded bosom of the Western Lomonds, to await the issue of the enterprise.

Several days had passed before young Willie was able to make good his promise of breaking the Royal captive's chains. In the meantime a special Envoy from France demanded the release of the Queen; Moray would not entertain the question. The Ambassador demanded an interview with Mary. This was also rejected. The French Ambassador expressed his indignation at such conduct, but as Moray was acting under the secret advice of Elizabeth, he cared little for the "strong remonstrance" of France.* The conduct of Moray on this occasion excited great indignation in Paris; but the general opinion throughout Europe was to the effect that Lord Moray was the political agent of the English Queen. The opportunity for an escape was at length arranged. More than five hundred men and two hundred women were aware of the projected enterprise, yet not one became a traitor.

This incident speaks highly for the character of the "unreformed people," and the chivalrous loyalty and love they entertained for their Queen. The second day of May, 1568, fell on

* See M. Beaumont's Despatches; Teulet; Keith; Queens of Scotland, vol. vi.

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Sunday; at half-past seven that evening the guard, who kept watch and ward at the Castle of Lochleven—night and day—were accustomed to quit their post for half-an-hour for supper. The keys of the Castle were laid on a small table, near where the "laird" of the fortress was seated. Faithful Willie, who was acting as a page to the governor of the Castle, watched his opportunity. The wine-cup circulated freely; the keys were forgotten by everyone save Willie, who, having placed a cloth over them, removed them at the first opportunity. He then hastened to the Queen's chamber; with a brave heart, Mary was ready to start the moment she saw the keys. She had changed clothes with the oldest and tallest of her two maids of honour.* Mary Seton, who is generally supposed to have fled with her, remained behind to personate her Royal mistress, and bear the first brunt of the anger of the cruel woman who filled the office of "domestic scorpion." The Queen took with her the youngest companion of her captivity, a little girl of ten years old. Willie, having carefully locked the gates behind him, to prevent immediate pursuit, hurried the Queen and the child into a small boat, called a skiff, which lay just off the Castle steps, The Queen's natural courage revived; seizing one of the oars she went to work like an experienced boatman, and quite astonished the youth who was risking his life for her escape.

The heroic Jane Kennedy, who was to have accompanied her Royal mistress, not being quick enough to reach the Castle gates till they were locked by Willie Douglas, returned to the Queen's chamber, which looked upon the waters at a great height, and seeing the boat at a distance, no longer able to

* Report of the Venetian Ambassador to the Doge, May 26th, 1568; Queens of Scotland, vol. vi.

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restrain her feelings, leaped from the window into the foaming waters of the Lake, and, striking out with strong arms and a brave heart, swam at a quick pace till she reached the boat. Here a scene of peril occurred to get into the little skiff, which was "tossing in a dangerous manner." "God protected us," writes Jane Kennedy, in her kindly letters.* Midway between the island and the shore the Quéen rose and gave the preconcerted signal that she was in the boat by waving her veil, which was white, with a red and gold border and red tassels.

When the Royal veil was seen to flutter forth, the recumbent watcher on the shore sprang to his feet, and, turning about, displayed a corresponding signal to his friends in the village. The horsemen in the village instantly communicated the sign to those on the hill-side, who forthwith galloped down to the shore of the Lake, where the Queen and her noble young deliverer had just laid down their oars. Springing from the boat Mary Stuart and Jane Kennedy prostrated themselves upon the grass for a few minutes to offer thanks to Heaven for their deliverance. Then, turning to the faithful band who had come to aid her, flushed with her unwonted toil and excitement, and smiling through her tears, she received the rapturous homage of those loyal and true men who were perilling their lives for the deliverance of their Queen.

Lochleven has become memorable in the chronicles of topo-

* Many years after the event above recorded, two of the golden-haired damsels of Rothesay, desiring to test the probability of this narrative, caused a boat to be placed on the lake at some distance from the window named, and, at a given signal, they leaped from the window into the deep waters of the lake, and after immense exertion they reached the boat quite exhausted. The question may be asked, "Would they have accomplished such a feat under the circumstances surrounding Jane Kennedy?"

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graphy. When about a furlong from the shore, Willie Douglas threw the bunch of keys into the Loch, where they were found in 1821, when a portion of the lake was dried up by an abnormal drought.*

The spot where Mary effected her landing on the lake shore has attained, in memory of that event, the name of the "Mary Knowle." The escape was a topic of surprise at every Court in Europe. The Venetian Ambassador, who had some knowledge of Lochleven, and the close custody in which Lord Ruthven held the Royal captive, "deemed the flight like a miracle; and all conducted and brought to a happy conclusion by a boy of sixteen years old." Swift horses and courageous men were in readiness, and the Queen was quickly in the saddle ready to ride a race for life and liberty, as she had done before. After journeying some miles the Queen's friends deemed it more prudent that their Royal mistress should pursue the remainder of her way to the residence of her devoted friend, Lord Seton, in a boat across the Frith. After a brief delay, Mary Stuart braved the waves of the surging Frith in a small fishing barque. The Queen and her attendants reached the little wooden pier of South Queen's Ferry in safety. There she was met by Lord Claud Hamilton, of the blood Royal of Scotland, accompanied by fifty armed cavaliers, all of his own clan. Those devoted followers escorted their Queen to West Niddry, the seat of Lord Seton, where she stopped for the night. At the grey dawn of morning she was prepared to pursue her journey, and from her bedroom window she addressed some loving words to a few knights,

* In Charles Mackay's "Castles, Palaces, and Prisons," of the days of the Queen of Scots, are to be found some interesting narratives concerning Lochleven.

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chiefs, and cavaliers of the noble houses of Bruce, Livingstone, and others, of less note, whom gold had not corrupted, nor treason led astray.

The Queen next visited Hamilton Castle, which became her head-quarters for a short time. Here Archbishop Hamilton and the principal gentlemen of that wild district paid homage to their Sovereign. Her Highness then solemnly revoked her abdication in the presence of her troops and the numerous friends who had come to greet her. She declared that her signature to the writs and instruments she had subscribed in Lochleven Castle had been extorted from her by violence and threats, to which she called on George Douglas and Sir Robert Melville, who were witnesses of that constraint, to bear testimony.* It is said that twenty men of immense ability, energy, and business habits could not get through all Mary Stuart accomplished in a few days. She wrote letters to nearly every crowned head and eminent statesman in Europe, claiming their assistance. Her letters to the Cardinal of Lorraine are remarkable. Petrucci, the Florentine Ambassador, affirms that Mary's letter to her uncle, the Cardinal, "would move the hardest heart to pity her. She acknowledges her release as a boon from the Almighty alone, to whom she returns most humble thanks for His having given her so much fortitude in these her afflictions." At the first news of Mary's escape, M. de Beaumont, the French Ambassador, hastened to offer his congratulations to the Queen, and publicly visited her at Hamilton. Sir Nicholas Throckmorton expressed "his *pleasure* at Mary's escape." In a few hours later he wrote as follows to Lord Moray:—" We have learned that the Queen has escaped

* Chalmers' Life of the Queen of Scots; Keith; Despatches of Correra; Tytler, vol. vi.; Hopetoun MSS.; Queens of Scotland, vol. vi.

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from Lochleven, which thing, I can assure you, has much grieved your friends, and they are no less astonished that no greater care has been taken in a matter of such vital importance." The writer concludes, "*I commit you to the keeping of God, who, as I assure myself, will prosper you, as before, to His own glory.*"*

Sir William Drury acted in a similar spirit of duplicity and falsehood to the Scottish Queen. He reported that she was "quite in love with George Douglas." When this gross allegation was proved to be false, Drury and Throckmorton charged the Queen with base ingratitude to her deliverer. The facts of the case were far different. Mary was most grateful to all those who aided in her escape. She gave George Douglas in gold and jewels far more than her limited means could afford. In a letter to Cecil, Sir William Drury states that George Douglas "has been quite forgotten by her whom he so much served." The future conduct of Mary to Douglas is a sufficient proof of her gratitude and the delicacy and purity of her friendship for him. She prayed the French Court to promote his interests in case he should desire to settle in France. There is one interesting circumstance in connection with George Douglas's residence in Paris which places *his* Queen in a most amiable light. Douglas, whilst at the French Court, became acquainted with a young and lovely heiress. "Handsome Geordie" quickly won the lady's heart, but the noble and wealthy relatives of mademoiselle would not consent to her union with a poor Scotch squire. Of the genealogical tree of the warlike House of Douglas they knew nothing, and, as the Scotch nobles were justly in bad repute on the Continent, they did not desire to have any alliance with young Douglas;

* Teulet, vol. ii.; Queens of Scotland, vol. vi.

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besides, he was poor and unknown in France. Yet, he had very recently achieved laurels in the field of chivalry which had placed his name on the roll of History amongst the brave and generous. His struggle to liberate his young Queen from Lochleven gained him many friends and admirers—and, above all, it aided in winning for him the heart of the heiress, who was enthusiastic in her admiration of Mary Stuart. Still the relatives of the lady hesitated. Queen Mary's letters soon removed all objections, and George Douglas became the husband of the beautiful Jeannette Verrière, who married him solely "for his personal merits and his chivalrous unselfishness."

This incident shows that the feelings of Mary Stuart towards George Douglas were those of a Queen who held the almost Utopian principle that gratitude is one of the attributes inseparable from a good heart, and most worthy the wearer of a diadem. Generous-hearted, lovable, ill-understood, Mary Stuart never forsook her friends.

No circumstance connected with the domestic life of Queen Mary more intimately illustrates the kind and amiable qualities of the woman than the disinterested and sisterly kindness she manifested in providing suitable matches for her maids of honour—especially the Maries.

After serving, like Jacob, for seven years, Andrew Beaton was about to become the husband of Mary Seton, but died suddenly within a few days of their intended marriage. This sad incident was a source of grief to the Queen, for she had taken an active part in promoting the marriage; and her interesting correspondence upon the subject is still amongst the State Papers. The "mourning bride," then in the thirtieth year of her age, yet in the "vernal freshness of her beauty," consented to remain seven years longer with her Royal mistress. Mary Seaton subsequently retired to a convent at Rheims, and

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there ended her days in cloistered seclusion. "A lot," writes Miss Strickland, "for which her Royal mistress sighed in vain."

In a letter of Mdlle. de Courcelles appears an affecting account of the "leave-taking" between Queen Mary, then in prison at Tutbury, and her beloved companion and friend, Mary Seton. The narrator adds:—"Even Lady Shrewsbury was moved to tears." A marvellous result with such a *châtelaine*.

Mr. Hosack comments upon the interest the Queen of Scots often evinced in the marriage of young people who earnestly desired to join the "true lovers' knot." "Unlike her sister-Queen, who would never allow anyone to marry if she could help it, Mary Stuart, notwithstanding her own unhappy experience, was throughout her life the constant advocate of matrimony"—"lest to the parties worse might betide," says old Wyntoun.

The diaries and correspondence of the "Maries," and other ladies associated with the inner life of Queen Mary, concur in speaking of her many endearing domestic qualities, whilst writers who had never seen her, and knew nothing of the early history of the Royal lady, represent her in the worst light—"unamiable and vindictive."

I cannot omit inserting at this stage of my sad narrative of Mary Stuart, an anecdote related by Miss Strickland on her visit to Lochleven many years ago, which illustrates the feeling then pervading Scotland as to their Queen.

"I cannot refrain," says Miss Strickland, "from recording a pleasing trait of generous feeling displayed by David Marshall, hacksman of the Lochleven fishery, employed in transporting visitors to and from Lochleven Castle. Marshall refused to accept his five-shilling fee, or any reward whatsoever, because he had gathered from the conversation, that I was writing Queen Mary's

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life. Marshall handed back the money with a determined air, saying: '*No*, I will not take money for this job from anyone. I must be permitted to have the pleasure of rendering this little service to *that* lady for poor Queen Mary's sake.'

"'Then,' said Miss Strickland, 'you would have lent a hand to deliver Queen Mary from her prison if you had lived in her time?'

"'Aye, and I would have died for her,' he replied, grasping his oar with expressive energy as he spoke."

Miss Strickland adds: "Who shall say the age of chivalry exists no longer when sentiments of so ennobling a character animate the true hearts of the industrial classes of old Scotia?"

David Marshall was a Scotch Presbyterian, yet he valued Mary Stuart far above the daughter of Anna Boleyn, of "blessed memory."

The reader may form some idea of the domestic comforts provided for the Queen at Lochleven Castle, from the fact that the only mode of reaching the apartments of the Royal prisoner was by an old broken ladder. This was "arranged" at the suggestion of Lord Lindsay.

Lochleven will long continue to be a place for the contemplation of Royal vicissitudes, and the memory of the iniquities perpetrated against Mary Stuart by the hypocritical and dishonest "conversants" in religion and politics.

Still, the Student of History may desire to linger around Lochleven in its ruins. In the midst of the tangled wilderness tradition has long pointed out one ancient stem of fantastic growth called "Queen Mary's Thorn," said to have been planted by the Royal captive as a memorial of her compulsory residence in Lochleven. Its boughs, as long as a stick remained, were constantly broken off and carried away by the numerous visitors. The tree was subsequently up

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rooted by a violent storm of wind. The tower of the castle is of great antiquity—supposed to have been built by Congal, a Pictish King. There were ten pieces of tapestry at Lochleven said to have been made by Mary Queen of Scots and her ladies upon her return from France. The work was descriptive of the diversions of hunting and hawking, and performed with that elegant taste for which Queen Mary was so remarkable. Madame Justirini, a contemporary of the Queen of Scots, and an eminent Parisian embroideress, affirms that her Highness was "the greatest needlewoman in the world."

Jane Kennedy affirms that Queen Elizabeth "expressed her delight at receiving some beautiful needlework *as a present* from her Royal captive of Tutbury Castle." Gilbert Talbot, the deputy gaoler, conveyed the "presents" from Mary Stuart to her "dear cousin" Elizabeth. However, the "iron rule" at Tutbury was not relaxed for one hour by the above incident. The hatred of Elizabeth was of a demon class.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

MARY STUART SEEKS THE "HOSPITALITY" OF HER COUSIN.

THE escape of Queen Mary from Lochleven was followed by many exciting scenes, by fervid expressions of loyalty and enthusiasm. At Langside the professions of the Queen's supporters were severely tested. The Royal Standard was sustained by nine Earls, several Protestant Bishops, ten Chiefs of Clans, and six thousand men. The great majority of the Queen's army on this occasion were Protestant.* Lord Argyle, who commanded the Royal troops, was said to have betrayed his Sovereign, for he displayed a total absence of his usual military talent.† The battle did not last beyond five hours. The closing scene was a "hand-to-hand" scuffle, in which the Royalists fought with desperate courage; being repulsed several times they advanced again to the charge. Lord Morton, as one of the commanders of the Confederate Lords, led a body of pikemen to finish the carnage. A panic

* About this time scarcely one-third of the population of Scotland dared to be Catholic, and their sufferings became intense. The Kirk congregations placed the same price upon a priest's head as the sportsman did upon that of the wolf.

† Argyle was married to Janet, daughter of James the Fifth and Margaret Erskine. This marriage proved very unhappy, and a divorce was the result.

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followed, and the sound of trumpets made known the fact that the Queen's adherents were defeated. It was with great difficulty that she escaped the pursuit of her enemies. Lord Morton's conduct on this occasion was that of a cold-blooded murderer; he shot down a number of young boys who were waving a Royal banner in a neighbouring field, and many of his prisoners met a similar fate.

The Maxwells and many others were loyal to the death; they risked all, and lost all. A few miles from the field of battle, in a meadow, and under a hawthorn tree, a parting scene took place between the Queen and a few of her most devoted friends. Maxwell, Laird of Nether Polloe, was knighted by his Sovereign. This was the last chivalric honour she ever had it in her power to bestow. Mary Stuart, amidst a most affecting scene, shook hands with, and said a few words of comfort to each of her gallant friends. And then—the long farewell!

"Very few," writes Adam Macpherson, "of our faithful little band who stood under the hawthorn tree on that occasion ever met again. We all cried like children." With the setting sun of that May evening the age of chivalry vanished from Scotland.

The Queen next approached the most terrible calamity of her life. She sought the advice of the few trusted friends who accompanied her, yet seemed inclined to follow the bent of her own resolution. Lord Herries advised her to remain in the quiet retreat he had sought out for her, where she would be safe for at least two months. She would not go to France "as a fugitive;" she "did not know whom to trust." When she informed her little Council that she contemplated a journey to England, they all protested against it, and signed a paper to that effect.

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The Queen remained positive in her resolve. The agonising excitement of the last fortnight, the overthrow of all her hopes, the sorrow of mind, and the "deathly fatigue" she had gone through, together with her want of sleep, had evidently induced irritability, that unfitted her for seeing things in their proper light. She was not in a state to listen to reason. A fatal infatuation conquered her discernment, and she decided, against the advice and supplication of her earnest friends, to cross the gulf and throw herself upon the friendship of her cousin Elizabeth. In acting thus Mary Stuart shut her eyes to facts, which ought to have convinced her that she could not commit a more fatal error than to confide in the honour of a being like Elizabeth—to the kindness and consideration of one who had been the arch fomenter of all the plots and insurrections that had distracted her realm, and who had supplied Moray and his murderous confederates with the means and appliances of their treason. Lords Herries and Fleming, finding they could not prevail on their infatuated Queen to give up her sad design, were still determined to share her fate. Mary was also accompanied by Lord and Lady Livingstone, Lord Boyd, George Douglas,* "Willie the Foundling," and other devoted followers, amounting in all to sixteen. Not one of the party had made the slightest preparation for the voyage, and the only vessel that could be obtained for the Queen's use was a common fishing boat.†

With the hopeful courage and buoyancy of a Stuart, Mary paid no attention to the many warnings she had received.

"Go to England I will," said she. "I am longing to see my dear cousin."

* Hume of Godscroft's "Lives of the Douglas Clans."

† Traditions of the County.

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The tide served; the passage might be made under such circumstances in four hours. It was a bright May morning, and, perhaps, the spirits of the Queen were braced and quickened by inhaling the fresh balmy air, and by the beauty of the surrounding scenery. The place where Mary Stuart embarked was the Abbey Burnfoot, a picturesque and secluded little bay, where the rivulet that flows past Dundrennen Abbey, after winding its way over a rocky bed for nearly two miles, through a long grove of ash and elder trees, rushes into Solway Frith.

The Archbishop of St. Andrew's with several priests followed the Queen to this last spot of Scottish ground. They implored her again not to go to England under any circumstances. The Queen "remained obstinate." The Archbishop "rushed mid-waist deep into the water, and grasping the boat with both hands, conjured her not to trust to the pretended friendship of the English monarch; yet the Queen hearkened not to her venerable monitor, and went to her fate."

The voyage to Cumberland was performed in five hours. As it was Sunday evening, the general holiday, crowds were curious to see who were the passengers by the Scotch boat. It was soon perceived that the travellers were neither fishermen nor colliers. There are of course persons on whom nature has impressed traits of individual distinction that nothing can disguise, when accompanied with lofty stature and marked contour of face. This was the case with the wandering Queen of Scots. The moment Mary put foot on English soil she was recognised as a Queen. The traditions of Workington represent Mary "as the tallest woman they ever saw;" and she "was so stout." The Catholics came from their hiding holes to see her, and the "newly created Protestants" joined in the enthusiasm which sprang up

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in the remote villages and glens for the Queen of Scotland.

Sir Henry Curwen, the lord of the manor, received the Queen on her landing, and conducted her to his castellated mansion known as Workington Hall. Here the Queen and her few followers were entertained for three days. From Lady Curwen the exiled Queen and her friends received the kindest treatment. A number of English ladies—Catholic and Protestant—came privately to visit the Queen and express their deep sympathy for her. It is a curious fact that amongst the persons to whom Queen Mary was introduced, and held several conversations with, was the nephew of Sir Henry Curwen, then in his twenty-first year. This "pale-faced thoughtful looking young man" was subsequently known to the world as Camden the Historian. And I may add that of all the contemporary writers, Camden bears the most important testimony in Mary's favour. Holding the office of Secretary to Sir William Cecil, he possessed the key to many of the dark political secrets of Elizabeth's reign.*

From Workington Hall the Queen of Scots wrote a letter to her "good cousin" Elizabeth, detailing her sufferings. The "good cousin" remained silent.† The next residence Mary removed to was Cockermouth Hall. That warm-hearted and devoted friend, Percy Earl of Northumberland, and the Duke of Norfolk's sister, Lady Scrope, visited her at this mansion. The French, Spanish, and Venetian Ambassadors came expressly from London to condole with Mary whilst at Cockermouth.

* William Camden died in 1623, and was buried in Westminister Abbey, opposite Chaucer's grave.

† The letter in question, written in old French, may be seen in Mary's own handwriting among the Cottonian MSS., British Museum.

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The presence of these illustrious representatives of influential countries caused some anxiety to Elizabeth, who, nevertheless, continued profuse in her professions of friendship. Mary's friends in England were numerous and enthusiastic at this period, but they had no organisation or practical plans of action; besides, they were constantly "watched and tracked" by Sir William Cecil's spies. The partisans of the Queen of Scots beyond the Borders were "persecuted day and night" by Lord Moray's agents. Even the foreign Ambassadors were not safe in Scotland, for Villeroi de Beaumont, in travelling from Edinburgh to the Borders, was beset and plundered by the partisans of Moray, and his "servants used with great violence."* When the agents of the Regent became highwaymen, scant protection could be expected from the "Government," as it was styled.

At Carlisle Castle, Queen Mary was joined by many of her faithful followers from Scotland. A number of the old English Catholic families were also presented.

Sir Richard Lowther, the Lord Warden, incurred the displeasure of Elizabeth by permitting the Duke of Norfolk to visit Mary. This was an early indication of the jealous feeling of the English Queen, who dismissed Lowther from office and inflicted a heavy fine upon him.

The local traditions of Cumberland represent Norfolk "as full of sympathy for the Queen of Scots."

I here chronicle an incident which occurred about the time of Mary's sojourn at Carlisle, and which illustrates the nature of Elizabeth's feelings towards her too trusting cousin. Mary had

* Correspondence upon the Doings at the Borders; State Papers.

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informed the Queen of England in her letter from Workington that she had arrived in her realm in a state of utter destitution, without even a change of apparel or the means of providing it. Womanly sympathy, to say nothing of the duties of hospitality and princely courtesy, rendered it incumbent on a sister Sovereign to supply the Royal fugitive with anything of which she stood in need, and that in a manner consistent with the honour of the English Crown and the exalted station Mary had occupied both in France and Scotland. Instead, however, of acting with the munificence of a Queen, or the delicacy of a woman on this occasion, Elizabeth was guilty of the despicable meanness of insulting her Royal guest by sending her such a selection from her own wardrobe as the bearers, Lord Scrope and Sir Francis Knollys, were thoroughly ashamed of delivering. Mary controlled her feelings when the presents from her "good sister" were produced, and turned away in silence.* Mary Seton followed the example of her Royal mistress, and surveyed the "old rags" with ineffable contempt, uttering not a single word in comment. This demeanour had the effect of eliciting an apology from Scrope and Knollys, who declared that such things "as they saw in the parcels before them must have been sent in mistake." There was, however, no mistake about the matter. It was just in keeping with that mean and spiteful mode of action which was to be found in all the domestic relations of Elizabeth's life. Improbable as the excuse was, the Queen of Scots received it graciously, and, in doing so, showed far greater dignity than if she had insisted that an affront was intended.

Sir Francis Knollys evinced a lively interest in observing

* Anderson's Collections, vol. iv. p. 73; Queens of Scotland, vol. vi.

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and reporting to Elizabeth the effects of the skilful hair-dressing of Mary Seton in setting off the natural charms of her Royal mistress without the aid of jewels or regal array. Mary, however, could scarcely imagine that her stolen jewels were at that moment in the possession of her "good cousin," the Queen of England!

Amongst those who accompanied Queen Mary to Carlisle, and were devoted to her during life, were several of the Protestant persuasion. Lord Livingstone and his wife were both of the Kirk congregation; also George Douglas and "Willie the Foundling;" and Jane Kennedy, the most devoted of all the Queen's friends, was a member of the Church of Scotland. Some of the "lower grade" of domestics were Scotch Protestants, and three of them subsequently perished on the scaffold for their Queen.

Sir Francis Knollys thus writes to Queen Elizabeth respecting Mary Stuart:—"She is a notable woman, and seemeth to regard no ceremonious honour, beside the acknowledging of her estate Royal. She showeth a great desire to be avenged of her enemies.* She showeth a readiness to expose herself to all perils in hope of victory. She desireth much to hear of hardiness and valiancy, and commendeth by name all approved hardy men of her own country, although they be her enemies, and she concealeth no cowardice even in her friends. The thing she thirsteth after is victory, and it seemeth indifferent to her to have her enemies diminished either by the sword of her friends, by liberal provision and rewards of her purse, or by divisions and quarrels raised amongst themselves. So that,

* This desire of "revenge" was the very opposite of Mary's character; and in her dealings with her false brother and the rebel lords is to be found the most triumphant refutation of Knollys' wilful slander.

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for victory's sake, pain and peril seemeth pleasant unto her, and in respect to victory, wealth and all things seemeth to her contemptuous and vile."

This report, which is worthy of Thomas Randolph or Nicholas Throckmorton, is followed by some mysterious queries. "What is to be done with such a lady and such a princess?—or whether such a princess is to be nourished in one's bosom?—or whether it be good to halt and dissemble with such a lady, I defer to your Majesty's own judgment."

To "halt and dissemble" was a thorough Elizabethan maxim. Knollys concludes his despatch by giving his opinion "that the safest and most direct policy would be to *aid* the Regent, Moray, in time; and if *spots* on Queen Mary's *coat* could be made manifest, the sooner it were done the better."*

Knollys closely studied the character of Mary, and sometimes, perhaps, wrote his honest convictions—rare sentiments in those times.†

Here is a note to Cecil:—"Surely this Queen of Scotland is a rare woman, for as no flattery can abuse her, so no plain speech seems to offend her if she thinks the speaker an honest man."

Some years subsequently, when the Earl of Shrewsbury had resigned the office of gaoler of the Queen of Scots, Elizabeth, ever full of curiosity respecting her Royal prisoner, inquired of Shrewsbury his true opinion of Queen Mary, and in particular whether her word could be relied on. Shrewsbury, afraid of offending his Royal mistress by saying anything in praise of her beautiful rival, at first evaded the question; but Elizabeth having insisted on an answer, he replied that if the

* Knollys' Despatches; Anderson's Collections, vol. iv.
† Anderson's Collections.

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Queen of Scots gave her promise upon anything she *would not break it.** The English Queen, who never kept a promise if the slightest interest intervened for its violation, read Lord Shrewsbury's reply in silence. But it seems to have made a decided impression; for in some time after, on being asked to supply money for the use of a few seditious Kirk clergy who had fled to England with Lord Angus the Earl of Mar, Elizabeth said she would "rather trust the Queen of Scots than her rebellious subjects, who borrowed and never returned what they did borrow. The man who keeps his word commands a certain respect."

If Elizabeth had honest Ministers she might possibly have proved to be a different kind of monarch. The great misfortune of her position was to be found in the fact that she never heard the truth with regard to anyone to whom she was opposed. Upon the long roll of English Ministers there are to be found none so bad and unprincipled as the advisers of Queen Elizabeth—Burleigh worst of all.

When Pompey, after his defeat at Pharsalia, fled for refuge to the inhospitable shore of Egypt, and was slain by Ptolemy's corrupt advisers, the "civilised world" of *that* period considered the action inhuman and barbarous—a violation of hospitality and protection to a homeless stranger. The case of the Queen of Scots was far worse. According to an entry in Cecil's diary he may have had, for a time at least, a struggle with his remnant of conscience, if he ever possessed one, for he writes thus:—"This Scotch Queen was *specially invited* as the guest of our Sovereign, and the moment she arrives in our country we make her prisoner, keep her in close confinement

* Castelnau to Henry the Third; Mary Stuart and her Accusers, vol. ii.

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open her letters and retain them as we think proper. *Is it right? This is a question I cannot answer without danger to myself.*"

If Sir William Cecil ever possessed an atom of conscience or honour, he parted with it quickly. Queen Mary arrived at Tutbury Castle on the 3rd of February, 1569, eight days having been occupied in performing the journey from Bolton Castle. The inclemency of the weather, badness of the roads, the insufficiency of horses, and, above all, the sickness of the poor captive lady, caused various stoppages at the manor-houses along the route. The Queen was received at Tutbury Castle by veritable gaolers, the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury. George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, was possessed of much wealth, and has been described as being very avaricious, vindictive, proud, mean, suspicious, and cowardly. He was by nature adapted for the employment fitly given him by Queen Elizabeth. It is stated that he was a *Catholic*, and very kind to his Royal prisoner. There is no foundation for such a statement.

As to the Catholicity of Lord Shrewsbury, no one expected him to make any sacrifice of fortune or worldly honours on account of religion. He was, like other men with large establishments, compelled to keep two Protestant chaplains, whose service he never attended; whilst a priest dared not enter the Castle—*as a priest;* although clerics sometimes visited the Queen of Scots in various disguises. Many excuses have been urged in favour of this nobleman's treatment of the Queen of Scots, and it is contended that he was a victim to the tyranny of an unamiable and jealous wife, to whom, with unexampled courage, he had become *a fourth husband.* This dame, who was very wealthy, was known through Derbyshire as "Bess of Hardwick." She is described as "a woman of masculine

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understanding and conduct—proud, jealous, selfish, and unfeeling." Lady Shrewsbury's practical talents were various, all tending to the improvement of her property. She was a builder, a lawyer, and seller of estates, a money-lender, a farmer, and a merchant in lead, coals, and timber. Her taste in architecture is testified by Hardwick Hall, which she rebuilt from the foundation. Her portrait may be seen in the picture gallery there* with those of her *four husbands.* Her features and complexion are delicate, and but for a sharp, shrewish expression, she might be termed a handsome woman. This dame, it is said, exercised an immense influence over her *four husbands;* and a tradition of Derbyshire affirmed that the husbands trembled at the very sound of her voice. Perhaps from some geniality of character this strong-minded woman became a favourite with Queen Elizabeth. It was reported that the English Queen's knowledge of Lady Shrewsbury induced her to consign Mary Stuart to the gaolership of the miserable unmanly lord of Tutbury Castle—being well aware that she would be watched, reported on, and circumvented by his conjugal spy and tyrant, if disposed to yield to feelings of manly compassion, or tempted to lighten the chains of his illustrious captive. The conduct of this inhuman woman to her Royal prisoner was most barbarous. I am happy to add, however, that in due time Lady Shrewsbury found her way to the Tower, but not for her unwomanly conduct to Mary Stuart. She used abusive language to the English Queen, and paid the penalty by a sojourn in the Tower for twelve months.

To return to the "loving cousins." At the end of a fortnight the English Queen condescended to reply to Queen Mary's "letter of remonstrance." Elizabeth utterly denied

* Hardwick Hall is now the property of the Duke of Devonshire.

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having aided the Scotch rebels, or offered any opinion prejudicial to the honour of the Queen of Scotland.* Whilst Elizabeth made so many false statements to her "good cousin," she was in close correspondence with Moray and Morton, and then suddenly discovered that a matrimonial scheme was bruited between Norfolk and Mary. Elizabeth became so exasperated at the idea of such an union that she swore a terrible oath "that the Queen of Scots' head should not rest long on her shoulders."

Elizabeth issued an order for the immediate removal of her prisoner from Tutbury Castle to Wingfield Manor, where Mary was confined to bed for many weeks with acute rheumatism brought on by the damp rooms and watery wastes that surrounded her noxious abode at Tutbury Castle. The lovely scenery about Wingfield Manor, with its bold free range of hills, reminded Mary, perhaps, of her hunting grounds in Fifeshire; but her gaolers did not permit the Royal captive to see much of the scenery of Wingfield, for there she remained a close prisoner.

The ancient associations of "Stormy Tutbury" are not devoid of interest. The castle was originally a Roman fortress, but had been several times rebuilt, and experienced frequent change of masters. Mercian princes, Norman chiefs, and king-defying barons had, in turn, made Tutbury Castle their stronghold. It had been connected with the tragic story of the unfortunate Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, and associated with the splendour of the haughty John of Gaunt, who founded there his "Court of Minstrels." The castle was considered a place of impregnable strength. It was girded with a

* Correspondence between the Queens of England and Scotland Labanoff; Queens of Scotland, vol. vi.

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broad moat nearly thirty feet in depth, surrounded with lofty walls, with ramparts and flanking towers of defence, enclosing three acres of ground, the only access to it being by means of a drawbridge.

Tutbury is situated on the south bank of the river Dove, which parts the counties of Derbyshire and Staffordshire, looking down on the town and ancient church of Tutbury. It reminds one of the touching lines of the Bard of Needwood Forest:—

> "Here captive Mary looked in vain
> For Norfolk and his nuptial train;
> Enriched with Royal tears the Dove,
> But sighed for Freedom, not for Love."

The ancient little town of Tutbury, only five miles distance from Needwood Forest, is connected with the ballad lore and legendary exploits of Robin Hood and his fair vanquisher Clarinda—not "Maid Marian."

Amongst the many places in which the Royal captive was confined, I may name the Black Bull Inn, at Coventry—a strange place in which to imprison a Queen. In those times Coventry was surrounded by massive walls and fortified by thirty towers.

Of the quaint curiosities of the town, Mary Stuart saw none, for she was confined within the space of two small rooms for six weeks and "guarded at every side." The apartments occupied by Queen Mary at the Manor House near Sheffield have long since disappeared. Armed men "were on watch at every point leading to Mary's rooms." Her sufferings at this period (1571) were aggravated by the conduct of Lord Shrewsbury and his family. The lady spies, who included the Countess of Shrewsbury and her daughters, descended to every

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unwomanly scheme to annoy and harrow the feelings of the unfortunate Queen.

From the time the Duke of Norfolk visited the Queen of Scots at Tutbury Castle, he was closely watched by the spies of Elizabeth. Lord Leicester won the confidence of Norfolk, and through him made Elizabeth acquainted with the supposed movements of the Catholic party, who did not like the half-hearted manner in which the Duke acted during the "Catholic negotiations." There was no doubt but Mary Stuart was "heart and soul" with the Catholic party.

Elizabeth was residing at Farnham (August, 1569), when the ladies of the Court "whispered about that the Queen of Scots was secretly contracted to the Duke of Norfolk." It was reported that Leicester, after having "worked himself into the confidence of Norfolk, was determined to betray him."

Just what might have been expected from such a man. A plan was arranged by Cecil to gradually entrap Norfolk, whom he personally hated. Elizabeth invited the Duke of Norfolk to dinner; her manner to him was particularly noted by the guests. When the Queen rose from table, she told the Duke that she would advise him to beware on what pillow he should rest his head. The numerous friends of the Duke of Norfolk became alarmed at this ominous incident. The Court next proceeded to Lichfield, when the Queen was informed of the sudden illness of Lord Leicester. Those who were best acquainted with the Royal favourite affirmed that his "dangerous illness" was assumed, for it scarcely lasted three days. The Queen went immediately to visit her "Sweet Robin;" she sat beside his bed, and "with sighs and tears he made a confession to her of all he knew" concerning the matrimonial negotiations said to be going on between "*his* friend" Norfolk and

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the Queen of Scots. Elizabeth soon forgave Leicester for the part he played in this matter. Norfolk was severely reprimanded, and forbidden on his allegiance ever more to entertain the project of a union with Mary Stuart. The Duke expressed his "sorrow for the indiscretion he had committed," and so the matter was supposed to be at an end. But he soon observed that whenever he came into the Royal presence Elizabeth met his eye with such looks of disdain and anger that the courtiers avoided his company, and "*his* friend" Leicester treated him in public as an enemy. He retired from Court; as did also the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke. His enemies now redoubled their schemes to effect his ruin. He wrote to the Queen accounting for his absence by stating that he feared her "displeasure." This "explanation" aroused the preconceived suspicion of Elizabeth as to his disloyalty.

The guard in charge of the Queen of Scots was now doubled by day and by night. Her apartments and cabinets were searched, but without effect, for the discovery of her correspondence, and in particular for a letter written to her by the Earl of Leicester. That letter is supposed to have warned her that the moment Norfolk drew the sword in favour of the Queen of Scots the latter would be put to death by Elizabeth.* There can be no doubt that the English Queen only required some miserable pretext to murder her unfortunate relative.

The Catholic party accused Norfolk of want of spirit; and others asserted that he was a coward. These statements were untrue. Looking back at the destruction of life and property suffered by his family, it was no wonder that he hesitated. The

* Camden's Annals, p. 189; Haynes, p. 521; Cabala, p. 168.

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Catholics, and those Protestants who acted with them, contended that if he had stayed a few days longer at Kenninghall, he would have been joined by all the ancient nobility of the realm ; and that Elizabeth, alarmed at so powerful an association, would have consented to the release of her Royal captive.* No scheme was more doubtful, or difficult to accomplish. Besides, the intense hatred of Elizabeth for her kinswoman, on account of her legitimacy, made her determined never to relinquish her prisoner. Every incident in connection with the captivity of the Queen of Scots lends to no other conclusion.

About this time Moray, the Scotch Regent, placed an old correspondence of Norfolk with himself in the hands of Elizabeth, which excited her feelings to a pitch of direful wrath. She ordered Norfolk to be committed to the Tower. The Earls of Arundel and Pembroke were excluded from the Royal presence. The Bishop of Ross, Lord Lumley, Throckmorton, and a foreigner named Ridolphi,† were sent to the Fleet. When the Privy Council commission sat to inquire into the accusations against Norfolk, they reported "that he had committed no crime that the law could punish him for." The Queen replied fiercely, "If the law will not, *then, by God, my authority shall.*"

The attention of the Queen's Council was soon occupied by a much more alarming project than anything that might be under the control of so unstable and hesitating a man as the Duke of Norfolk ; yet Norfolk was an honest man.

* Murdin, p. 97.

† A wealthy Italian banker, carrying on trade in London, and supposed to be most friendly to the cause of the Queen of Scots. Many of the English Catholics, who were "hiding in holes and corners," destitute of any means, were supplied with food every day by this humane Italian.

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Among the noblemen who, in December (1569), had been called to Westminster to inquire into the charges against Mary Queen of Scots, were the two great Northern Earls, Percy of Northumberland and Neville of Westmoreland, both of them Catholics, and enthusiastic friends of the Queen of Scots. Northumberland's father was known, in the days of the Pilgrims of Grace, as Sir Thomas Percy, the brother of Lord Harry Percy, the nobleman whose name was associated with the love story of Anna Boleyn. His brother Thomas died on the scaffold in the cause of the Pilgrims, and the Earl above named was his son. The Earl of Westmoreland was the great grandson of Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. No family had played a grander part in the feudal era of England. "The two Earls" received large promises of aid from the Catholics of the North, who looked upon Mary Stuart as their *lawful* Sovereign. A Ratclyffe, a Dacre, a Norton, and a Tempest, were forward to take the field; the enthusiasm was very great, but the "surroundings of the case were most complicated." To rescue a young and lovely Queen from a prison, or a fortress, for a time excited the chivalry of nine-tenths of the young Catholic gentlemen of England. A large number of Protestant gentlemen were also connected with the confederacy. Scotland, Ireland, France, and Spain made promises of aid, once the "first blow was struck." In Council the confederacy was weak and rash, yet as true to the cause of Mary Stuart as the "magnet to its bridegroom pole," as a Scotch chronicler has poetically expressed it. The military commanders were brave as the heroes of antiquity, but not much judgment was evinced. Dr. Morton, formerly a prebendary of York, had visited the Northern counties in the spring of the year 1569. He came from Rome with the title of Apostolical Penitentiary. The

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object of his mission appears to have been to impart to the Catholic priests, as from the Pope, those faculties and that jurisdiction which they could no longer receive in the regular manner from their bishops. Camden affirms that Morton urged the Northern gentlemen to rebellion, and had been sent to inform them that the Pontiff had deposed the Queen on account of her heresy.* Of Morton's activity in preparing the insurrection there can be little doubt. He was, however, possessed of those faults which are often the results of political enthusiasm. The Catholic party had unbounded confidence in Dr. Morton's honesty.

* Camden's Annals, p. 194.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

THE EARLY DAYS OF MARY STUART AT HOLYROOD.

THE reader must become weary of the political chess-board on which Mary Stuart and her opponents and friends have appeared from the beginning of this narrative. I now introduce the little that can be gathered of her domestic and inner life in Scotland.

On Twelfth Night the Queen desired to initiate her courtiers in the French pastime called the Feast of the Bean—a game similar to the English observance of drawing for king and queen. The bean was concealed in the twelfth-cake, and whoever got it was treated as the sovereign for that night. The bean in the Holyrood twelfth-cake fell on this occasion (1562) to the lot of lovely Mary Fleming, and her Royal mistress, "the Mary of all the Maries," indulgently humoured the play by arraying Mary Fleming in her own regal robes, and decorating her with her choicest jewels, wearing none herself that evening, that the Queen of the Bean might shine peerless—a trait, trifling though it were, distinctly characteristic of the generosity of Queen Mary's temper, and the geniality of her mind. Randolph, who was present at one of those delightful fairy scenes, speaks in raptures of the Queen and her ladies.

Mary Stuart practised a close economy in the arrangement of her household affairs; she took but very little from the bankrupt treasury of Scotland, but drew upon her French

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estates for the maintenance of her Court. From the "Book of Expenses" of Monsieur Pinguillon, the French steward of the household, I extract a few items. Every person in the Royal household, from the Queen to the humblest female servant, had a separate and distinct quota apportioned of the necessaries of life—such as bread, wine, eggs, candles, coals, wood, and other articles. The allowance of candles from the 1st of November till the 31st of March per day was for the Queen's chamber and cabinet, three quarters of a pound, and one pound for the Royal dining-hall. In the spring and summer months this quantity was diminished one-third. Madame de Briante, who had been once the Queen's governess, was allowed one quarter of a pound of candles each night. The "Four Maries" had half a pound between them—so had the juvenile maidens of the Court. The Queen's female fool, and several other women had a less quantity.

The gentlemen and officers of the Court were sparingly provided with candles, which were very costly in those times. The average sum total of candles allowed for burning on a winter day and night in Holyrood, or any other place in which the Queen resided, amounted to fifteen pounds, three quarters, and a half-quarter. But there was also the following allowance of white wax: For the chamber of the Queen, three flambeaux of half a pound weight each, and four bougies, or tapers, weighing a quarter of a pound each; there were likewise flambeanx of yellow wax weighing half a pound each.

The Four Maries were each found with a wax taper; so were the junior maids of honour.

The coals and wood were measured out each day to the servants for the various apartments.

The doctor and apothecary were liberally supplied with

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coals and wood, but some of the gentlemen of the household, in hard weather, took "a pluck" from the coal-chest of the apothecary, who was too polite to complain, and suffered the cold very unlike a Frenchman.

The bill of fare for the Queen's dinner on "flesh days" included four sorts of soup and four entrées, a piece of beef (Royal boiled), a high loin of mutton, and a capon, three pullets, or pigeons, three hares or rabbits, and two pieces of fat meat. For her dessert the Queen had seven dishes of fruit, and one of a paste composed of chicory. The supper served up for her Highness was a repetition of the dinner; the same fare was served at the tables of the ladies and gentlemen of the Court. One gallon of wine served the Queen and her company for the morning collation and evening refreshment, and at her dinner table one quart of white wine and one of claret. Eight rolls of bread were supplied to the Royal table at every meal.

The Queen's ladies dined in classes at separate tables. For instance, at the first table dined Madame de Briante, Madame de Crig, Mademoiselles Pinguillon, Cobron, and Fontpertuis, and the "Four Maries"—nine persons in all. The Maries took precedence of all other ladies, excepting always the Queen's venerable governess, Madame de Briante. The ladies at the first table partook of the same dishes as their Royal mistress; and were allowed one gallon of light wine amongst them. Each of the ladies had a page who dined with an officer called the usher of the ladies. The pages were handsome boys, possessed of sweet voices and musical talents; they recited stories to please the young ladies, who gave them pet names. The gentlemen of the Court were kept at a very respectful distance by the ladies of the different ranks of which the Court was composed. David Rizzio, of whom posterity is so often

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informed as having been "always in the Royal presence," never dined at the Queen's table; his name is set down at the "same cloth" as that of the *valets-de-chambre*, with the French musicians, and the Scotch singers, and some other domestics, numbering in all nineteen men. They received a good substantial dinner of "roast and boiled every day, but no dainties." The supply of wine to the men was rather small, but perhaps sufficient. All the humbler domestics were treated with kindness and consideration by their most generous and kind-hearted Royal mistress.

In 1560-1 the financial position of the Queen's affairs compelled her to reduce her household expenses. Never was any monarch so little burdensome to her subjects, or more attentive to their general interests than Mary Stuart; yet she has been represented in the opposite light by the hired traducers of her character.

The Queen had gardens to her palaces in which she was accustomed to take early walks for exercise before breakfast, and often transacted business of the State with her Ministers, and gave audiences to Ambassadors during her walks. She had two gardens at Holyrood. In these quiet retreats Mary took delight. She replenished the garden with fruit and flowers from France. Two stately plane-trees, in extreme old age, were fondly pointed out by tradition, some seventy years ago, supposed to have been planted at Holyrood by Queen Mary's own hand on her return from France. Her sun-dial has been long since removed to a spot more worthy of such a relic—the charming "pleasaunce" of Fingask Castle; Mary had also gardens and parks at Falkland, Linlithgow, and Stirling, where she sometimes amused herself with practising archery by shooting at the butts with her ladies. She could play chess and billiards, and was fond of cards; "but," writes

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Miss Strickland, "there are no records of her losses or gains at play."

Amongst the hunting-parties at which the Queen of Scots was present, in her own realm, the one at Atholl was the grandest. Thirteen hundred horsemen, attended by some two thousand hardy mountaineers, assembled at this "gathering." The scene was most picturesque. The Queen and her ladies —three-and-twenty in number—pursued the chase for several hours, rushing at quick speed to every point of danger. The "grand huntsman" announced that 364 head of deer had been killed. The great feat of the day was to be "in" at the death of five enormous wolves, the last survivors of the savage beasts which once formed the terror of the shepherds and lassies in the wild mountain districts.

Scotland will always remain the land of romantic tradition, and every little incident connected with Mary Stuart's life in that country has a peculiar fascination at home and abroad. There is a tradition amongst the inhabitants of Lower Annandale that the beautiful and rare fish which graces Lochmaben was introduced there from France by Queen Mary. The *vendace*, as this fish is locally called (*covegonus*), is from four to six inches long, of elegant shape, and remarkable for its delicacy of flavour. The fish is unknown in any other part of Scotland. The name is evidently derived from the French *vindoise*, or dace, to which this fish bears some resemblance from the whiteness of its scales.

Some thirty years ago there existed a local club at Lochmaben, which met at stated times to enjoy a dinner of this delicious fish; to relate anecdotes of the Queen of Scots, and the Jacobite heroes of other days, and it is to be supposed, drink to the memory of the "Queen of Hearts," as Mary was once so lovingly styled.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

TRIAL OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

Lord Burleigh (Cecil) was resolved to bring the Duke of Norfolk before a special tribunal on a charge of high treason. Westminster Hall was the place selected. Twenty-six peers assembled on the occasion, under the presidency of Lord Shrewsbury. These noblemen were such as Mr. Froude styled, in the case of Anna Boleyn, "unblemished lords;" but the records of their proceedings on this "trial" proved that they were capable of doing any action which the Crown desired. Again, on private grounds Lord Burleigh was the deadly enemy of Norfolk.

On the night of the 15th of January, 1572, the Duke of Norfolk received notice that on the following morning he was to be arraigned on the charge of high treason. Without legal advice, without books, without the smallest information as to the evidence, or the testimony to be produced against him, and denied the privilege of calling witnesses in his defence, he could not but conclude, when he received the summons, that his doom was already sealed. He took his place at the bar in the custody of the Lieutenant of the Tower. Norfolk was the first subject in the realm, and the son of Lord Surrey, and kinsman of Queen Elizabeth.* Calmly

* Elizabeth's grandmother and the grandfather of the fallen noble were both children of Thomas Howard, the second Duke of Norfolk.

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scanning the countenances of the Peers, he betrayed neither surprise nor alarm when he perceived present his worst enemies in the Council. Amongst those Peers was the newly created Lord Burleigh, so well known as Sir William Cecil; Bedford and Leicester, Hertford and Huntingdon, were members of this "special jury"—all implacable enemies of Norfolk and Queen Mary. At a glance it could be perceived that the whole trial was a mockery of equity and law.* The indictment preferred two charges—the first was that, in defiance of the express command of Queen Elizabeth, the Duke of Norfolk had wickedly sought to marry the Queen of Scots; and secondly, that he had sought, by means of foreign aid, to stir up a rebellion in the realm. The noble prisoner besought the Court to allow him the aid of counsel.

Chief Justice Catline replied, in an insolent tone, that in cases of high treason *the law allowed no counsel to the accused.*

"My Lords," replied the Duke, "I am very unjustly treated in this proceeding. I have had very short warning to provide an answer to such a great matter—*not fourteen hours in all.* I have had short notice, and no books; neither books of statutes, nor so much as a breviate of the statutes. I am brought to fight without a weapon." †

The Court would not listen to his statements. He then, with uplifted hands, protested his innocence of the charges preferred against him, and denounced the unjust manner in which the trial was conducted.

The counsel for the Crown stated that the design of the

* Jardine's Criminal Trial Remarks; Records of the Trial of the Duke of Norfolk for high treason in Elizabeth's reign.

† State Trials of Elizabeth's Reign, vol. i. p. 966.

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Duke of Norfolk to marry the Queen of Scots was in itself "clear and palpable treason." The crime of treason, in this case, was defined by the statute of the 25th of Edward the Third. But it was by a most unwarrantable interpretation of this statute that Norfolk, by seeking to marry the Queen of Scots, could be held to compass his Sovereign's death. He argued the point with ability and good temper. Being pressed by the Attorney-General to confess that he knew the fact of Queen Mary having worn the arms of England, he said, "I have heard without doubt that being married to the French King, she made claim during her husband's life to the Crown of England, and quartered the arms of England with those of Scotland and France. But I have also heard that Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who was then Ambassador in France, made complaint thereof, and that thereupon it was laid down."

To this the Crown counsel replied that the Queen of Scots had never renounced what she called her "claims upon the English Monarchy." Norfolk was further charged with "violating his oath as a Privy Councillor, by making proposals of marriage to the Scottish Queen, whilst he knew her to be guilty of great crimes." The alleged evidence of Bannister, Norfolk's steward, was read, charging him with various actions of a treasonable nature.

The Duke of Norfolk exclaimed, with vehemence—"I beseech you, my Lords, let Bannister be brought face to face with me. I feel certain that he will not make the charges against me which you now produce in writing."* It was in vain that Norfolk required the witnesses themselves to be

* The witnesses in this case were severely racked, although the Attorney-General pledged his *honour* that such was not the fact, yet he was actually present at the barbarous process in the Tower.

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produced instead of their written depositions, of which only those portions were read which in some manner criminated the noble prisoner.

Norfolk was informed by the Chief Justice that the practice of examining witnesses in the presence of the accused, although allowed in former times, had been found "*too hard and dangerous where the interests of the Sovereign were concerned.*" We are told, however, that these were the "golden days of the good Queen Bess."

According to this arrangement, Norfolk was called upon to answer at a moment's notice long written statements which he heard for the first time, without an opportunity of putting a single question to those who made them, and without the privilege of calling a witness in reply.

At several stages of the trial Norfolk protested in strong language against the manner of dealing with the charges made against him. "The whole of your proceedings," said the Duke, "is an unheard-of act of injustice, of which the world will in due time marvel at your cruelty."

Burleigh instantly replied. He inquired if the Duke of Norfolk had ever applied for leave to summon witnesses and collect proofs for his defence ?

The noble prisoner stated that he had many times made this request. Burleigh remarked that he had not heard of any such application being made to the Queen. Burleigh was, however, the very man who overruled Elizabeth in this, as in many other cases.

The evidence continued to be "documentary," and the prisoner was not allowed to examine one line of the writing, the Attorney-General reading whatever passages suited his purpose. In fact, from beginning to end, the trial was a disgrace to law or equity.

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The conviction of the Duke of Norfolk by the unanimous verdict of the "unblemished Peers" was a triumph to his steadfast enemy, Lord Burleigh. The Queen hesitated in sending her cousin to the scaffold. Twice she signed the death-warrant, and twice, against the earnest entreaties of Burleigh, she cancelled it.* It is said she was sincere in this case. But Burleigh had recourse to his old schemes. From the pulpit he received that support which charity and humanity protested against in all ages.

The Bishop of Lincoln preached a sermon demanding the execution of Norfolk and the Queen of Scots. Burleigh was in communication with the Bishop of London at this time (1572) "as to the qualitie of the sermons that the clergy were to preach." The Bishop writes in these words to Burleigh as to the sermons required by the Queen's Council:— "If I may receive from your Lordship some direction or advice herein, I will not fail to direct them (the clergy) as well as I can."† The clergy were vehement in their pulpit addresses, and, like their congregations, "called aloud for the execution of Norfolk and the Queen of Scots." The Peers declared Norfolk guilty of high treason, and his doom was quickly pronounced. Again, I repeat, the whole proceeding was a perfect scandal. Lord Burleigh was the most guilty in this Star Chamber inquisition in its worst forms.

Both Houses of Parliament petitioned the Queen for the execution of her cousin, Norfolk. At the *earnest and continued entreaties of Lord Burleigh*, Elizabeth signed the death-

* Elizabeth's letter to Burleigh on this subject is to be seen in Ellis's Royal Letters, vol. ii. p. 263.

† Wright's History of Elizabeth's Reign, vol. i, p. 438; see also Burleigh State Papers.

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warrant for the third time, and on the 2nd of June, 1572, the Duke of Norfolk met his fate bravely. During his last days he exhibited the same calm and dignified demeanour which had marked his conduct during the trial. He declared that "he was innocent of treason or any other crime against the Queen." He died a Protestant, as he had lived, but his Puritan principles could not appease the secret and deadly hatred of Lord Burleigh. Several of the peers who were empanelled to investigate the case, in after years publicly expressed the remorse they felt for the part they had taken in this mock trial and subsequent sacrifice of an innocent man.

The King and Royal Family of France all signified their approval of the marriage of the Queen of Scots with Norfolk. One of Mary's letters to the Duke of Norfolk is printed in volume vi., p. 387, of "The Queens of Scotland;" a modest respectful note, very unlike what Buchanan and Moray have represented as the correspondence of Mary Stuart.

Lords Moray and Leicester acted with fatal malice towards Norfolk. After two or three conferences, Lord Moray told the Duke of Norfolk that if he would obtain Queen Mary's favour for him, and her promise to confirm him in the Regency of Scotland, he would in nowise accuse her, but as he and Norfolk *were of the same religion, they might live as sworn brothers, the one to rule England, and the other to rule Scotland, to the glory of God* and the weal of both realms.* Of course the scheme fell through. When Lord Burleigh's vigilant spy furnished him with accurate details of the above, he must have been astounded at the deception of *his* friend, Lord Moray.

* Sir James Melville's Memoirs, p. 206.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FOUR REGENTS.

JUST as Elizabeth had despatched Sir Henry Gates to Moray to arrange the purchase money for the surrender of the Earl of Northumberland, an appalling event suddenly interrupted the infamous treaty. This was the assassination of the Regent Moray, in the town of Linlithgow, by James Hamilton, of Bothwellhaugh. "The assassination," writes Tytler, "was very generally attributed to a feeling of private revenge for an inhuman and savage wrong." That a powerful party rejoiced in the death of Moray by any means, however unfair, there can be no doubt, for he was universally hated, and his victims were to be found in every part of the realm. MacKenzie states that "every side he turned there were deep, unforgiving curses lying in wait for him." For more than two years before the death of the Regent, predictions of his violent end were freely discussed in every part of Scotland. Several of the old women whom he had consigned to the flames on the charge of witchcraft prophesied "terrible things concerning Jamie the Bastard." One aged woman named Meg Macnivin, at whose execution Moray *presided in person*, on hearing the Regent order *a fresh bag of gunpowder* to be placed by the faggot and tar-barrel prepared for her immolation, bitterly exclaimed, "What need o' a' this wasthing o' powther ; a wee bit 'il do for the laird yonder when his turn cumes to be struck

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down." Although in dreadful agony, the witch gave a half fiendish laugh at the thought of what was in store for the Regent, and, giving a fierce look of defiance at Moray, she expired.*

And now for the cause—or the alleged cause, as some writers put the question—of the assassination of Moray. James Hamilton, commonly called Bothwellhaugh, was a gentleman of ancient family; he fought for Queen Mary at the battle of Langside; was taken prisoner and condemned to death by the Regent, who, having seized upon his estates, subsequently, when "in a merciful mood," banished him. Hamilton's wife was the heiress of Woodhouselee, a small property on the river Esk, to which she had retired under the mistaken idea that Moray would not be so cruel or so unjust as to drive her from this small patrimony. The Regent having made a bargain with Bellenden, his "man of all work," the latter came of a very severe night, the wind and cold being extreme. Mrs. Hamilton was ordered by Bellenden and his men to leave instantly. Moray's warrant was produced; strong words were exchanged. The sick lady said she would rather die on the spot than leave the last remnant of her ancestral inheritance. Her domestics became furious, but they were quickly disposed of by the armed intruders, who tied them down. Mrs. Hamilton, it is stated, was in her lying-in-bed with her infant only a few days born. She was carried out of her bed, at the hour of ten o'clock, and thrown into a neighbouring wood, to prevent her return home.† In the wood the mother and

* Adam Blackwood's Life of Queen Mary; Jacob Penrose's Anecdotes of Witches (black letter).

† Mrs. Hamilton was the daughter of the chivalrous and high-minded Oliver Sinclair, the valued friend of Queen Mary's father.

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her infant spent the night. The moaning of the wind did not long affright her, for she soon lost her senses. In the morning one of her servants, who had escaped, found her sitting beneath an old tree, singing some mountain ditty, and her child lying dead at her feet. The scene was quickly made known to the outlawed husband, who, it is said, on bended knees, made a vow to be avenged upon the man who had brought ruin upon his family, and for ever blighted his domestic happiness. Scotch tradition has furnished a vivid picture of this incident.

Calderwood affirms that Hamilton had twice failed in his attempt upon the Regent's life; and that the Hamiltons, who had long hated the Regent, encouraged the aggrieved man to make a third attempt, which proved successful.* Hamilton did not require "any entreaties," for the wrongs he endured were too great to be forgotten. He was resolved to redeem the oath he had registered before Heaven. There must have been a strong feeling against Moray for his treatment of Mrs. Hamilton, when we find the calm and discreet judgment of such a historian as Frazer Tytler pronouncing these words :— "*If ever revenge could meet with sympathy, it would be in so atrocious a case as this.*"†

Nothing could be more determined than the manner in which Hamilton proceeded. He was very much attached to his young wife, who, it is said, died in a state of insanity. Her funeral was attended by a vast concourse of people, who publicly gave expression to their feelings concerning the conduct of the Regent. Hamilton visited his

* Calderwood MS.

† Tytler, vol. vi. p. 113.

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wife's grave at midnight, and alone. On the last occasion he renewed his vow to destroy Moray, and in order to give an additional feeling of revenge, some fresh incentive, he *gathered a handful of the earth which covered the grave of his departed wife, and placed it within his girdle, as "an eternal exciter" to revenge against* the Regent Moray, who was then at Stirling, and intended to pass through Linlithgow, on his way to Edinburgh. In this town, and in the High-street, through which the cavalcade passed, was to be seen a dilapidated house, once the property of Archbishop Hamilton. Hamilton soon gained over the occupants by money and liquor. He took his station in a small room, or as some called it, a wooden gallery, which commanded a full view of the street. To prevent his heavy footsteps being heard, for he was booted and spurred, he placed a feather bed on the floor; to secure against any chance observation of his shadow, which, had the sun broken out, might have caught the eye, he hung up a black cloth on the opposite wall, and having barricaded the door in front, he had a swift horse ready saddled in the stable at the back. His preparations were not yet completed, for, observing that the gate in the wall which enclosed the garden was too low to admit a man on horseback, he removed the lintel stone, and returning to the room, he cut in the wooden panel, immediately below the lattice window where he watched, a hole just sufficient to admit the barrel of his caliver.* Having taken these precautions, he loaded the piece with four bullets, and calmly awaited the approach of his wife's murderer, and the plunderer of his family. The crowds who surrounded the Regent caused him to ride at a slow pace, so that Hamilton

* Historie of King James the Sext.; MS. Letter—State Papers; Tytler vol. vi.

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had time to take a deliberate aim. Just as Moray had passed the fatal house, the shot was fired; the bullets struck right through the lower part of the body; one bullet, entering above the belt of his doublet, came out near the hipbone, and killed the horse of Arthur Douglas, who rode close beside him.* An indescribable scene followed, and amidst the confusion, Hamilton escaped. It was certain that a large number of the Hamilton party were in the crowd. Several voices exclaimed, "The Queen's enemy is done for." Moray was carried into a house, and expired about midnight, in great agony.

James Hamilton escaped to France, where, being offered a large reward if he would undertake the assassination of Coligni, he repelled the proffered bribe with noble indignation. "I have avenged myself on the villain who made my home desolate," he replied, "and I glory in the deed; but I will not condescend to adopt the trade of an assassin. Coligni never injured me; why, then, should I take his life?" When James the Sixth attained some degree of freedom and power on the fall of Morton, Bothwellhaugh, as he continued to be styled, ventured to return to Scotland; and being introduced into the Royal presence, knelt and implored his pardon for the slaughter of Moray. "Pardon for his slaughter," exclaimed the young King, "God's blessing on him whose son ye be; for an ye had not taken the life of yon traitor, I had never lived to wear my crown."

One of Sir Walter Scott's most pathetic ballads celebrate the wrongs and revenge of Bothwellhaugh. Human nature is generally on the side of mercy. A man must have outraged

* MS. letter—State Papers of Scotland; Tytler, vol. vi.

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all the proprieties of life, and made himself personally hateful, when the populace raise a shout of joy at his death, and more especially when that death has been accomplished by a hand unauthorised by law. When Henry the Eighth sent his "deputy tyrant," Thomas Crumwell, to the scaffold, the English people burst forth in an extravagant fit of rejoicing, that the "grand inquisitor," as Crumwell was styled, had fallen from power. All classes, from the peer to the London 'prentice, approved of the verdict against Crumwell, and awaited with anxiety for the terrible scaffold scene. Our neighbours on the Continent took up the cry, "So the oppressor of the people has reached the Tower, and the headsmen are preparing for his end. This is justice so long delayed." Charles the Fifth and Francis the First wrote "congratulatory letters" to King Henry for having at last consigned Crumwell to the custody of the "finisher of the law."* The passage of Time, however, witnessed a far worse specimen of public men brought to a terrible end.

"Who can wonder," writes Miss Strickland, "that the husband of the young wife who was thus treated became infuriated by the outrage, and had resolved on avenging her sufferings and death? An appeal to the laws of Scotland would, he knew, be unavailing, so grossly violated as they had been both by the Regent and his law-officers, who had committed the crime. The Regent Moray, whom Hamilton regarded as the primary cause of what had occurred, crossing his path was doomed to pay the penalty of a crime

* One of the officials of the Tower has affirmed that Crumwell assured him on the scaffold that the joy the populace evinced at seeing him in that condition had quite unnerved him, even more than the presence of death itself, because it *reminded him of all that was passed.*

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which appeared to place its authors out of the pale of humanity."*

Business of ominous import to Queen Mary had been transacted by the Regent on the morning of his death, at Stirling, with Sir Henry Yates and Sir William Drury, Elizabeth's envoys for conducting the negotiations for "their secret matter."† All the obstacles to the accomplishment of the treaty were now supposed to be removed. On the following day (Sunday), Moray was to meet his colleagues in Edinburgh for the "final arrangement" for the murder of his sister. The assassins to have been present on this occasion were Morton, Marr, Lindsay, Ruthven, and Mak Gill. The presence of James Hamilton in Linlithgow on Saturday morning, the 23rd of January, led to a different conclusion.

Who can defend Moray's breach of all promises to his Sovereign, and that Sovereign a loving confiding sister; his treacherous arrest of her deputies and confidential advisers; his infamous betrayal of his own friend and co-religionist, the Duke of Norfolk? His conduct to Norfolk roused the indignation even of such a partizan as Robertson, who states that he had "deceived the Duke with a baseness unworthy of a man of honour, if such a maxim existed in that age amongst a debased nobility." The Regent's murderous efforts for getting his sister into his own hands once more, in order to bring her to the scaffold by one of those schemes with which he was so well acquainted; or perhaps to have her privately assassinated;

* Queens of Scotland, vol. 7, p. 57.

† Keralio's Elizabeth, vol. iii. p. 444; Murdin—Killigrew's Correspondence with Cecil is to be found in Murdin, where the reader will find all the arrangements for the murder of Mary Stuart; Tytler, vol. vi., and the Queens of Scotland, vol. vii., throw further light upon this dark plot.

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the pretended confessions of French Parris, after he had strangled that unfortunate youth, and committed Sir William Stuart to the flames at St. Andrew's, lest he should disclose the revelations made to him by Hubert on their voyage from Norway, were evidently prepared for the purpose of being produced in a kind of Star Chamber for the crimination of the Queen. But the summons suddenly directed for his own appearance before the dread tribunal of the Eternal, in a moment dashed to atoms his schemes of murder and of ambition.

Puritan writers draw a glowing picture of the "humanity and piety" of Moray. Dr. M'Crie describes him as the "darling of the people;" whilst his own personal friends and eulogists—such men as Buchanan and Sir James Melville—declare that he was very unpopular with the people. The records of his public and private actions must be accepted as correct. His avarice was unbounded. He did not even refrain from plundering his nephew, young Francis Stuart, the orphan son of his brother John, known as the Prior of Coldingham, of his patrimony. He also compelled the aged Patrick Hepburn, Bishop of Moray, to resign the whole of his lands to him; he likewise seized upon the Church plate, chalices, &c. He endowed his second daughter, Arabella, a child of six years old, with the property of Lord Sanquhar; with the death of the young lady, this settlement fell through. The manner in which he obtained the grant and possession of the Earldom of Moray was fraudulent; his conduct to unfortunate Lord Huntley would, in itself, cover him with shame. He adopted as a practical maxim to regard the end more than the means. He began early in life, with the concurrence of his friend John Knox, to make political capital from forged letters, as can be seen from the Scotch and English State

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Papers of the period. He took part in imposing upon Scotland the falsified treaty of Edinburgh instead of the genuine document. In this, and as in every other transaction, he was the tool of Sir William Cecil. He not only aided in procuring a number of vile letters to be forged as his sister's handwriting, but he came forward, and with uplifted hands to Heaven, declared upon his oath that all these documents were the genuine writing of his sister.* His whole life was a tissue of hypocrisy and fraud. It is astounding to find historians at this time coming forward to defend such a character, against whom there now exists an overwhelming mass of evidence that can never be questioned.

There are several confirmations of the part that Lord Moray suggested to Sir William Cecil that it would be "a wise plan to arrest the Queen of Scots on the high seas as she was returning from France to her own country." I quote one high authority upon this question—namely, Camden. "James, the Bastard, returning very lately through England, had given secret warning to intercept the Queen of Scots." Camden adds: "Lethington gave the same advice." At this same period both Lord James and Lethington were in correspondence with Queen Mary, and full of devotion and loyalty to her. The letters of these men to Cecil are in the Cottonian MSS., and prove the writers to be venal and traitorous, ready for any intrigues.

Mr. Hosack believes in the "religious integrity of Moray, and that his private morals were irreproachable." Judging of the Regent's religious sentiments by his actions as a

* See Chalmers (quarto), p. 390; also the despatches of Drury, Throckmorton, and Cecil—State Papers.

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politician, he has no claim to the character of a man who really believed in Divine revelation. His morals will not stand the test of an inquiry. He was the son of a notoriously immoral Prince, and his mother, Margaret Erskine, whether married or single, had no claim even to fidelity. She was a base sordid woman, even in old age.

An opinion formed upon the research of such an honest historian as George Chalmers cannot fail to have some weight with posterity. Chalmers describes Moray as a hypocrite by habit, and throughout life practised deception, lies, perjury, and fraud.* Moray stands in the front rank of Mr. Froude's "God-fearing heroes." "The good Regent," writes Mr. Froude, "will take his place among *the best and greatest men that have ever lived.*"† The "actions of the good Regent" are far from agreeing with the eulogy here pronounced. He played the part of a pious young priest in France, and was actually appointed to the rich priory of Moscou in that country; a bishopric was also sought after. Let it be remembered that the Prior of Moscou took the usual oaths to the Pope as the Head of the Catholic Church. At this very time he was engaged in undermining the Papal authority in his own country. In 1560 he was acquainted with Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, Elizabeth's Ambassador in Paris, who was no doubt astonished at the ability, tact, and deception of the Prior, who enacted so many different parts without detection. Throckmorton states in his despatches to Elizabeth (1560) "that the Lord James, called the 'Scotch Bastard,' hath 2,500 crowns yearly from a bishoprick and an abbey, but the revenues were suddenly

* Chalmers, vol. i. and ii. (quarto).

† Froude, vol. ix. p. 581.

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taken from him, the Queen's Ministers stating that the money could not be paid to one who was falling from his duty."*

It is very bad taste to state that such a man was "sincere in his religion." What religion can sanction perjury and fraud to promote its principles? There is something awful in the contemplation of the very thought; but the contemporaries and Scotch coadjutors of the Prior were remarkable for hypocrisy in all their religious professions. Amongst Lord James's unworthy transactions was that of swindling the young Countess of Buchan out of her estates under the plea of marrying her, and then wedding another.

"Nothing," writes Miss Strickland, "can more thoroughly lay bare the baseness of Moray than those transactions." His honest and virtuous wife had reason to know that his moral character was as bad as that of his father King James. Lord Moray stands condemned by Tytler and Hosack, two distinguished historians of the Kirk party.

As Regent, Moray violated all the ancient laws of the country. Men were suddenly arrested, brought before a sham tribunal, and, in many cases, sentenced to be hanged, and the executions were carried out before sunset. In other instances the condemned were marched from the justice-room "to the scaffold, and hung up like mad dogs." The "witnesses for the defence were sometimes hanged for being too saucy." Those who dared to question the Regent's powers were doomed, and, if they did not find a retreat in the mountains, they were certain to end their days at the hands of the public executioner.

The criminal statute-book of Scotland contained some wise and merciful maxims. It was usual to allow the accused a

* Hardwicke's State Papers, vol. i.

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certain time to prepare his defence. During the reign of James the Fourth of Scotland an Act was passed in the Scottish Parliament, which provided that persons charged with robbery should have fifteen days' clear notice to make a defence; in the case of treason and murder a longer period was given. The "character and motives" of witnesses against the accused were considered, and "due weight attached to them."* Moray set aside "all law and usage." We are, however, assured by Mr. Froude that he dealt mercifully with all offenders against the law.

One flagrant injustice followed another, and the day of retribution was not far distant; still the usurper blindly pursued his path, as defiant of popular opinion as he had expressed his contempt for the laws of the land.

The Earl of Moray was about thirty-five years of age at the period of his death. The only authentic portrait of him known to be in existence is amongst the collection of pictures to be seen at Donhistle House, in Scotland, where it was discovered some forty-six years ago, with that of the Countess of Moray, concealed behind a panel. The Regent is represented as handsome, but with a sinister expression of countenance, bearing in features and complexion a decided resemblance to his great uncle, Henry VIII. His hair is light red; his eyes grey; his nose regularly formed; mouth small; thin lips twisted into a deceitful smile; the face is smooth, fair, and of a square contour—in short, a Tudor in all respects.

"The plot for the murder of Lord Moray was *originally* formed in the household of Mary Stuart, *if she herself*

* Skene's Laws of Scotland, ed. of 1609; Hume's Criminal Laws of Scotland, vol. ii.; Hosack, vol. i.

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was not the principal mover in it."* So writes Mr. Froude. Now for facts. Gilbert Talbot, the deputy gaoler at Tutbury Castle, writes to his father (the Earl of Shrewsbury) in these words: "The (woman) called Mary Stuart is well watched by day and by night. The Queen and her Ministers may rest assured that the woman (Stuart) *has no chance of escape, unless she could transform herself into a flea or a little mouse.*"† Another official states at this very period no servant of the captive Queen could speak to one another unless in the presence of Lord Shrewsbury's spies; the Queen of Scots was not permitted to open her lips to any one of her attendants unless in the presence of one of the Talbot family. All letters were rigidly examined, no one could speak to either physician or priest, unless in the presence of the gaol authorities. Gilbert Talbot's exultation explains the real state of affairs at Tutbury, and places Mr. Froude's statement in a misty position.

Gilbert Talbot, the deputy-gaoler at Tutbury, was by nature formed for his office, for, amongst the unmanly officials who filled the racking and pinching department at the Tower, with the inhuman Topplyffe as their spirit, none could possibly exceed Gilbert Talbot, who was "specially congratulated by his Sovereign for the zeal he displayed in the performance of his duty." The Queen of Scots spent nearly fifteen years under the iron rule of the exacting Talbot family, who left the smallest intervals of time for conspiring against any one. The letters of Jane Kennedy show the cruel treatment the Queen

* Froude's History of England, vol. ix. p. 575.

† Gilbert Talbot to the Earl of Shrewsbury, May 11, 1571—to be seen in the State Papers concerning the Queen of Scots at Tutbury.

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of Scots and her ladies received at Tutbury, sometimes being left *twenty-four hours* without bread, till the French Ambassador made a strong remonstrance against such inhuman conduct.

Lingard remarks that Lord Moray has been described by the writers of one party as an honest and patriotic nobleman, by those of the other as one of the most selfish, designing, and unprincipled of men. I will merely remark as something extraordinary that almost every charge made against Lord Moray by the advocates of the Queen of Scots is confirmed by the contemporary memoir of Bothwell, *though of the existence of that memoir they must have been ignorant.*

The Earl of LENNOX, Queen Mary's father-in-law, of whom the readers of this work have heard much, became the second Regent of Scotland. This accommodating Catholic joined the Kirk party, but was unpopular with the Presbyterian clergy and their congregations. Lennox governed the country by the pressure of military force. He fell a victim to the Hamilton clans, who despatched him after the same manner that Rizzio was murdered. Amongst the early crimes of Lord Lennox that have been "duly proved" is the murder of *eleven children* who were left with him as "a hostage for their parents' conduct as political mercenaries." At a later period he hanged Archbishop Hamilton without the sanction of jury or judge. He accused the Archbishop, upon the assertion of such a notorious false witness as George Buchanan, with the murder of Lord Darnley. The Hamilton family gave satisfactory evidence that the allegation was unfounded, but it did not satisfy Lord Lennox.

At the time of the murder of Lord Lennox, his wife was, for the fourth time, a political prisoner in the Tower. Her great offence was that of being related to the Tudor family.

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Queen Elizabeth's hatred pursued this unhappy lady to the grave.

The third Regent of Scotland was the Earl of MARR. A bargain was arranged between Lord Burleigh and Moray for "delivering up and despatching" the Queen of Scots in forty-eight hours after her arrival in Scotland.*

Knox was, as is shown by his secret correspondence with Cecil, a party to the projected assassination.† A new scheme was devised for the accomplishment of the same dreadful crime in 1572. The chief actors were Cecil and his Royal mistress on the one hand, and the Earls of Marr and Morton on the other, but this fell through by the sudden and mysterious death of the third Regent of Scotland. Marr, on his route to London to conclude the "murdering treaty," was seized by a violent illness and expired in a few hours. The circumstances preceding the last illness of Lord Marr are rather startling. Morton was the governing power who had ruled each succeeding Regent, and prompted them to greater acts of wickedness than perhaps they were inclined to adopt. In the October of 1572, "the great matter," as Killigrew, Elizabeth's envoy, styled the fresh projected murder of Queen Mary, was under consideration. Morton was at this period confined to bed by a dangerous illness at Dalkeith. The question of the murder was discussed at his bedside. Marr agreed with Morton that the "plan proposed" would be the best and only way to end all troubles in both realms.‡

* Queens of Scotland, vol. vii. p. 51

† The original letter is preserved in the State Paper Collection. See Tytler, vol. vii. p. 248-250; also Queens of Scotland, vol. vii. p. 55.

‡ Tytler, vol. vii. pp. 314-317.

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The next question to be considered by the assassins was what sum the Queen of England would pay them for what they were about to undertake. Killigrew, who was not inferior to Randolph in villany, cold-bloodedly replied "that if they did not consider the undertaking personally profitable they would not move in it." Morton, raising himself in bed, declared "that both himself and Marr did desire it *as a sovereign salve for all their sores*, but it could not be done without some manner of ceremony, and a kind of process whereunto the noblemen must be called after a *secret manner and the clergy likewise.*" . . . He further added, "that if they could not bring the nobility to consent, as he hoped they *would, they would not keep the prisoner* (*Mary*) *alive three hours after entering within the bounds of Scotland.*"* Killigrew, like the butcher, wished to close for the price to be paid for the sheep required in the slaughter-house; and promptly replied that he would write at once as to what Morton proposed. Marr became somewhat embarrassed, and desired a little time for reflection. Miss Strickland judges correctly of Marr when she states that his "hesitation proceeded *not from conscience or tenderness of heart, but from caution and cunning.*" When we consider the previous history of Marr, and his associations with the Stuart family, he almost appears in a worse light than his late nephew, Lord Moray. Marr had been a priest for many years, and conducted himself with apparent propriety. He was amongst Queen Mary's earliest tutors; when a child she had been brought for refuge to his Priory at Inchmahone, he subsequently accompanied her to France, and was connected with her household till the period of her marriage with the

* Scottish State Papers of Queen Mary's time; Tytler, vol. vii. p. 178.

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Dauphin. She dearly loved her tutor-chaplain, and in after years rewarded him largely—in fact she showered favours upon him. At this time he carried his game of deception undetected at the French Court, where an apostate priest would never be sanctioned. Most fatally had Mary trusted him, though the brother of her father's mistress, Lady Douglas, and the uncle of Lord Moray. Both the uncle and the nephew became the plunderers of Church property to a large amount. Of all the calculating traitors who betrayed the young orphan Queen for gold, plotted against her, calumniated her character, and charged her with murder, and then called on Heaven to witness the truth of the accusations, the Earl of Marr was, perhaps, the worst. Killigrew, the English assassin, as he has been justly styled, records "that he found Marr more cold than Morton, yet he seemed *glad and desirous* to have it come to pass."* One of Morton's confidential agents, who was present, urged that Parliament should be consulted upon a "matter of such awful importance." Killigrew would not listen to this proposition. He stated that the plan by which Queen Mary's death was to be accomplished *required secrecy, in order that the result should be beyond all doubt.* Robertson and other partizan writers assert that Marr was horrified at the proposal made by Killigrew. There is no foundation for this statement, for amongst Drury and Cecil's correspondence are to be found documents from Marr and Morton suggesting the whole scheme. In fact, Killigrew visited them both to discuss and arrange the murder. He *represented* Elizabeth and Cecil. Marr, not contented with the probable stability the Queen's death would secure to his Regency for the little Prince, intended to be

* Killigrew's Despatches to Cecil; Tytler, vol. vii. pp. 314–317.

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well paid for becoming a hired assassin for the Queen of England.

Killigrew was "much astonished at the large sum of money demanded for the affair required to be done." He objected, and forwarded the "paper of agreement," proposed by Marr and Morton, to Cecil. This caused further delay; but there was no doubt that Cecil and his Royal mistress would pay down the *ten thousand in gold demanded* by the conspirators. Mary's fate was decided; but human calculations are not always to be relied upon. Marr started on his journey to carry out the treaty, which "had just been agreed to by the parties concerned." Having reached Stirling, he was suddenly seized by a dangerous illness, which none could understand; he was carried to bed and died in a state of indescribable horror in a few hours.

It was rumoured at the time that Morton had poisoned the Regent. Some said by "a sweet cake;" others, that he had partaken of "poisoned wine." But these relations have come from personal enemies, and cannot be credited without strong corroboration. There is, however, a powerful case made out against Morton as to the poisoning of Lord Athole. Morton's conscience, or his fears, never permitted hesitation or pity to impede him in his dark designs. Marr and Morton were intensely sordid, and their love of gold would tempt them to the commission of the most nefarious crimes. The painstaking research of Mr. Frazer Tytler has brought to light the documentary evidences of this long hidden work of darkness—the contemplated murder of the Queen of Scots—proving from Killigrew's letters, mystified though those documents are, that the only hesitation on the part of Marr arose from the desire of making the most profit he could from the blood of her who had been his penitent and his pupil in the morning of life, and afterwards his much-injured Sovereign.

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Thus perished the Earl of Marr, once known as John Erskine, Prior of Inchmahone.

Queen Elizabeth and her Minister were much disappointed at the sudden death of Lord Marr. Killigrew was instructed to renew the negotiations with Morton, but that cautious official declined taking any further action in the affair, knowing, as he did, that a powerful party were ready to take up arms in Scotland for the Queen ; and, judging from the strong popular feeling against himself, he felt that defeat would soon send him to that scaffold which had been so often crimsoned with the blood of his innocent victims. "Let the Queen of England keep, or kill, her hated cousin as she likes," was Morton's reply to Killigrew.* So the second device for having Mary murdered on Scotch soil, and by her own kinsmen, fell through, but not without giving a terrible warning to the murderers of Rizzio and Darnley that were still living.

It is most important that the reader should see the secret instructions delivered to Killigrew when he went on his murderous mission to Scotland. The document is still in existence, and was written out by *Cecil himself*. "It is found daily more and more that the continuance of the Queen of Scots here is so dangerous, both for the person of the Queen's Majesty (Elizabeth) and for her State and realm, as nothing presently is more necessary than that the realm might be delivered of her ; and though by justice this might be done in this realm, yet for certain respects it seemeth better that she be sent into Scotland to be delivered to the Regent and his party."†

* Killigrew to Morton—State Paper; Queens of Scotland, vol. vii.

† To be seen in Lord Burleigh's State Papers on Mary Stuart.

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The fourth Regent was known as Lord Morton, a man of considerable ability, but selfish and sordid, daring and brave, unscrupulous, dishonest, cruel, and regardless of the sacrifice of human life, provided he might attain his ambitious projects, or have the triumph of revenge over a fallen foe. A combination of extraordinary circumstances led to the discovery of the real murderer of Darnley in the person of Lord Morton, the *then* Regent of the kingdom. Fourteen years had rolled over since the murder of the Earl of Darnley. Morton was the man who charged his Queen with the murder of her husband. He was also implicated in the assassination of Rizzio and others. During his Regency he sent several women to the scaffold, two of whom were *within a few hours of their confinement.* Morton was in the pay of the English Queen for many years. He amassed enormous sums of money, and lived in luxury and dissipation. When his own turn came, Morton supplicated for life; he became abject and cowardly, offering to do any servile work for the new Government if they saved his life.

Young King James sent him a message to the effect that he could not save the life of the man who murdered his father, and treated his mother in a manner that outraged justice and humanity. "The law demanded his life, and he should be *speedily hanged.*" Morton had a great horror of death. At the last moment he "again supplicated for life." The Sheriff, however, reminded him that he had sent several of his relatives to the scaffold some years back, "and," continued the Sheriff, "the hour of my revenge has now arrived. Amongst the wicked men who persecuted our poor Queen you were the very worst." Then, addressing the executioners, the official of the law commanded the hangmen to do their duty immediately. So in a few minutes the murderer of Darnley and

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the base calumniator of his Royal wife was "tossed off," amidst the cheers of the mob, and the "silent approval" of those who believed in Retributive Justice.

It is said that on the scaffold Morton threw himself on his face, and by sobs, groans, and violent contortions of the body, manifested the agitation and anguish of his mind. Much of Morton's "confession," it is alleged, was suppressed by the preachers.* Camden affirms that, according to Morton's "genuine confession," he "refused to act in the murder of Darnley without a note from Queen Mary *herself*." Morton further states that such a note could not be procured, because the murder was intended to be perpetrated *without the Queen's knowledge* †

The evidence against Morton consisted of verbal and written statements. The object of the first was to show that he had held a consultation respecting the murder of Darnley at Whittingham; that, when it was perpetrated, his cousin and confidential friend, Archibald Douglas, and a man named Binning, were present; and that, when Queen Mary surrendered at Carberry Hill, she told Morton to his face that he was one of the assassins.

Morton was accused of other capital crimes. He made an attempt to poison the Earl of Athole; to imprison the young King; and to have Lords Argyle and Montrose despatched by the hired daggermen of Edinburgh. The last of the "four Regents" seemed a fitting rival to his predecessors in office.

* Bannytyme's Journal, pp. 494–517.

† Camden's Annals, p. 143.

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Archibald Douglas, the oracle and accomplice of Morton, fled to England, where Elizabeth provided for him, as she did for many of the bloodstained rebels who had crossed the Border. Never, perhaps, in any land appeared such evil beings as Scotland then presented amongst her so-called nobles—never such heartless treason or such brutal unmanliness and greed—all mainly directed against a Queen not only unoffending, but one of the most generous and lovable of monarchs and women.

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CHAPTER XXX.

THE NORTHERN REBELLION.

THE Northern Rebellion proved most disastrous to the English Catholics. The projected marriage between the Duke of Norfolk and the Queen of Scots brought ruin upon those who were favourable to this political union—for a political union it was intended to be and nothing else.* The reader is aware that the Duke of Norfolk was impeached for high treason, and after several months of close confinement in the Tower was sent to the scaffold. He died bravely, and protested that he had in no way countenanced the Northern Rebellion. He was the pupil of John Foxe, and therefore not likely to have any sympathies with the Catholic party. He was the Queen's cousin, and very like her. There is now reason to believe that Norfolk was in reality sacrificed to the private malice of Lord Burleigh. The Duke of Norfolk, who succeeded his grandfather in the title, was the eldest son of the Poet Surrey, whom Henry VIII. judicially murdered but a few days before his own death.

The Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland, being surrounded with disappointment, and in every way incompetent to conduct such a perilous undertaking as the Northern Rebellion, fled to Scotland.

* The Queen of Scots was a widow for the *second time*, and Norfolk had buried three wives.

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Whilst residing at Carlisle, the Queen of Scots was visited by the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland. The Queen was highly pleased with the enthusiasm of her heroic advocates, especially Northumberland. At a subsequent period, however, Mary Stuart informed her devoted friend, Jane Kennedy, that she feared neither of the Earls had sufficient judgment to direct such a doubly hazardous undertaking as that contemplated.

The present object of the rebel lords was immediately to release the Queen of Scots, and at once to salute her Queen of England. Then they "expected a more general rising." Lord Hunsdon, anticipating this military action, suggested that the Royal captive should be removed from Tutbury. He writes thus to Sir William Cecil:—"For God's sake let the prisoner (Mary) not remain any longer where she is, for the great force of the rebels consists of good horsemen."*

Hunsdon's advice was promptly adopted. In the dead of night the Royal captive was hurried away to Coventry, where she was closely confined. The insurgents were within a few hours' march of Tutbury at the time, and the news of this disaster—for disaster it proved—cast a gloom over the rebel army. The removal of Queen Mary was fatal to the insurrection. Disappointed in their hopes of effecting her release, the leaders determined to retrace their steps, and in their situation retreat was ruin. So disaffection and disorder followed. Lord Hunsdon's cavalry pursued a number of the insurgents during the night, slaughtering without pity or mercy. Many English farmers were hanged at their own doors, and their wives and daughters outraged in a manner that covers the name of Queen Elizabeth's soldiers with infamy. Only in Ireland had greater atrocities been enacted.

* Hunsdon to Cecil—Border MSS.

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For days, weeks, and months these scenes continued. Burning the houses over the heads of women and children was the amusement of the "hired mercenaries" of Elizabeth; and whether by accident or design, there were ten Catholics hanged for one Protestant on this occasion.

The state of the English Catholics at this period is sad to contemplate. Betrayed and deserted by those in whom they had placed confidence, they became completely at the mercy of the Queen's generals—such men as Lord Sussex. The secret despatches of La Motte Fénélon, the French Ambassador, throws a flood of light on the shocking proceedings of Elizabeth in relation to the Northern insurgents, which exceeded in barbarity the massacres perpetrated by Henry VIII. against the Pilgrims of Grace.* Several of the ancient families of England came forward to aid in crushing the Northern Rebellion. The Earl of Derby offered to raise and equip ten thousand men for the purpose of putting down the insurrection; whilst at the same moment Lord Derby's family were persecuted by Queen Elizabeth.

Many scenes occurred beyond the Border that might create material for novels of a most startling nature.

While Elizabeth and her minister were exulting over the recent massacres of English men and women in the North, a meeting of Scottish nobles and chiefs was held near Linlithgow. They sat in deliberation for several days. This "Council of State" represented nearly all parties in Scotland; Chatelherault presided. Amongst those present were Lords Argyle, Huntley, Athole, Sutherland, Fleming, and several influential chiefs. Some of the outlawed English took part in the proceedings. Lord

* Despatches of Lord Sussex to the Council; Sharpe's History of the Northern Rebellion.

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Dacre and Westmoreland met with a right hearty reception. They informed the Council that they joined heartily with their brave Scottish friends in the struggle to restore Queen Mary. Westmoreland had the imprudence to state that he himself, and many thousands of his countrymen, looked upon the captive of Tutbury Castle as their lawful Sovereign, and not the daughter of Nan de Bouleyne. Although very brave, Westmoreland was very indiscreet in his language, and did much injury to the cause he honestly advocated. The French party were represented at the Council by De Virac. Sir John Gordon was unanimously selected to wait upon Queen Elizabeth, and upon the part of the Convention to respectfully demand the restoration of their Sovereign Lady, Queen Mary. They further protested against the "violation of their country by English armies, who, by their wanton destruction of life and property, placed themselves beyond the pale of civilised nations."*

The excitement caused in Scotland by the conduct of England to the people of that country became for a time of serious interest. Randolph, then residing in Edinburgh, had to retire to Berwick to avoid the fury of the populace.† "The friends of England at Edinburgh," writes Mr. Froude, "were appalled by the vacillation of Elizabeth at this time" (1570). The "vacillation," however, was only apparent; for in the deep recesses of the English Queen's heart was evidently written her undying hatred of everything, and everybody, who sought to uphold the interests, or even safeguard the life of Mary Stuart.

* Despatches of the French Envoy, De Virac; Proceedings of the Convention at Linlithgow—MS. of Adam Gordon.

† Randolph to Lord Sussex.

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In 1570 there were a number of disaffected English along the Border Countries.

When Elizabeth became acquainted with the proceedings of the Council—and especially with the fact that her "rebel subjects" were present, and "well received"—she "stormed in a terrific fit of passion, stamped her foot, and uttered her usual oaths that the Scots should not dare thus openly to insult her by receiving in their Councils her traitor subjects, and listening unchecked to their rebellious words." "Vengeance is mine," exclaimed the English Queen, with blasphemous Biblical familiarity.

An army of some five thousand men were quickly assembled at Berwick; the chief command of this force was given to Lord Sussex, a man well acquainted with the art of shooting down and hanging from the trees unarmed men and supplicating women, and then burning houses over young and old.

The leading men of the "rebel confederation," as the adherents of Mary Stuart were called in the reign of Elizabeth, had escaped, and were beyond the reach of the English Government, or the Scotch Regent (Lord Moray); but the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland fell into the hands of Lord Moray by the vilest means that could disgrace any officials. It is affirmed that Queen Elizabeth "instructed Sir William Cecil to do his utmost to decoy Northumberland into England." It is only fair to the Queen to state that Cecil required "no promptings" from his Royal mistress when a despotic or base action was to be perpetrated in her behoof. So a plan was quickly arranged. Robert Constable, a Yorkshire gentleman, "a near relative, a Catholic—a professing one—and a bosom friend," as he describes himself, of Northumberland, was engaged to play the character of a traitor of the basest type. Constable crossed the Border, and after some

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disguise and treachery, discovered the hiding place of his confiding and high-minded cousin, Northumberland. He immediately made professions of hearty loyalty to the cause of the English outlaws, and, above all, brotherly love for *his* kinsman. No suspicion crossed the mind of Northumberland and his outlawed companions. They hailed their visitor as a noble and disinterested friend. The next step taken by Constable was to write to Sir Ralph Sadler, informing him how "far he had got into the confidence of his 'beloved cousin,' and the other confederates, whom he had advised to return to England." Queen Elizabeth rejoiced to hear of this intelligence from her Secretary. Constable was promised a large sum, to be paid down in gold, if he succeeded in bringing the Earl of Northumberland and his friends "within the territory of the English Queen." In order to disarm suspicion Constable spent a night at Jedburg, in a house which was the resort of the most desperate men who wandered along the Border Countrie. Those outlaws, as they may fairly be styled, presented a strange mixture of the most opposite characteristics; they were profuse in their hospitality, and it remained a mystery as to where the money came from. No one dared to ask such a question. Some of those exiled Englishmen were admirable story-tellers; they had travelled over the Continental cities and towns, and were well informed as to the scandal gossip of many high circles. They were recklessly brave and well acquainted with firearms and sword exercise. As to religion, they were no bigots; some were Catholic, others Protestant; but all were true to the brotherhood, and Mary Stuart was their idol. The Protestant outlaws were, perhaps, the most enthusiastic supporters of the Queen of Scots; pictures and mementoes of the Royal captive were to be seen in the apartments of the exiles. The name of the high-minded and faith-

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ful Jane Kennedy was lovingly toasted after that of the Queen of Scots. The time was passed amidst conviviality and danger, whilst treason plots were continually progressing. Queen Elizabeth had her spies in the Border Countrie, as well as in other districts, but a deadly fate awaited them the moment they were discovered. No mercy was extended, in any form, to a spy or an informer. An outlaw against either the English or the Scotch Government was welcome and defended to the death.

From what Constable witnessed in the Border Countrie he had not sufficient courage to attempt his desperate scheme of treachery. So it fell through. Another bravo, named Hector Armstrong, suddenly appeared upon the scene. This man was ready to undertake any adventure—ready to commit any crime for gold. Few, however, even of his employers, trusted him, and Walsingham considered him "a dangerous man."

Moray, the Regent, having received private information from Armstrong, the Earl of Northumberland was arrested at the house of Mr. Elliott, where a number of the supporters of the Queen of Scots were at supper. The outlaws made a desperate fight, several being killed and wounded. The ill-fated Northumberland was made a prisoner, and carried off, and subsequently lodged in Lochleven Castle, where he remained a close prisoner for two years. His arrest and detention were opposed to all international law and precedent. Writers upon the "extraordinary doings of the Border men" assure us that Hector Armstrong, who was rich before the above events, fell shortly after into poverty, although he received £300 from Moray, or Lord Marr, for betraying his friend. Universal execration was raised against Armstrong. The "Border women cursed him on bended knees, and the children screamed at the

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mention of his name."* During the time Northumberland resided amongst the outlaws he was treated with marked respect and kindness by the poorer class, who were all devoted to the cause of the Queen of Scots. It is stated that either Morton or Moray was present at the capture of Northumberland; but I think this statement is highly improbable, for about the quarter where the Earl was arrested resided the deadly personal enemies of Moray and Morton, and it is not likely that either of them would escape death in the "hand-to-hand" struggle which took place on the night of the noble outlaw's arrest.

Armstrong was formerly under many obligations to Lord Northumberland when residing in London. But this was the age of base actions.

John Knox and Lord Moray corresponded with Cecil as to what means should be adopted to "hunt down the wandering rebels of the Borders."

Whilst negotiations were pending between Elizabeth and the Scotch Regent for the "betrayal and sale" of Lord Northumberland, the career of Lord Moray was suddenly brought to a close by the well-aimed shot of one of his victims, Hamilton Haugh, to which I have referred in a preceding chapter.

Whilst a prisoner at Lochleven Castle, the Countess of Northumberland—a most devoted wife, and a high-spirited and patriotic woman—went to the Low Countries, where, with laudable devotion, she contrived to amass the sum of two thousand pounds as a ransom for her husband.† Lords Marr and Morton

* Ratclyff's Anecdotes of the Outlaws in the Border Countrie; Ridpath's Border History; Crawford's Memoirs of Border Life.

† At a later period the Countess of Northumberland wandered through Scotland in a state of destitution

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accepted the money offered, and next privately communicated with the Queen of England and Lord Burleigh (Cecil), as to what sum *they* were inclined to pay. Burleigh proposed to double the amount already offered by the Countess of Northumberland, whilst the Scotch knaves increased their demand upon the English Council to *ten thousand pounds, all to be paid down in gold* on the day that Lord Northumberland was delivered up to the agents of the English Queen. Queen Elizabeth, in her usual style, denounced the proposal as "an extortion; she would pay no such sum." "Then," said Lord Morton, in his letter, "your Highness *will not have the immense pleasure of cutting off the head of your rebel subject.*" The Queen took ten days to consider the matter. At the end of the time named she agreed to pay the sum demanded. "Even in that ruthless age," remarks Mr. Hosack, "the giving up of a fugitive to certain death was regarded as a heinous crime." In the eyes of William Cecil and Francis Walsingham, such a crime became a venial offence, or one justified on the broad ground of expediency. Of all the actors in this infamous transaction, Morton, in the opinion of his contemporaries, incurred the largest share of guilt. It was given out that Northumberland was to be conveyed in a Scotch ship to Antwerp, and there set free. He, therefore, joyfully left his gloomy prison at Lochleven, and embarked on the Firth-of-Forth, as he believed, for Antwerp, where his wife and friends awaited his arrival. To his astonishment and dismay he found that the vessel, instead of putting out to sea, ran down the coast off Berwickshire and anchored near Coldingham. Lord Hunsdon went on board the vessel, when John Colville, a "Scotch gentleman," delivered to Queen Elizabeth's political agent the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland. The gold was then paid down in a business-like manner.

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Northumberland underwent an examination which lasted six weeks; but he criminated no man—betrayed no one.

John Colville, who aided "in entrapping" the Earl of Northumberland, had originally been a Presbyterian minister. He next took to the "politics of the times," and became a spy for both parties. His treachery was revolting. He was the author of some blasphemous tracts against Christian principles. Colville was said to have been the writer of a life of King James the Sixth. Like many of the political adventurers and daggermen of those times, he died in poverty, totally abandoned by his corrupt patrons and false friends.

Queen Elizabeth sent her final command, or judgment, to Lord Hunsdon, to bring his prisoner immediately to York, where her Highness "commanded" that he should die on the public scaffold as a rebel and a traitor. Northumberland had no trial; but was simply impeached—nothing proved against him, and no witness to make even a false statement. Lord Hunsdon, although a rough soldier, seemed shocked at this proceeding on the part of his Royal mistress. He wrote to Burleigh that "he would not lead the noble prisoner to the scaffold—some other person must be found to perform that degrading office; and, further, he would, rather than obey the Queen's command in this matter, go to prison at once."* Sir John Foster—described as "a high-minded Knight"—on whom the Queen conferred a large portion of Northumberland's property, undertook the superintending of the execution.

In Elizabeth's letters to Lord Hunsdon, she desires that he should hold out hopes to his prisoner of a pardon in case he

* Lord Hunsdon's bold letter to Sir William Cecil (Burleigh) is printed in Sharpe's History of the Northern Rebellion, p. 331; also Ridpath's Border History, and Radcliffe's Border Anecdotes.

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implicated others amongst the outlawed Englishmen beyond the Borders, and induce them to return to England. But when her Highness was assured by Hunsdon that Northumberland was "resolved to be true to his unfortunate countrymen to the death," she became much excited, and, addressing her cousin, Hunsdon, said:—"So this traitor Percy is rather stuck up and proud, and will not bend before *his* Queen. Then, by ——, *I will make the remainder of his life as miserable as possible.* I understand that he is fond of savoury belly-cheer. Let him have *no food but of the poorest description, and not much of that; let it be just fit for a roadside beggar. I wish to humble this proud Percy to the dust.*" The Queen was disappointed. Percy died in a manner worthy of the descendants of Hotspur. He scorned to beg for his life, and seemed quite unconcerned as to what action the Queen might take against him. To his honour be it told, Lord Hunsdon did not in this case comply with his Sovereign's command, for he brought his chivalrous and warm-hearted prisoner to his own table, and treated him with all the respect due to a descendant of the Border Chiefs.

The Earl of Northumberland knew little of the political intrigues that surrounded him. Northumberland was unfitted by nature, study, or general habits to become the leader of a political movement like that of the disaffected English Catholics, who had to combat with difficulties unknown in other countries. The Earl of Northumberland was "merely a country gentleman," but, as I have remarked in a preceding chapter, he was immensely popular for his fine social qualities. Lord Hunsdon relates that he found him far more ready to talk of his horses, hounds, and hawks than of the grave charges of high treason preferred against him. He delighted in relating anecdotes of the fox, or of some favourite huntsman in the

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bygone. He was intimate with the principal sporting gentlemen of England; and the famous story-tellers and strolling players were always welcome at his baronial castles, where profuse hospitality "awaited all comers, high and low." The number of guests was considerable, and the servants and retainers averaged three hundred men and women. In the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., the Percy property was far more extensive. Taking "all the surroundings" of this nobleman into account, it is no wonder that he was beloved, and his sad fate lamented by so many of his countrymen and women.

The 22nd of August, 1572, was the day named by Queen Elizabeth for the execution of the Earl of Northumberland. The execution took place at York. The Earl ascended the scaffold with a firm step. A spectator says: "His dress was elegant, and his fine person never looked to greater advantage." He advanced to the front of the large scaffold, accompanied by his confessor, Father Talbot, and an Irish Dominican Friar, named Hubert de Burgh, his physician (Dr. Shadwell), and two gentlemen of his household. Lord Hunsdon had some difficulty in procuring this indulgence from the Queen, who was inclined to listen to the suggestion of Lord Leicester—namely, that the rebel Earl should not have the "benefit of clergy." The Crown was represented by the High Sheriff, Sir John Foster, the executioners, and several officials. A strong military guard of horse and foot were at every point surrounding the scaffold. Father Talbot having held up a crucifix, the murmur in the vast crowd became hushed. Northumberland appeared to be deeply affected. He gazed upon the crowd again, and then kissed the crucifix. He addressed the people—men and women—in a firm and dignified tone. He assured them that he regretted nothing that he had done.

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He wished to tell the people of England that he would die as he had lived, a true and devoted member of the Church of Rome. He considered Queen Elizabeth as a usurper, and the illegitimate offspring of Nan De Bouleyn and King Henry VIII. He looked upon the Queen of Scots as his lawful Sovereign, being the grandniece of the late King Henry. He next bid all his friends and retainers farewell. After a pause, in which he surveyed the vast crowd again, he said :—"Remember that I die in the communion of the Catholic Church, and that I am a Percy in life and in death. Now, dear friends, I bid you all a long farewell. Pray for me."

Northumberland then knelt down with the priests and his immediate attendants. The people followed the example. After the lapse of a quarter of an hour, the final preparations began by the noble victim taking off his coat and stripping his neck. A murmur now ran through the crowd, followed by the sobbing of the widows and orphans who were depending on the bounty of the noble owner of Alnwick Castle. The excitement became greater upon the appearance of the headsmen and their assistants, who came upon the scene flushed with carnificial victory from another execution.

The "finishing of the law" was conducted in a cruel and disgraceful manner: *A blunt carpenter's axe* was used, and the executioners were, as usual, *in a state of drunkenness. For half an hour they were chopping at the neck of the unfortunate Earl, who, in a faint voice, at intervals, exclaimed, "Jesus, have mercy upon my soul!" The blood was flowing in a terrific stream.* At last, one of the executioners *held up the convulsed and blood-streaming head to the gaze of the excited multitude.*

The high rank and ancient lineage of the Earl of Northumberland, the disgraceful circumstances attending his

betrayal by the Scots, and his steadfast adherence to the olden faith of England, created a profound sensation throughout the realm; in fact, all the great cities of Europe felt indignant at the conduct of Queen Elizabeth in this special case, in which her Highness set aside the law—even such a show of that arbitrary weapon as she used on other occasions. But worse than all was her purchase of the noble victim from the Regent of Scotland for *the sum of ten thousand pounds paid down in gold on the delivery of the prisoner*, who according to the usage of all civilised nations *then* as well as *now*, was entitled to protection and hospitality in Scotland, against whose laws he had not offended. There was no second opinion on this matter throughout Europe, and it hands down to infamous reproach the character of the Scottish Regent (Lord Marr), Queen Elizabeth, and Sir William Cecil.

In 1585, the next brother, who held the title of Earl of Northumberland, was committed to the Tower on the charge of high treason. The partizans of the Queen's Council allege that he committed suicide, but as he was a man under the influence of religion, the statement is highly improbable. It was believed at the time that Elizabeth's secret agents murdered him. For many years the event was spoken of as a political assassination, and that by men who, like Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Robert Cecil, knew many dark stories of the past. An inquest on a political prisoner who died in the Tower was a most dismal farce in the reign of Elizabeth. The true mode by which this Earl of Northumberland met his death in the Tower still remains a mystery.

The executions which followed the abortive and imprudent Northern Rebellion were terrible; nearly eight hundred people were hanged. The Queen severely censured the generals in command for not "executing justice more

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promptly."* Elizabeth issued a special order that the *bodies were "not to be removed from the trees on which they hung, but to remain there till the said bodies fell to pieces where they hung."*†

At a later period another of the Percy family joined the Protestant party. This nobleman was known as Henry, Earl of Northumberland, and became one of the champions of Elizabeth, and although his family suffered much from her, he was one of the most obsequious of the Queen's courtiers. The author of the "Court of Elizabeth" represents this young nobleman "as signally deficient in the guiding and restraining virtues." For a time he was much noticed by his Sovereign, who created him a Knight of the Garter. During the "last days" of the Queen, Northumberland courted the friendship of the King of Scots, and upon the accession of James to the English throne he was sworn in a Privy Councillor. The misfortunes of the family seemed to pursue him. On some unsupported charge connected with the Gunpowder Plot, he was stripped of all his offices and honours, heavily fined, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. At the end of fifteen years the "Royal mercy" was extended to him, and he was permitted to live in retirement for the remainder of his life. A novel mark of royal mercy from King James. During his long confinement Northumberland turned his mind to the study of mathematics, and indicated the possession of considerable talents. He was a steady friend to the needy literary strugglers of his day, and had several of them constantly at his

* Sharpe's History of the Northern Rebellion; Despatches of Lords Sussex and Hunsdon.

† State Papers upon the Northern Rebellion.

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residence. Towards the close of his life he returned to the faith of his fathers.

The Percy family had too much reason to remember and execrate the cruel Tudors and the ungrateful Stuarts.

I have referred on page 469 to an Earl Northumberland having been found murdered in his cell at the Tower. The Government of Elizabeth contended that Lord Northumberland committed suicide, and were anxious to remove the odium which public opinion had cast upon a particular member of the Council. During the investigation Hatton spoke in a violent manner of the deceased nobleman, representing him as a man of the most treasonable disposition; without character, without gratitude, and without conscience. Camden pays little attention to Hatton's unreflecting statement, and makes the withering commentary that he (Camden) "made it a rule *to assert nothing upon hearsay.*"* In a preceding chapter I have referred to this saying of Camden.

The Earl of Westmoreland happily escaped the personal vengeance of Queen Elizabeth. As a matter of course, he lost his property, and after years of poverty and wandering through France and Flanders, he died in Paris. He was devoted to his religion, his friends, and his country. The Earl of Westmoreland was the last descendant of the historical Peer known as the "King-maker" in the days of the "Wars of the Roses."

No one had been more deeply implicated in the project for the liberation of Mary Stuart than Leonard Dacre, the male representative of the noble family of the Dacres of Gillsland. At the commencement of this "special disaffection" (1570),

* Camden's Annals, p. 435.

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Leonard Dacre left the Queen's Court to raise men, avowedly for the service of Elizabeth, but with the intention of joining the "two Earls." The disorderly flight of the insurgents from Hexham to Naworth convinced Dacre that the cause was desperate. He hung upon their rear, made a number of prisoners, and obtained among his neighbours the praise of distinguished loyalty.* But the Queen's Council was better acquainted with his real character, and the Earl of Sussex received orders to apprehend him secretly on a charge of high treason. With this view Lord Scrope, the Warden of the West Marches, invited Dacre to Carlisle, to a consultation respecting the state of the country. It was an invitation surrounded with suspicion; so Dacre did not fall into the trap laid for him. Dacre replied that he was confined to his room by illness; but, if Scrope and his colleagues "would take a dinner at Naworth, they should have his company, and the best advice which his poor head could devise." †

Aware of his danger, Dacre determined to brave single-handed the authority of Queen Elizabeth. His messengers were carried quickly by swift horses to various places, and within three days upwards of—some say, four thousand—English and Scotch Borderers ranged themselves under the well-known banner of the House of Dacre—"The Scollop Shells." From Naworth Castle, Leonard Dacre sent a message of defiance to Lord Hunsdon, the Commander of the Royal army. The cautious Hunsdon declined the combat, and prepared to join the forces under Lord Scrope at Carlisle. Leonard Dacre's men "were

* Cabala, p. 171; Sadler, vol. ii. p. 114.

† Sir Cuthbert Sharpe's Northern Rebellion (App.), p. 217.

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eager for the fray," and pursued the Royal forces four miles to the banks of the Chelt, "where," writes Hunsdon, "his footmen (infantry) gave the proudest charge upon my shot that I ever received." However, the wild valour of the Borderers was no match for the steady discipline of a regular army. They were soon in disorder and it became difficult to preserve discipline. The Royal army gained a complete, but not a bloodless, victory, for the Border men at some places "fought with immense courage, driving the Royal army back on several occasions."

Leonard Dacre found an asylum in Scotland for some time, and although pursued by Walsingham's agents, he ultimately reached Flanders, where the malice of Walsingham or Cecil could not disturb the exile's repose.

The men who worked so devotedly in the revolutionary movement known as the "Northern Rebellion" could scarcely believe it possible that the secret machinery of another plot to overthrow Elizabeth was at work at the very same time and directed by statesmen of experience.

It appears marvellous that Sir Nicholas Throckmorton should end his days as a follower of the Queen of Scots. Throckmorton writes to the Royal captive in these confidential words :—"Your Majesty has in England many friends of all degrees, that favour *your title.* Some people are persuaded that *in law your right is best.* Some folks have formed a very good opinion of your virtuous character and the liberality of your religious sentiments; and the talent you displayed in the government of Scotland won for you the confidence and esteem of those who were opposed to you."

In another secret correspondence from Edinburgh to Tutbury Castle," Throckmorton states that "*his convictions are now all in her favour.*" It is certain that Throckmorton was

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connected with a conspiracy to dethrone Elizabeth, on the ground of *illegitimacy*, taking Cranmer's judgment in the case of Anna Boleyn as their legal guide. This plot is supposed to have been planned when Elizabeth was about eleven or twelve years on the throne. The conspiracy was managed with profound secrecy, and more strange still, it was composed of Protestants and Catholics, and even Anglican Bishops, whose emoluments were "to be considerably increased."* Throckmorton proceeds:—"The people of your own religion are for you, and *many Protestants too*." The wily diplomatist seems to be sincere, for he had everything to lose by the cause he had secretly espoused. He advises Queen Mary to offer conciliation to the English Protestants; for that they were far more easily won than the Kirk people. This was a certain fact. The Presbyterians were generally sordid in politics.

Sir Nicholas Throckmorton escaped the scaffold to die, as it was reported, by poison. It is, however, generally affirmed by his contemporaries that he died very suddenly, and popular feeling pointed out Lord Leicester as "having given him a poisoned fig," and that he became suddenly ill, and died in great torture." Lord Leicester was so intensely hated by the people of England, especially of London, that they would accept as true the worst accusations that might be preferred against him. Camden reports the death of Throckmorton to have taken place in 1570. He is silent as to the report of poison. "He died in good time for himself, being in great danger of life by reason of his restless spirit."† Another account is

* A conspiracy in subsequent times to restore James the Second to the throne was supported by several of the Church of England prelates—Archbishop Tenison amongst the rest; but the plot fell through.

† Camden's Annals, p. 131.

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chronicled "that Throckmorton was poisoned by a salad given him at supper by *his friend* Lord Leicester."

When Throckmorton became an imprudent advocate of Mary Stuart, Mr. Froude describes him as "this precious defender of whatever cause seemed most convenient."* The advocacy of the down-trodden captive of Tutbury Castle was undoubtedly a perilous game, especially for one of Elizabeth's most noted champions.

A large number of State Papers were in the possession of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton when he filled the office of Chamberlain of the Exchequer under Elizabeth. Those State Papers were placed by Throckmorton's son Arthur at the disposal of Sir Henry Wotton, who bequeathed them to King Charles the First, to be preserved in the State Paper Office —a bequest which remained unexecuted until the year 1857.† Amongst those valuable documents were to be found (if not destroyed) much of the correspondence which passed between Queen Elizabeth, Cecil, Randolph, and Throckmorton, concerning the Queen of Scots. The letters, still extant—bear upon the movements made by the English Queen and her Council, in fomenting rebellion in Scotland against its lawful Sovereign.

It is a puzzle to learn that Sir Nicholas Throckmorton was one of the Star Chamber witnesses against Lord Crumwell. He must have been a spy in early life. Perhaps in the service of Crumwell himself. Nothing more likely.

With the exception of Sir William Cecil, no member of Elizabeth's Council, or general Government, did more to injure the Queen of Scots than Sir Nicholas Throckmorton.

* Froude, vol. vii. p. 395.

† Preface to Russell Prendergast's State Papers.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

By the appearance of "Ferrex and Porrex" in 1561, and that of "Gammer Gurton's Needle" five years later, a new impulse had been given to English genius; and both tragedies and comedies approaching the regular models, besides historical and pastoral dramas, allegorical pieces resembling the old "Moralities" and translations from the Ancients, were from this time produced in abundance, and received by all classes with avidity and delight.

About twenty dramatic poets flourished between 1561 and 1590; and an inspection of the titles alone of their numerous productions would furnish evidence of an acquaintance with the stores of history, mythology, classical fiction, and romance, strikingly illustrative of the literary diligence and intellectual activity of the age.

Richard Edwards produced a tragi-comedy on the interesting story of "Damon and Pythias,"* besides his comedy of "Palamon and Arcite," formerly noticed as having been performed for the entertainment of her Majesty at Oxford. In connection with this latter piece it may be remarked that of the chivalrous idea of Theseus in this celebrated tale, and

* This splendid instance of true friendship was many years ago dramatised by two distinguished Irishmen—Richard Lalor Sheil and John Banim.

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in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," as well as of all the other *Gothicised* representations of ancient heroes, of which Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida," his "Rape of Lucrece," and some passages of Spenser's "Faërie Queen," afford further examples, Guido Colonna's "*Historia Trojana*," written in 1260, was the original; a work long and widely popular, which had been translated, paraphrased, and imitated in French and English, and which the barbarism of its incongruities, however palpable, had not as yet consigned to oblivion or contempt.

George Gascoigne, besides his tragedy from Euripides, translated also a comedy from Ariosto, performed by the students of Gray's Inn, under the title of "The Supposes," which was the first specimen in our language of a drama in prose. Italian literature was at this period cultivated amongst us with an assiduity unequalled either before or since, and it possessed few authors of merit or celebrity whose works were not speedily familiarised to the English public through the medium of translation. Italy was then in the zenith of her literary, commercial, and military glory. The study of this beautiful language found, however, a vehement opponent in Roger Ascham, who exclaims against the "enchantments of Circe, brought out of Italy to mar men's manners in England, much by examples of ill life, but more by precepts of foul books, translated out of Italian into English."

Again, Ascham declares that "there be more of these ungracious books set out in print within a few months than had been seen in England many years before." To these strictures on the moral tendencies of the popular writers of Italy some force must be allowed; but it is obvious to remark that similar objections might be urged with at least equal cogency against the favourite classics of Ascham; and

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that the use of so valuable an instrument of intellectual advancement as the free introduction of the literature of a highly polished nation into one comparatively rude is not to be denied to beings capable of moral discrimination from the apprehension of such partial and incidental injury as may arise out of its abuse. Italy, in fact, was at once the plenteous storehouse whence the English poets, dramatists, and romance writers of the latter half of the sixteenth century drew their most precious materials; the school where they acquired taste and skill to adapt them to their various purposes; and the Parnassian Mount on which they caught the purest inspirations of the muse.*

Elizabeth was not a very earnest patroness of Italian literature; yet she spoke the Italian language with fluency and elegance, and used it frequently in her mottoes and devices. By her encouragement, as we shall see, Harrington was urged to complete his version of the "Orlando Furioso;" and she willingly accepted in the year 1600 the dedication of Fairfax's vigorous translation of the great epic of Tasso.

But to return to our dramatic writers. Thomas Kyd was the author of a tragedy entitled "Jeronimo," which, from the absurd horrors of its plot and the mingled puerility and bombast of its language, was a source of perpetual ridicule to rival poets; while from a certain wild pathos, combined with its ponderous grandiloquence, it was long a favourite with the people. The same author also translated a play by Garnier on the story of Cornelia, the wife of Pompey—a solitary instance apparently of obligation to the French theatre on the part of these founders of our national drama.

* Aikin's Court of Elizabeth."

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By Thomas Hughes the misfortunes of Arthur, son of Uther Pendragon, were made the subject of a tragedy performed before Queen Elizabeth.

Preston, to whom, when a youth, Elizabeth had granted a pension of a shilling a day in consideration of his excellent acting in the play of "Palamon and Arcite," composed on the story of Cambyses King of Persia, "A lamentable tragedy mixed full of pleasant mirth;" which is now only remembered as having been an object of ridicule to Shakespeare.

Lilly, the author of "Euphues," composed six Court comedies and other pieces, principally on classical subjects, but disfigured by all the ludicrous affectations of style which had marked his earlier production.

Christopher Marlow, unquestionably a man of genius, however deficient in taste and judgment, astonished the world with his "Tamburlain the Great," which became, in a manner, proverbial for its rant and extravagance: he also composed, but in a purer style and with a pathetic cast of sentiment, a drama on the subject of King Edward II.; and ministered fuel to the anti-Semitic prejudices of the age by his fiend-like portraiture of Barabas in "The rich Jew of Malta." Marlow was also the author of a tragedy in which the sublime and the grotesque were extraordinarily mingled on the noted story of Dr. Faustus; a tale of preternatural horrors, which, after the lapse of two centuries, was again to receive a similar distinction from the pen of one of the most celebrated of German dramatists—not the only example which could be produced of a coincidence of taste between the dramatists of the two countries.

It was reserved for the transcendent genius of Shakespeare alone—in that infancy of our theatre when nothing proceeded from the crowd of rival dramatists but rude and abortive

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efforts, ridiculed by the learned and judicious of their own age and forgotten by posterity—to astonish and enchant the nation with those inimitable works which form the perpetual boast and immortal heritage of Englishmen.

By a strange kind of fatality, which excites at once surprise and unavailing regret, the domestic and the literary history of this great luminary of his age are almost equally enveloped in doubt and obscurity. Even of the few particulars of his origin and early adventures which have reached us through various channels, the greater number are either imperfectly attested, or exposed to objections of different kinds, which render them of little value; and respecting his theatrical life the most important circumstances still remain matter of conjecture, or, at best, of remote inference.

William Shakespeare, who was born at Stratford in 1564, settled in London about 1586 or 1587; and seems to have almost immediately adopted the profession of an actor. Yet his earliest effort in composition was not of the dramatic kind; for in 1593 he dedicated to his great patron, the Earl of Southampton,* as "the first heir of his invention," his "Venus and Adonis," a narrative poem of considerable length in the six-line stanza then popular. In the subsequent year he also inscribed to the same noble friend his "Rape of Lucrece;" a still longer poem of similar form in the stanza of seven lines; and containing passages of vivid description, of exquisite imagery, and of sentimental excellence, which, had he written nothing more, would have entitled him to rank on a level with the author of the "Faërie Queen;" and far above all other contemporary poets. He likewise employed his pen occasionally

* Lord Southampton was grandson to Henry VIII.'s Chancellor, better known as Sir Thomas Wriothesley.

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in the composition of sonnets, principally devoted to love and friendship, and written, perhaps, in emulation of those of Spenser, who, as one of these sonnets testifies, was at this period the object of his ardent admiration.

Before the publication, however, of any one of these poems, he must already have attained considerable note as a dramatic author, since Robert Green, in a satirical piece printed in 1592, speaking of theatrical concerns, stigmatises this "player" as "an absolute Joannes Factotum;" and one who was "in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a Country."

The tragedy of "Pericles," which was published in 1609 with the name of Shakespeare on the title page, and of which Dryden says, in one of his prologues to a first play, "Shakespeare's own muse his Pericles first bore," was probably acted in 1590, and appears to have been long popular. "Romeo and Juliet" was certainly an early production of his muse, and one which excited much interest, as may well be imagined, amongst the younger portion of theatrical spectators.

It is a highly pleasing thought that the age showed itself worthy of the immortal genius whom it had produced and fostered. It is agreed on all hands that Shakespeare was beloved as a man, as well as admired and patronised as a poet. In the profession of an actor his success does not appear to have been conspicuous; but the never-failing attraction of his pieces brought overflowing audiences to the Globe Theatre, in Southwark, of which he was enabled to become a joint proprietor. Lord Southampton is said to have once bestowed upon him the munificent donation of a thousand pounds, to enable him to complete a purchase; and it is probable that this nobleman might have introduced him to the notice of his intimate friend, the Earl of Essex. Of any particular gratuities bestowed on him by Queen Elizabeth we are not informed;

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but there is every reason to suppose that he must have received from her on various occasions both praise and remuneration; for we are told that she caused several of his pieces to be represented before her; and that the "Merry Wives of Windsor," in particular, owed its origin to her desire of seeing Falstaff exhibited as in love.

It remains to notice the principal enactments of Elizabeth respecting the conduct of the theatre, some of which are remarkable. During the early part of her reign—Sunday being still regarded principally in the light of a holiday—her Majesty not only selected that day more frequently than any other for the representation of plays at Court, for her own amusement, but by her license, granted to Burbage in 1574, authorised the performance of them at the public theatre, on *Sundays only*—out of the hours of prayer. Five years after, however, Gosson, in his "School of Abuse," complains that the players, "because they are allowed to play every *Sunday*, make four or five Sundays at least every week."

To limit this abuse, an order was issued by the Privy Council in July, 1591, purporting that no plays should be publicly exhibited on Thursdays; because on that day bear-baiting and similar pastimes had usually been practised; and in an injunction to the Lord Mayor four days after, the representation of plays on *Sunday* (or the Sabbath as it now began to be called among the stricter sort of people) was utterly condemned; and it was further complained that on "all other days of the week in divers places the players do use to recite their plays, to the great hurt and destruction of the game of bear-baiting and like pastimes, which are maintained for her Majesty's pleasure."

In the year 1589, Queen Elizabeth thought proper to appoint commissioners to inspect all performances of writers for

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the stage, with full powers to reject and obliterate whatever they might esteem "unmannerly, licentious, or irreverent"—a regulation which might seem to claim the applause of every friend to public order, were not the state in which the dramas of that age have come down to posterity sufficient evidence that, to render these impressive appeals to the passions of assembled multitudes politically, and not morally, inoffensive, was the genuine or principal motive of this act of power.

EDMUND SPENSER, the Poet, attended Lord Gray to Ireland. Though the child of romance, fancy, and the Muse, he showed that business was not "the condition of his fate." He drew up an excellent discourse on the "State of Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth." This work has been frequently referred to by writers upon the "Irish difficulty."

Spenser, like other "soldiers of fortune," received grants of land in Munster. The Castle of Kilcolman, and its estate, once the property of the Earl of Desmond, was conferred upon the Poet. Spenser married a young Catholic lady—some say a peasant girl, Arcadian-like, attending her father's flock at a stream, who quite enchanted the love-stricken Poet.

Spenser sets down many of the evils of Ireland to the conduct of the "reformed clergy" imported into that country from England, to which I have referred in a preceding chapter.

In subsequent years Spenser lost his Irish estates, the "rightful owners," it is said, having wrested them from him He returned to England as poor as he had left it, and died "suddenly, in hopeless distress, whilst located in an obscure lodging," forgotten, it would seem, by the Queen and the many learned men then to be found in England.

Edmund Spenser was interred with great honours in Westminster Abbey, by the side of Geoffrey Chaucer. The generous Lord

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Essex defrayed the cost of the funeral himself, and walked as a mourner to the Abbey. The poets and other literary men who attended the funeral threw elegies and sonnets into the grave of this distinguished votary of the Muse. In those times there scarcely was one amongst the learned who withheld his tribute to the fame of Edmund Spenser.

Shakespeare, in one of his sonnets, testifies to the genius of the unfortunate Poet.

It does not appear that the Queen gave any aid to the author of the "Faërie Queene" during his distress. Perhaps Elizabeth never heard of the poverty to which the Poet was reduced, for, in such cases, she was a thoughtful and kind-hearted woman. Several years subsequent, that munificent lady, Anne Countess of Dorset, erected a handsome monument to the memory of Spenser.

The children of Edmund Spenser were educated Catholics by their mother, the beautiful Mary Whyte, and in time were possessed of some property in Ireland, but misfortune still pursued the family. Two descendants of the Poet fought at the battle of the Boyne for King James. At the close of that unnatural war, waged against the monarch by his nephew and base daughters, the Spensers retired to France, entered the memorable Irish Brigade, where they distinguished themselves, and found a grave in the land of the Stranger, far away from the shady groves of Kilcolman, so long associated with the romantic incidents of the Poet's life in Ireland, and its almost tragic sequel.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

THE EARL OF BOTHWELL.

THE Bothwell family were a "riotous, licentious clan." The father of the evil spirit of Mary Stuart's reign divorced his wife on some frivolous pretext. It is said his real object was to marry the widow of James the Fifth of Scotland, but Mary of Lorraine was too virtuous and honourable to recognise the new Scotch divorce law, which the Kirk congregations had been practising for some years. The Lady Bothwell in question was known in early life as the beautiful Agnes Sinclair, a lady of irreproachable honour, and highly gifted. She outlived her husband and noted son many years, and died in Linlithgow at an advanced age.

James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, was from his youth a turbulent, self-willed character. "Bothwell was born," writes his French biographer, "with those perverse and unruly instincts which indifferently drive men from exploit to exploit, or from crime to crime—to a throne or to a scaffold. Impetuous in every impulse, in ambition and in enterprise, Bothwell was one of those desperate adventurers gifted with superhuman daring, who, in their developments, and as their desires expand, seek to burst the social bounds within which they exist, to make room for themselves, or perish in the attempt." When only sixteen years of age, Bothwell quitted his father's castle; rambled about the country for

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some time; then to Ireland, where he had adventures, without profit; and next to Denmark. Here he joined a band of pirates, who became the terror of the Northern Seas; robbery and murder followed. Those corsairs became a scourge to the shipping trading in the Northern Waters. The young noble assumed the name of Jack Ramsay; and his surpassing courage in "boarding and plundering ships" soon obtained promotion for him. The "Pirate Council" elected him to the command of a ship and a body of pirates, who had a well-fortified den or place of retreat to conceal plunder; they had also an arsenal for their vessels in a rock-fortress on the coast of Denmark. The crimes of Bothwell, and his exploits among those desperate pirates, lie hidden in the shadow of the Past. It is certain that his name struck terror along the shores of the North Sea. Adam Goodchylde, his English lieutenant, states that "he thought nothing of life, killing many persons with his own dagger." Some years having been spent in this dreadful occupation, the death of his father recalled him to take possession of the family estates, and to govern the unruly and half-wild clans who obeyed the House of Bothwell. The political disasters by which the ill-starred House of Stuart were surrounded attracted him to Edinburgh. With all his crimes Bothwell seemed to have been honestly attached to the Stuart dynasty. He joined the Reformers at an early period, but he was more feared than respected by the Kirk congregations.

When Mary of Lorraine was surrounded with difficulties as the Regent, Bothwell came forward to aid her. At this time he was some twenty-seven years of age. He expressed his indignation repeatedly at the insults and slanders heaped upon the Queen Regent by the fanatical preachers, and threatened to shoot Adam Kennedy, the kinsman of Lord

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Cassilis, for using unbecoming language to the Queen. On more than one occasion Bothwell and his followers played the part of "patriotic" highwaymen in carrying off large boxes of gold which were sent by Queen Elizabeth to Lord Moray and the Scotch rebels.

Bothwell's conduct in the districts around Spynie Castle proves him to have been a heartless freebooter. He plundered the aged Bishop of Moray, and then took possession of his house; he next instigated his followers to murder two of the bishop's domestics. In his "Border Rambles," Bothwell was accompanied by some twenty-four armed men, well mounted, daring fellows who had once been pirates. Bothwell was immensely popular with his body guard. He had three fast sailing ships for plundering whatever craft had the ill-luck to appear in the Northern Waters.

It is related that a storm caused Bothwell to retire to a Danish harbour, where the authorities inspected his papers, which they justly suspected to be false.

If Mary Stuart had ever committed herself by writing in an amatory strain to Bothwell, her letters would have been found among those which he had deemed of sufficient importance to carry away with him from Scotland in the locked portfolio he had so carefully secreted in the hold of the vessel. They would have served him, in the absence of genuine papers, to make good his boasts of the influence and place he held in his Sovereign's favour. One letter from Queen Mary, and one alone, was discovered among the contents of this portfolio, written with her own hand, and addressed to Bothwell—not a letter bearing any affection for him, but one full of complaints, lamenting her hard lot and that of her friends. It is related that this letter, when read by the magistrates and governor of Bergen, produced an unfavourable impression against Bothwell, and

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they resolved to send him a prisoner before the King of Denmark, who was kinsman to Queen Mary. The King ordered that Bothwell should be detained in close confinement at Copenhagen Castle.*

Bothwell offered to purchase his liberty, and to procure ships for the service of Denmark; but the King would not hear of such propositions. Bothwell renewed his statement with regard to the murder of Darnley, and the part he took in arranging it. He declared that the Queen *had no part whatever in the doings of that terrible night at Holyrood.* The King of Denmark was not satisfied with this statement, and commanded that Bothwell should be more closely confined in Malmoe Castle. In this lonely fortress Bothwell was imprisoned for several years. He was allotted the "well-barred and locked chamber," where the deposed tyrant, Christian the Second of Denmark, had been placed to reflect upon the "past and the present."

It is stated that long sickness reduced Bothwell to a miserable condition, and his mind was frequently affected. The Lutheran Bishop attended him, and "he made further confessions, but declared at the same time that the Queen and her immediate friends knew nothing of the murder."

Bothwell died in 1577, and in his "perfect senses." A true copy of his death-bed confession, witnessed by four officials of the Danish Government, was specially sent by the King of Denmark to Queen Elizabeth, who suppressed it in the same manner as she caused the "confession" of George Buchanan to be removed from the shops of the London booksellers. Buchanan "wished posterity to know that he had

* Report of Bothwell's Examination at Bergen as signed by the mayor and magistrates.

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returned to the religion he had scandalised, and hoped that God Almighty might forgive him for all the deliberate injury he had inflicted upon the Queen of Scots." Buchanan has been styled a "literary daggerman." And, to make his conduct more sad, it is affirmed by Frazer Tytler that he was "the most remarkable genius of the age in which he lived." He was, indeed, the most intelligent man amongst the slanderers of Mary Stuart.

A Scottish writer who visited the last resting place of James, Earl of Bothwell, observes:—"Bothwell's grave lay under the castle wall of Malmoe, in a lonely little dell. It was shaded by the light leaves of the dwarf birch, and the purple flowers of the lilac-tree; the blue forget-me-not, the white strawberry, and the yellow daisy were planted there by some kindhearted Swedes, in "memorial of the Stranger."

It is traditionally related that in 1577 an old Scotch friar visited Bothwell in his dungeon, but the wretched man was near the "death agony" at the time. The confessor held up the crucifix before him, when he wept, and sobbed, and became excited. . . . The priest is supposed to have been Roger Bolton, an early friend of Bothwell's family, and his sister's confessor. The priest was not able to induce the outlaw to return to the faith of his fathers. So he died as he had lived, varied only by a supplication, with uplifted hands to Heaven, crying out for "Mercy! mercy!" He referred, in pathetic words, to his mother, and the sunny days of childhood. Perhaps, in the solitude of Bothwell's heart, he had some intervals of feeling which carried him back to the long-forgotten piety of boyhood, when his good mother, Agnes Sinclair, taught him first to raise his tiny hands in prayer before the high altar in Blantyre Priory, "where she daily knelt, and prayed to the Virgin Mother to protect her little children from

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the world's temptations." To a troubled spirit such reflections were retreating—almost beyond endurance.

Perhaps another Scotch tradition is near the fact. "The outcast Bothwell died repentant, and listened seriously to the admonitions of an old priest who travelled far to change his heart, and bring him once more within the Ancient Fold." It is alleged that the dying man addressed the friar in these words:—"Old friend, I am dying. Oh! let me think that you will stand by my grave and say one prayer for my wretched soul, and, in memory of the happy days of my early youth, you will remember me with pity and forgiveness."

The following passages are of interest:—

"On St. Bothan's Eve, for many a returning year, a wandering priest was seen to kneel beside that lonely grave, with eyes downcast, and a crucifix in his clasped hands, and, after praying for a time, he departed, but no one knew from whence he came. He was uncommunicative and sad-looking. Year after year the priest came and departed again. His last visit was paid in 1622. His form was then bent with extreme old age (93); he leaned upon a staff; his hair was white as snow, his cheeks hollow, and he wept as he repeated the Catholic prayers for the dead. Giving a farewell look at the grave, the unknown priest departed, never to return again."

"In 1624 the grave of Bothwell was visited by a Scotch *gentleman*. It was then flattened and effaced, and its whereabouts was with difficulty pointed out by the 'finger of tradition.' No hand ever raised a stone to mark where that strange instance of uncontrolled ambition and turbulence, the last Earl of the old line of Hailes and Bothwell, lay commingled with the dust of a foreign clime."

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE EARL OF ARUNDEL.*

THE condition of the English Catholics in 1585 was one of the saddest kind. Their lives and fortunes had been placed, by new penal enactments, at the mercy of their adversaries; no man was safe in his own house. Some Catholics, to save themselves, entered into the household of Lord Leicester or of others who enjoyed the Queen's friendship. Many persons, terror stricken, not knowing what course to adopt, and surrounded by Walsingham's spies, abandoned their families and possessions, and escaped to the Continent, where a generous sympathy was extended to them.

The names of Lords Arundel and Northumberland stand forth in the front rank of the persecuted Catholic nobility.

The Queen fined the Earl of Arundel £30,000; and the rents of the Dacres, the Nevilles, and the Percys were paid into the Queen's Treasury.

Philip Howard was the eldest son of the last Duke of Norfolk, by Mary Fitzallan, daughter to the Earl of Arundel. At the age of eighteen he was introduced to Queen Elizabeth, who received him graciously, although she sent his father to the scaffold to gratify the hatred of Lord Burleigh.

* The "White Horse" is the badge of the Arundels.

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Queen Elizabeth lavished marks of royal favour upon this handsome young gentleman. He soon mixed in all the gaieties, and indulged in the vices of the Court, which were notorious for the last twelve years, down to 1584-5.

Philip Howard soon followed the example of such married men as Lords Oxford and Leicester. He separated from his interesting young wife,* and lived openly with some lady of the Court, whose name has not transpired. We are informed by the biographer of Philip Howard, who was *almost* an eye-witness of what was passing at Court, that Elizabeth was surrounded by women of the most dissolute character; and that, for a married man to aspire to the royal favour, it was previously requisite that he should be on bad terms with his wife.†

The Earl, his maternal grandfather, and the Lady Lumley, his aunt, to mark their disapprobation of his conduct, bequeath*ed* to other relatives a considerable portion of their property. On the death of the former, Philip Howard claimed, with the possession of the castle, the title of Earl of Arundel; and his right, though he was not yet restored in blood, was admitted by the Queen's Council. But afterwards, whether it arose, as he himself conceived, from the misrepresentations of the men who feared his resentment for the death of his father, or from

* Howard's wife was Anne, daughter to Thomas Lord Dacre, of the North. They were publicly married as soon as she had completed her twelfth year, and again privately as soon as he had completed his fourteenth year.

† MSS. Life of Philip Howard is in possession of the Duke of Norfolk. The above was published by Lingard, in vol. vi. of his history. The MS. was printed by the late Duke of Norfolk. It makes a valuable addition to history.

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the continued imprudence of the friends of the Queen of Scots, who set forth the new Earl as the head of their party, he rapidly declined in the favour of Elizabeth. The deadly enemies of his father were still about the Court, and plotting to ruin every honest man in whom the Queen might place confidence.

Arundel suddenly became an object of aversion to Elizabeth. In these circumstances Lord Arundel retired from Court, to the society of his wife, to whom he endeavoured to atone for his past neglect by his subsequent attachment. The Queen's ill-feeling pursued him into the lonely retreat he had selected. The hand and mind of Burleigh directed all those uncalled-for severities. What political black deeds could this good-natured, thoughtless young nobleman have committed? The Countess of Arundel was the first to feel the resentment of Elizabeth. She was arrested for recusancy, and confined, under a royal warrant, for twelve months in the house of Sir Thomas Shirley. No similar annoyance could reach the Earl of Arundel himself, for he was still a Protestant; but it sometimes happened that a Protestant was in greater danger of the Queen's suspicions than a Catholic; in fact she suspected everybody about her more or less, and her spies were numerous. In what a state of mind to pass through life!

The Legitimist party had a strong desire to link the name of Arundel with the prostrated fortunes of Mary Stuart. His natural ambition would lead him to the standard of the captive Queen. The fate of his father and many others, and the rumours more recent concerning Throckmorton, gave him a warning of the approaching danger. Arundel came to the conclusion of seeking an asylum in a foreign land. Just as his preparations for departure were nearly ready, he received a sudden visit from Queen Elizabeth, who told him that he

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should remain her prisoner, and still continue to be confined *in his own house;* and, as in such cases, *to provide her guard and gaolers with food.* The meanness of the "Good Queen," as Dean Hook styles her, was fully on a par with her injustice.

From the time of Campion's disputation in the Tower, Lord Arundel had made up his mind to return to the faith of his fathers. He sent "privately for a priest, and was reconciled to the Catholic Church"—an action which, as he well knew, had been made high treason by a late Act of Parliament. He did not act upon any sudden feeling. Having made his resolve, he left London to make preparations for his journey to the Continent, and wrote a long letter to Queen Elizabeth, in which he enumerated the failure of all his attempts to gain her confidence, the ascendancy of his enemies in her Council, the disgrace which he had suffered, the fate of his father and grandfather, who, though innocent, had perished as traitors, and the penalties to which he was exposed on the ground of his religion. He was come, he said, to the point "in which he must consent either to the certain destruction of his body, or the manifest endangering of his soul." He therefore trusted that if, to escape such evils, he should leave the realm without license, her Majesty would not visit him with her displeasure, which he should esteem the bitterest of all his losses—the most severe of all his misfortunes.* In one part of Arundel's letter he insinuates that the persons who enjoyed the Queen's confidence "were rank atheists at heart." It is very likely that Lord Arundel referred to Lord Leicester and Francis Walsingham. It has been affirmed by several writers

* This letter is to be seen at length in Stowe's Chronicle, pp. 702-6.

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that Sir Walter Raleigh was an atheist. During his latter years Raleigh gave the strongest evidence of his belief in Divine Revelation, and his religious character, whilst in the Tower, has been represented as edifying. His long imprisonment in the narrow cell, shown now to visitors at the Tower, gave him ample time for reflection, for the vicissitudes of fortune pressed heavily upon him and his family. For a time he was the handsome and caressed favourite of the last of the Tudors, and subsequently the victim of a whimsical despot in the person of Mary Stuart's son.

That grand apostrophe written by Raleigh the night before his execution leaves little doubt that he was no atheist.

"Oh, eloquent, just and mighty death, whom none could advise, *Thou* hast persuaded—what none hath dared thou hast done, and those whom all the world hath flattered, thou alone hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two sad-named narrow words —Hic jacet."

Sir Walter Raleigh,* having escaped the political calamities of the reign of Elizabeth, was afterwards sent to the scaffold by King James I. He suffered on the 29th of October, 1618, for the alleged crime of treason. Popular opinion ran in favour of Raleigh; but popular opinion had no weight till the Puritans appeared upon the scene, ready to back their words with blows, and the defiance of brave-hearted men who attempted to overthrow the Elizabethan despotism still exercising its influence around the land.

* Sir John Pope Hennessy, the Governor of the Mauritius, is now the owner of the house once occupied in Youghal, county Cork, by Walter Raleigh. In the garden attached to the above house were first planted potatoes, flax, and tobacco, by the great philosopher.

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To return to Lord Arundel. The letter to which I have alluded he entrusted to a discreet messenger, and embarked on board the vessel which was to convey him beyond the seas. At this moment he was quite unconscious that he was beset at all sides with spies and informers. In fact his own servants, supposed to have been so faithful, and the very master of the ship which was to convey him, were all in the pay of the Queen's Council. He had hardly lost sight of the coast of Sussex when two vessels were descried in full chase. They were under the command of Kelloway, a pretended pirate. After a short resistance, in which Lord Arundel received a slight wound, he surrendered. He was delivered by Kelloway to Sir George Carey, the son of Lord Hunsdon, and committed to the Tower by a warrant from the Queen's Council. Arundel's imprisonment was followed by that of his brother, Lord William Howard, and of his sister, Lady Margaret Sackville. On the examination of Arundel before the Commissioners, the innocence of the Earl disconcerted the hatred and malice of his adversaries.* He remained more than twelve months unnoticed in prison. The charge of treason was next converted into that of contempt, and he was accused in the Star Chamber of having sought to leave the kingdom without license, and of having corresponded with Allen, who had been declared the Queen's enemy. He replied that in the first he was justified by necessity, because the laws of the country did not permit him

* A letter was produced, purporting to have been written by Lord Arundel to Dix, his steward, in Norfolk, in which he was made to say that he should shortly return at the head of a large army. He was only allowed to read the first two lines, and pronounced it a forgery. It was written by one of Walsingham's "experts."

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to worship God according to his conscience, and that his correspondence with Allen was not on matters of State, but of religion. Both pleas were overruled. He was, as the reader is aware, condemned to pay the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds; and further, to suffer imprisonment during the pleasure of the Queen. Elizabeth made this unfortunate nobleman feel the full weight of her vengeance. His confinement was for life, and was subsequently aggravated by a new trial, when he was condemned on a charge of high treason. The gaol treatment of Lord Arundel was marked by exceptional cruelty, for which there must have been some special command either from Lord Burleigh or the Queen herself.

In a later chapter I shall return to the fate of Lord Arundel and his wife.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

SIR AMYAT PAULET AS A GAOLER.

From the period Paulet entered upon his new authority as gaoler of Tutbury Castle it was plain that the days of Mary Stuart were numbered. He established restrictions on the Royal captive, and those heroic men and women who were the voluntary participators in her imprisonment. Paulet seems to have, in many important cases, acted under the instructions of Sir Francis Walsingham. In 1586 Walsingham was busy with the drilling of his spies. He had ten men engaged in forging the handwriting of different persons of rank. His spies counted by hundreds. Poley, a servant of Lady Sydney, made repeated visits to Paris, feigning himself a Catholic, and brought letters to Mary Stuart; sent to her the tender of his services, and was entrusted with the secrets of her friends in England.* At the same time he was in the pay of Walsingham, and in order to gain the confidence of Catholics more effectively, he frequently went to confession and communion. This was one of Walsingham's shocking devices, procuring persons to assume the garb of a confessor or penitent.

Gilbert Giffard was a member of an ancient Catholic family in Staffordshire. His father had long been a prisoner on account of his religion; his elder brother was a gentleman

* Murdin, p. 446, 449; Lingard, vol. vi. p. 407.

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pensioner at Court; Gilbert himself, at ten years of age, had been sent for his education to one of the English colleges on the Continent. At what time, or by what means, he was induced to become one of Walsingham's travelling agents is unknown. In December, 1585, he came to London, and repaired to the house of Walsingham's confidential agent Phillipps, where he was entertained as a foreign Catholic, under the assumed name of Nicholas Cornelius. He seemed a young man of modest and retiring manners, and appeared to be well acquainted with Spain and Italy. He spoke the languages of several countries with as much fluency as if he had been a native of each. About three months before his arrival, the Scottish Queen had obtained from Elizabeth a promise that Chartley, in Staffordshire, a house belonging to the young Earl of Essex, the step-son of Lord Leicester, should be assigned for her winter residence. However, to her great disappointment, the Queen of Scots was still detained at Tutbury; but an order was suddenly dispatched for her removal. It was arranged by Walsingham that Phillipps and Giffard should be at hand to aid in a pretended plot for the release of Mary Stuart. Phillipps, like Harrison, was a notorious hand at forging the writing of all the notable people of the period, and sometimes caused anxiety to Walsingham lest he should turn upon himself. Paulet was one of the organisers of this plot that was never intended to be brought to maturity. Giffard went on several occasions to Paris for the purpose of assuring the English exiles that Elizabeth would soon be set aside for Mary Stuart. The communications made to English Catholics abroad were in the first instance "drafted by Walsingham; in some cases they were copied by Giffard or Phillipps." Those men were all abundantly supplied with money. Some of the letters

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sent to the Queen of Scots from "supposed English Catholics" residing in Paris were written by Francis Walsingham himself, and then re-copied by Giffard or Phillipps. These frauds were of the most complicated nature, and the motives of the most murderous character. Maude, an old and experienced agent of Walsingham, was a master in the art of dissimulation. He frequently represented the office of a confessor. In speaking of himself he says :—"I have oftentimes to appear as a most zealous Papist, and the old ladies then place confidence in me ; but Lady —— has no faith in me." The plans adopted by this odious man to discover the disguise of Father Ballard were an outrage upon the honour of any Christian believer. It is really shocking to contemplate such deeds. Did Elizabeth know of these proceedings ? That is a question now impossible to decide. It is certain that she was privy to some terrible cruelties perpetrated by Topplyffe and Yonge in the Tower; and Sir Thomas Smyth defends one racking case in that fortress on the grounds that it was "commanded by a high authority." I have referred to this painful matter in a preceding chapter.

According to Camden, Giffard was engaged, and paid too, by both parties.

Anthony Babington, on whose energy so much reliance had been placed, was a young man of ancient family and ample fortune. Some years previously he had been page to the Earl of Shrewsbury, at Tutbury Castle. Whilst in this position he had learned to admire and to pity the captive Queen. These feelings as he advanced in years ripened into the most enthusiastic attachment to her interests. He had rendered her important services, and through his numerous connections in Derbyshire and Staffordshire, continued a loyal adherent. He was also engaged to convey messages to Mary

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Stuart till she was placed under the care of stern Paulet.* From that moment every channel of communication with the captive was cut off. Babington had the good sense to object to any forcible attempt in favour of Queen Mary, because he knew it would bring about her immediate murder. Walsingham caused another man to be introduced to Babington, who became at once his "friend and adviser," and the agent of Mary Stuart. The "friend" in question was the infamous Poley. In Poley Babington placed the most unlimited confidence, and it is said by those who understood the dark windings of the plot that Babington was indebted to Poley for his subsequent fate. Every wild idea suggested by such half-mad enthusiasts as Savage was adopted and enforced upon Babington and his companions by Poley, who immediately communicated with Francis Walsingham and Paulet. Five parties on one occasion had bound themselves by an oath to make an attempt on the life of Elizabeth. Out of five conspirators who were "arranging matters" on this occasion, three were the agents of Walsingham. Another part of the plot was that Mary Stuart would be carried off before Paulet might have time to assassinate her. This scheme was impossible, for the arrangements had been made for some time, that if the slightest movement of a "genuine plot" to release the Queen of Scots was made, she was to be instantly despatched, either by the *axe or the bullet.* Babington hesitated, everything appeared to wear a serious aspect. He sometimes doubted Poley and "other friends," yet he could scarcely believe it possible that his warm-hearted friends could prove false, for every day he received fresh evidence of their

* Hardwicke State Papers; Lingard, vol. vi. p. 413.

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personal esteem for him. Some one whose name has not transpired advised Babington to secretly consult the Queen of Scots. This was either a trap, or a most reckless scheme, which if discovered would at once connect Mary Stuart with the whole plot. A letter was forwarded to the Royal captive detailing the means by which the plot was to be carried out. That letter was brought to Walsingham, and another document fabricated in the usual manner. This correspondence with Mary Stuart looks as if it were written for the sole purpose of drawing Queen Mary into the plot; of inducing her to furnish evidence to be afterwards used against herself; nor should it be forgotten that Babington's letter, whatever it originally contained, would pass through the office of Walsingham, who, instead of the original, might forward a copy, so interpolated and "improved" by Phillipps or Harrison, as to render it difficult for Queen Mary to return an answer without betraying an approval, or at least a guilty knowledge of the proposed assassination.* Mary Stuart's answer to the note of Babington never reached him. Walsingham manufactured an elaborate reply, and had it duly despatched, and then intercepted; and next he placed the supposed letter of Mary Stuart in the hands of Queen Elizabeth. It is stated that no member of the Council knew of this proceeding but Walsingham himself. This statement is very doubtful, for Lord Burleigh was at the beginning and the end of every scheme like the one in question. Elizabeth became alarmed, and insisted on the immediate arrest of Babington and Ballard. Their apprehension would have marred the whole intrigue, for Mary Stuart had done nothing to affect her life.

* Lingard, vol. vi. p. 412-13.

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Walsingham humbly remonstrated with his Royal Mistress, whose temper became dreadfully roused at the supposed disclosures. At this time Elizabeth had no idea that the whole plot had been concocted and carried out by the agents of Walsingham, and under his special instructions. Walsingham ultimately prevailed upon the Queen to let matters proceed a little further before any arrests were made.

Babington was still at large; but he became a wiser man. He was no longer the thoughtless, bold speaker, who wrote treason, thinking it a chivalrous sentiment. He began to doubt the friendship of some of his bosom friends. And no wonder. He could now see that he had been betrayed, but by whom he could not say; still it was, as yet, a delicate matter of conjecture. Unwilling to impeach the fidelity of *his* friend Poley, he attributed the disclosure to Maude, who was well known to be one of the basest characters amongst Walsingham's "travelling agents," Babington remained in London to await his fate. He procured a passport for Ballard under a counterfeit name, that he might escape to France or Flanders.

Babington volunteered his services as a spy for Walsingham on the Continent. Walsingham, as if he had been duped by this hypocritical display of loyalty on the part of a man who was a rebel to the backbone, promised him a warrant to travel as soon as the Queen should affix her signature, and assured him that his services should be munificently rewarded. His mind was now tranquillised; the receipt and decipherment of the answer from Queen Mary opened to him a new prospect, and he wrote a hasty reply. Maude was, as might be expected, a traitor throughout, whilst expressing the greatest personal friendship for his victims. Ballard and several others were arrested whilst partaking of the hospitality of the

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man who betrayed them. Poley played the part of the "friend" till he had nearly sent his victims to the scaffold. Another mode of action adopted at this period was that of circulating reports "that the Papists were to rise at night, fire all London, and kill the Queen and her Council." There was not the slightest ground for these reports. The English Catholics were terror-stricken at the time, proscribed as citizens, insulted daily wherever they went, and in all commercial transactions cheated; in fact, every rogue and vagabond was privileged to do them wrong. The popular excitement was fomented by the Queen's Council, and rose to such a height that the ambassadors from Catholic countries were exposed to insults at their own doors. The French Ambassador sent a protest to Elizabeth, who, as usual, seemed indignant at such conduct.

After a brief period, Anthony Babington and his unfortunate associates, fourteen in number, were brought to trial. The indictment charged them with a twofold conspiracy, a plot to murder Queen Elizabeth, and another to raise a rebellion within the realm in favour of the Queen of Scots. The indictment of the latter was not even hinted at—in fact, Mary Stuart knew nothing of the whole proceedings, although Walsingham's mode of action made her a co-partner in the conspiracy. Of all the "hatched plots" put forward by Walsingham and Lord Burleigh, this last one was the most treacherous and villainous.

Babington, Ballard, Savage, Barnewall, Tichbourne, and Donime admitted that they were disaffected against the Government and the Sovereign, who reduced them to the position of the most lowly slaves on account of their religion. Ballard and his companions were allowed to say but a few words. The jury and the judges were unanimous that they

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should die upon the scaffold. The remaining seven pleaded not guilty, but five of them were convicted as accomplices, upon the evidence of perjured witnesses. In the eyes of Elizabeth's law officers perjury was a venial offence. Babington acted throughout with rashness, and placed unlimited confidence in Walsingham's agents, who were pretty well known about this time. He was an enthusiast, and a man of little judgment in forming an opinion as to the strangers with whom he mixed in those evil times. He was, however, actuated by no sordid feeling. He was a young gentleman of fortune,* and on many occasions aided his co-religionists in distress. His fate was altogether a sad one. There was much in the history of these young men to claim the sympathy of the people. They were not of that class in which conspirators are generally found. Sprung from the best families in England, possessed of affluent fortunes, they had hitherto kept aloof from political intrigue, and devoted their time to the pursuits and pleasures befitting their age and station.† The physicians declared Babington to have been in an unsound state of mind for three years.

The executions of these young gentlemen excited a sad feeling even amongst those who were opposed to their views.

The Queen won an infamous notoriety by the order she issued in the case of the above executions. Elizabeth commanded the head-executioner to give them a death "that might

* Sir Walter Raleigh received from Queen Elizabeth a grant of unfortunate young Babington's estates. In this, like many similar cases, the Raleigh family did not prosper, the old proverb proving true—"Ill got, ill gone."

† Camden's Annals; Lingard, vol vi p. 428.

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be protracted to the *extremitie of payne in them, and in the full sight of the populace.*" On the first day of the carnage, the people were quite horrified; and a shout was raised, "No more of this." On the following day, it is alleged, Lord Burleigh remonstrated with the Queen as to a renewal of those scenes. So the merciful monarch changed the Royal programme to "plain beheading and quartering."* The fate of Mary Stuart was not far distant.

About the time Sir Amyat Paulet wrote of his "disinterestedness and devotion to Elizabeth," he had plentifully helped himself to the most valuable portion of the jewels of the Queen of Scots, and sent the English Queen a few trifling articles. In this respect Paulet was not worse than the members of the Queen's Council, whenever an opportunity offered for plunder; but the "low-bred illegitimate" made it a point to add insult to injury.

Fotheringay Castle was the last prison house to which Queen Elizabeth committed her unfortunate cousin. Upon beholding the gloomy towers of Fotheringay Castle the Queen of Scots, clasping her hands, exclaimed—"*Pereo.*" The prophetic words were soon fulfilled.

A commission was addressed by Elizabeth to forty-six persons, comprising peers, privy councillors, and judges. Eleven peers declined to be nominated. To this tribunal the fate of Mary Stuart was finally committed.

The French Ambassador, in the name of the King of France, demanded that the Queen of Scots, who was so closely related to the Royal Family of France, might be allowed counsel, and the equitable privilege of having all witnesses

* Howell's State Trials, vol. i. p. 1127-1158; Camden's Annals, p. 483; Murdin, p. 785; Lingard, vol. vi. p. 427-8.

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confronted with her. To this demand Hatton returned a verbal answer in the name of Queen Elizabeth, "that the Queen's Majesty *wanted no advice; neither* did she believe he had received orders from his Royal master to school her, and that the civil law considered persons in the situation of the Scotch Queen unworthy of counsel."*

This statement of Hatton, or his Royal Mistress, was most untrue. The civil law protected the weaker party against arbitrary power; but the despotic monarch in this case trampled law and equity under foot.

Mary Stuart was confined to her bed by dangerous illness during this mockey of a judical inquiry.

As I have remarked in a preceding chapter, the conduct of Hatton and Burleigh during this sham trial adds much to the evil reputation in which History places their names before posterity.

Paulet removed Mary from Chartley under the most treacherous circumstances. Bringing her out for the purpose of having "a gallop along the roads on a fine day, after riding a few miles, Sir Thomas Georges entered upon the scene, and informed the Queen that her 'liberty' should be now set aside in consequence of the discovery of a fresh plot against the life of Queen Elizabeth, in which the Queen of Scots was concerned. His orders were to conduct her to Tixall."† Mary indignantly denied the accusation. She appealed to the manhood and chivalry of English gentlemen, but amongst the two hundred men present the Knight or the Squire had no representative.

* Paulet's Letters; Camden's Annals.

† Wade's Memorials; Paulet's State Papers; Camden's Annals.

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She refused to go to Tixall ; but was informed "*that they would drag her thither.*" The conduct of Paulet was that of a cold-blooded ruffian, without one grain of pity or manly feeling. Bad had passed, worse remained to come. At Tixall she was separated from her servants, *her dress torn open to search for papers, and her rings taken off rudely ;* she was then confined to two small rooms in a dirty condition, and badly ventilated ; and was allowed *neither pen, ink, nor paper ; for seventeen days* Royal Mary *was in utter solitude.**

There is no reason to believe that even a change of apparel or the solace of a female attendant was allowed her *during* that dreadful period of suspense, expecting every hour to be despatched by Paulet or some of his dagger-men. How she existed through it is a mystery on which no record casts a light. Mary Stuart, under all her trials, trusted in God, and prayed for patience and support ; she doubtless was not deserted, but always found some tender-hearted woman to compassionate her and supply her wants. Mary Stuart had never been forsaken by her own sex. Lest, however, the Royal captive should excite too much commiseration in her deplorable condition, Paulet remained at Tixall to guard over his prisoner, and address her in harsh and unmanly language, whilst Colonel Wade made a visit to Chartley to seize upon Mary's papers, her few remaining trinkets and family memorials, which the high-minded Elizabeth desired to possess. The English Queen must have been disappointed at not receiving a larger quantity of valuables;

* Camden states that she was led about from one gentleman's mansion to another during that time. This is a mistake on the part of that accurate historian, for Paulet in his secret despatches boasts that his prisoner—*the woman*—was secluded from every eye, and kept at Tixall.

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but many years previously she had possessed herself (through Moray) of the choicest jewels of the Queen of Scots.

Upon Mary's return to Chartley she found that her coffers and desks had been rifled, and her papers and jewels carried away; she passionately exclaimed, "there are two things of which I cannot be robbed—my English blood and my Catholic faith, in which by the grace of God I intend to die."* The disgraceful and dishonest conduct of Paulet, and his cruel and insulting language to the Queen of Scots, are, perhaps, without a precedent in the history of the brutal gaolers of England for centuries. He seized upon the private money of the Queen, and that of her ladies and servants; he outraged the "delicate proprieties of all society by entering the *chamber of the Queen and her ladies whilst dressing.*" Some English magistrates who were compelled to "act as visitors to the prison castle," protested against his conduct. A gentleman named Bagot was inclined to ask Paulet to "measure swords" with him, but the hypocritical knave was a coward, who only desired to win *his* spurs by the conquest of a few strong-minded intellectual women whom the fates left at the mercy of such an ignoble specimen of manhood.

"Others," writes Paulet, "shall excuse their *foolish pity as they may, but for my part I renounce any participation in the joys of Heaven, if in any thing that I have said, written, or done I have had any other respect or feeling than the furtherance of Queen Elizabeth's service.*"†

* Paulet's Letters on Queen Mary when his prisoner.

† Paulet's Letters, and "Reflections upon the Past."

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CHAPTER XXXV.

CONTINUED PERSECUTION.

WHILST in Tutbury Castle, Mary Stuart lost a loving and most valuable friend and connection in the family of her cold-hearted gaoler. Her sister-in-law—Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter of the Countess of Shrewsbury and widow of Darnley's younger brother, Charles Lennox—died in the flower of her youth, leaving an orphan daughter of four years old, subsequently known as the unfortunate Lady Arabella Stuart. The proximity of this infant to the throne, to which, after the Queen of Scots and her son, she was the legitimate heiress, rendered her ambitious grandmother, the Countess of Shrewsbury, desirous of the removal of those obstacles which daily increased in peril. The prudence and good feeling of Lady Charles Lennox, who entertained the deepest respect for the captive Queen, for a time prevented any virulent demonstrations on the part of Lady Shrewsbury against the royal prisoner, who was then confined to her bed with a harassing cough and pain in the side, unable to put her foot to the ground, and labouring under a great depression of spirits. The French Ambassador sent an open coach and four horses to Sheffield, to enable Mary Stuart to take open-air exercise, which was ordered by a French physician. It does not appear that Mary Stuart was ever permitted to sit in the coach. Many presents were sent from

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the Royal Family of France to their kinswoman which were detained by Queen Elizabeth, or, perhaps, Lord Burleigh. Shortly after the death of Lady Lennox, to whom I have just referred, the Countess of Shrewsbury renewed her injuries and insults, full of envy and malice, upon the Queen of Scots.

About this period Queen Mary complains bitterly to the French King of the treatment she has received from the English Queen and her Council. Fresh restraints were imposed upon her, and she was every day experiencing more cruel treatment, and was daily succumbing to its effects.

In one of the interviews which the Royal prisoner had with the arch dissembler, Beale, she stated that she was not old in years, but worn out in constitution, and her "hair had turned grey," sarcastically adding "therefore no apprehensions need be entertained of her thinking of another husband."

Whilst this state of things existed, the shock of an earthquake was felt at Sheffield, which shook the apartments where the royal captive was confined. Her ladies screamed, and clustering around their Royal mistress, supported themselves by clinging to the furniture. *

Some months before the execution of the Queen of Scots, she wrote the following letter to Elizabeth :—

"I am resolved to strengthen myself in Jesus Christ alone, whose justice and consolation never fail those who, in their tribulation, invoke Him with a true heart, especially those who are bereft of all human aid, such being peculiarly under His divine protection. To Him be the glory! He has not disappointed my expectation, having given me heart and strength, *in spe contra spem* —in hope against hope—to endure the unjust calumnies, accusa-

* Labanoff, vol. v., p. 543.

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tions, and condemnations of those who have no authority over me, with a firm determination to suffer death for the maintenance and the weal of the Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church. Now having been informed, on your part, of the sentence passed in the last Session of your Parliament, and admonished by Lord Buckhurst and Beale to prepare myself for the end of my long and weary pilgrimage, I prayed them to return my thanks to you for such agreeable intelligence, and to ask you to grant some things for the relief of my conscience. Since then Sir Amyat Paulet gives me to understand that you mean to gratify me by restoring my almoner, and the money of which they deprived me, and that the rest would follow. I will not accuse any person, but sincerely pardon every one, as I desire others, and, above all, God, to pardon me. And since I know that your heart, more than that of any other, ought to be touched by the honour or the dishonour of your own blood, and of a Queen, the daughter of a King, I require you, madam, for the sake of Jesus, to whose name all persons bow, that after my enemies have satisfied their black thirst for my innocent blood, you will permit my poor disconsolate servants to remove my corpse, that I may be buried in holy ground with my ancestors in France, especially the late Queen, my mother, since in Scotland the remains of the kings, my predecessors, have been outraged, and the churches torn down and profaned. As I shall suffer in this country, I shall not be allowed a place near your ancestors, who are also mine; and persons of my religion think much of being interred in consecrated earth. Since they assure me you will put no constraint on my conscience and religion, and that you have even accorded me a priest, I trust you will not refuse this last request I have preferred to you, and allow, at least, free sepulture to this body when the soul shall be separated from it, which never could obtain, while united, liberty to dwell in peace. As to practising any ill against you, *I declare in the presence of God, I am not guilty of that crime;* but God will let you see the truth of all plainly after my death. Dreading the

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secret tyranny of some of those to whom you have abandoned me, I entreat you to prevent me from being despatched secretly without your knowledge, not from fear of the pain, which I am ready to suffer, but on account of the reports they would circulate of my death, without less suspicious testimony than those who would be the doers of it. It is, therefore, that I desire my servants to remain the witnesses and attestators of my end, my faith in my Saviour, and obedience to His Church, and that afterwards they may all remove my body as secretly as you please, and as quickly as they can, without taking away either furniture or anything else, save those few trifling things which I leave them at my death, which are little enough in reward for their good services. One jewel that I received from *you* I shall return to *you* with my last words, or sooner if you please. I entreat you to permit me to send a jewel with my last advice to my son, and my last blessing, of which he has been deprived since you sent me word of his refusal to enter into the treaty from which I was excluded by the wicked advice of his Council. This last point I refer to your favourable consideration and *your conscience*, the others I require of you, *in the name of Jesus Christ*, from respect to our consanguinity, for the sake of King Henry VII., your great grandfather and mine, for the dignity we have both held, and for the sex to which we both belong."

Mary Stuart then requests that all her papers which had been seized might be read over by Elizabeth herself.

The Royal captive concludes in these words :—

"I beseech the God of mercy and justice to enlighten you with His Holy Spirit, and to give me the grace to die in perfect charity, as I endeavour to do, pardoning my death to all those who have either caused or co-operated in it; and this will be my prayer to the end. I esteem myself happy that my death will precede the persecution which I foresee menaces this realm, where God is no longer truly feared and reverenced, but vanity and worldly policy

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rules and directs all. Accuse me not of presumption if, leaving this world and preparing myself for a better, I remind *you, that you will have one day to give an account of your charge*, in like manner as those who have preceded you in it, and *that my blood, and the misery of my country, will be remembered.* Wherefore, from the earliest dawn of our comprehension we ought to dispose our minds to make things temporal yield to those of eternity. From Fotheringay Castle, this 19th day of December, 1586.

"Your Sister and Cousin wrongfully a prisoner.

"MARIE ROYNE."

It was supposed that Elizabeth never received the above missive. Lord Leicester relates that he saw the Queen read the letter; and she seemed somewhat affected, but he hoped the "tender feeling" for the *Scotch woman* would soon vanish, as it did not come from the heart. Lord Leicester was not the man to advise mercy.

Phillipps, the forger and the decipherer, was about thirty years of age when he entered the service of Sir Francis Walsingham for the second time. He is described as having been of "low stature; yellow hair on the head, and clear yellow bearded; eated in the face with smallpock; short sighted; a plodding countenance, evidently desiring to injure someone." When at Chartley, and other places, Phillipps visited the gaolers of the Royal captive under different names. Mary Stuart at once suspected, and rightly, that he was one of Walsingham's agents.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE TIME APPROACHES.

On the night of Sunday, the 5th of February, 1587, an unusual feeling pervaded the faithful few who were attached to the household of the Queen of Scots; they could perceive that some great event was at hand. The guards were at every point of access; and no two persons were allowed to converse together for five minutes. On the Sunday previous (January 29th), the soldiers who kept guard under the windows of the Royal captive, half-an-hour after midnight were, it is stated, "startled and affrighted by the appearance of a large and brilliant meteor, like a flame of fire in the firmament, opposite the Queen's bed-chamber window, which returned thrice, to their inexpressible terror, and was not visible in any other quarter of the castle."*

The ominous preparations, and the arrival of Beale and his sable-suited companion, was the signal which struck the household of Mary Stuart with dismay and sorrow. The conduct of Paulet from Sunday to Wednesday morning was not that of a man or a Christian. The treatment the ladies received was shocking. The noble-minded Jane Kennedy describes the conduct of the Talbot and Paulet party

* Teulet, vol. ii., p. 884.

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as "brutal and bloodthirsty." Farther on I shall have occasion to refer to this heroic Protestant young lady, whose actions in those times have emblazoned her name upon the page of history.

At this crisis Mary Stuart was perfectly calm; but feeling the premonitory symptoms of one of her severe illnesses coming on, desired her physician, Bourgoigne, to administer some medicine that might arrest its progress and prevent her from being confined to her bed, "for," observed the Queen, "when the summons for my death comes, I would not willingly be so circumstanced that my incapacity to rise from bed might be construed into reluctance or fear."

When the apothecary, who was destitute of drugs, asked Paulet to allow him to go into the fields to collect herbs and simples for the use of his Royal patient, a peremptory refusal was returned. On the following day, the Queen asked Paulet whether she could procure the medicine required, when he replied significantly "*peradventure you will not require it.*" Amyas Paulet was at that moment aware that the last act of the tragedy was not far off, and that the various actors in the scenes were already named.

More intolerable than anything the Queen had experienced was that of defeating her charitable disposition. Cut off as Mary Stuart was from all the pleasures and amusements of the world, one consolation had hitherto remained to her, that of exercising her charity, by sparing from her stinted means to minister to the necessities of the neighbouring poor. For this blessed privilege, the enjoyment of which is a heavenly inspiration, Paulet set all means aside. Mary Stuart should give no "dole *to God's poor—old women who were in want.*" The order was given in a peremptory manner, Atslow, the physician who attended the Queen for some time, and understood

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the condition of her health, was withdrawn. The food was bad, often "not fit for a roadside beggar." The French Ambassador laid the matter before Queen Elizabeth in a very forcible manner. Elizabeth expressed surprise, and "ordered an investigation." The lamentations of Jane Kennedy and the other ladies proved that they had passed many hungry days under Paulet's gaolership. This inhuman and unmanly being could not afford a civil or respectful answer to Jane Kennedy and the other ladies.

No redress, no humanity, no justice could be hoped or expected from the Council of Elizabeth. Parliament was quite subservient to the policy of the Council, who were so anxious for the blood of the Queen of Scots. Both Houses of Parliament approved of the verdict and judgment against Mary Stuart, and demanded immediate execution. Speaker Puckering added a memorial in his own hand, giving "reasons for immediate execution." Here is a specimen of Puckering's blasphemous perverson of Scripture :—"Lastly, God's vengeance against Saul for sparing Agag, against Ahab for sparing the life of Benhadad, is apparent, for they were both, by the just judgment of God, deprived of their kingdoms for sparing those wicked princes whom God had delivered into their hands." In this fashion the fanatic Puckering argued in favour of the destruction of Mary Stuart. The clergy of London, and other towns, called out from the pulpit for the blood of the *Scotch women*. The language of the Anglican clergy was most unchristian.

Elizabeth could now see that the triumph of her life-long hate was made secure. The Master of Gray, whom King James of Scotland sent to Elizabeth to negotiate for his mother's life, was the deadly enemy of that mother. The Master of Gray publicly performed the duty entrusted to him by his

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Royal Master; but, before he left England, he advised Queen Elizabeth, "by letters," *to poison her royal prisoner.* He concluded his advice by saying:—"*The dead cannot bite.*" The evidence of the treachery of Gray, and of Archibald Douglas, are to be found in their own letters to Elizabeth. The career of Douglas was that of a "red-handed assassin."

It was most difficult for Mary Stuart to place confidence in any one. Those who sometimes professed to be devoted to her interests, and most zealous Catholics, were absolutely the secret spies of Walsingham.

When the Count de Ritz, on the part of the French Court, visited Elizabeth to intercede for the Scottish Queen, the English Sovereign, in a fury, replied:—"You have come to disquiet England, and to serve the cause of a wicked woman, whose head ought to have been *long ago struck from her shoulders.* Her supporters may do their worst, *but the Queen of Scots shall never go free, though it may cost me my life and my realm.*"

The above passage does not agree with what I have quoted from Mr. Froude. The reader may be more astonished still to find Elizabeth's castigation of the French diplomatist in Mr. Froude's own "history."

The confidential letters of Elizabeth to her goalers concerning Mary Stuart's domestic treatment, show the English Queen to have been mean, deceitful, hypocritical, and tyrannical in her suggestions. The ladies who accompanied the Scottish Queen to the prisons of the English monarch, describe the treatment their Royal mistress received as inhuman. "I never thought," writes Jane Kennedy, "that English gentlemen could be so far forgetful of humanity as those who were joined with Sir Ralph Sadler as our gaolers.

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They often left us *without bread for ours*, and we were daily exposed to insult." Jane Kennedy continues: "Queen Elizabeth knew of all the cruelties and indignities offered to us, for she had spies watching Lord Shrewsbury and Sadler. But we had no redress—we were a few lonely women. Alas! the days of chivalry had passed away when English gentlemen seemed to have forgotten the ties by which humanity bound society together. They became the agents of a cruel and a wicked woman, and posterity will brand their names with that odium which they deserve."

The Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, with the High Sheriff of Northamptonshire, and their attendants, arrived at Fotheringay Castle on Tuesday, the 7th of February, 1587. In the afternoon they demanded an audience of the Queen of Scots. She replied, "that, being indisposed, she was preparing to go to bed, but if the matter were of importance she would receive them presently." They said "it was a matter that would brook no delay." Mary on this called for her mantle, which she had thrown off, and her ladies having made her ready, she seated herself in her usual place at the foot of her bed in an easy-chair by a small work-table, with her ladies and Bourgoigne in attendance.* The two Earls were then introduced by Paulet, Drury, and Beale. The Queen received them with calmness and dignity. Lord Shrewsbury briefly informed her that it was the "command of Queen Elizabeth that she *should die by the hands of the headsman at eight of the clock on the following morning.*" The Queen's physician made a powerful protest against the shortness of the time, but Shrews-

* The scene here described is, in fact, taken from a summary of the Queen's physician.

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bury stated that no further time could be given. The conduct of the Earl of Kent was that of a fanatic. He assailed the Queen's religion in a gross manner; and the "Catholic" Lord Shrewsbury remained silent. When Paulet saw the Queen's ladies weeping excessively, he smiled with contempt, and the Puritan Beale *looked jocular*. A conversation ensued between Lord Shrewsbury and the Queen concerning her property and papers. It was now nine of the clock, and Mary Stuart had only a few hours to make her "will, arrange matters, prepare for life everlasting, and take leave of her few devoted followers." The most shocking part of Elizabeth's malice in this transaction was that of refusing the "benefit of clergy" to her victim of nineteen years' imprisonment and persecution. The order of Elizabeth against the presence of the chaplain of Mary was couched in sternest terms, and carried out by Paulet to the letter. The Earl of Kent remarked, "*your life would be the death of our religion, and your death will be its preservation.*" "Oh, glorious thought," observed Mary Stuart, "that I should be chosen to die for such a cause."*

When Mary had given away or bequeathed everything belonging to her, except the dress she intended to wear the next day, and a fair handkerchief fringed with gold, which she gave to Jane Kennedy to bandage her eyes with for the block, she wrote her memorable letter to De Préan, her almoner and confessor; she also wrote to the Pope and the Kings of France and Spain. She next retired to her oratory to pray. The alleged incident of the Queen of Scots administering the Holy Sacrament to herself, did not occur. Her letter to the Pope, written early on the morning of her execution, makes no reference to it.

* Martyre de Marie Stuart.

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At six of the clock on the morning of the 8th of February, 1587, Mary Stuart told her ladies "she had but two hours to live, and bade them dress her as for a festival. Very minute particulars of that last toilette have been preserved by French and English writers. A contemporary MS. in the Vatican contains a description of it from the pen of an eye-witness of the Queen's death. It is there stated that she wore a widow's dress of black velvet, spangled all over with gold; a black satin pourpoint and kirtle, and under these a petticoat of crimson velvet, with a body of the same colour, and a white veil of the most delicate texture, of the fashion worn by princesses of the highest rank, thrown over her coif, and descending to the ground; also a camisole of fine Scotch plaid, reaching from the throat to the waist, but without a collar. Her gown was of black satin, with a train.

Time was on the wing, so the "leave-taking" commenced. Mary kissed all the women, and when she came to Jane Kennedy the scene was most distressing. The Queen caught her in her arms and said a few loving words to the faithful Jane, who was in an agony of grief; the emotion of the Queen became intense; she burst into tears, and in broken-hearted sobs said, "I will meet you in Heaven." The Queen permitted all the men in her employment to kiss her hand. Several of the men were so affected that they were unable to speak. The "last prayer without a chaplain" was then gone through. Upon the conclusion of the prayers, the Sheriff and Paulet entered the room, and after a few minutes the sad procession to the scaffold moved forward. The Queen was quite lame, and unable to walk, so she had to be supported by Paulet and another official. At the foot of the stairs another distressing scene occurred. Sir Andrew Melville, the controller of the Queen's household—"when at home,"—threw himself

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at her feet in an agony of grief, wringing his hands in an uncontrolled manner. This scene seemed to have moved even Paulet, for he looked downcast, as if he had the feelings of a man, but dared not show them. Mary Stuart, addressing Melville, said, "Weep not, my faithful servant, thou shouldst rather rejoice to see the end of my long sufferings in this world. *I am a Catholic, thou of the Protestant way of thinking;* but as there is but *one Christ*, I charge thee in His name to bear witness that *I die firm to my religion, a true Scotch* woman, and true to France, the sunny land of my early love."

Sir William Fitzwilliam, and many of the Northamptonshire squires, "full of tears and sobs," pressed forward to take leave of Mary Stuart; and there was little doubt but that many of them would have sacrificed their lives to rescue her. Paulet's instructions were, to the effect, that "if any attempt were made in that way, his prisoner should be instantly despatched."

The procession proceeded in the following order:—First came the Sheriff and his men; next Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drue Drury; the Earl of Kent and Beale; the Earl of Shrewsbury, as Earl Marshal, bearing his baton raised, immediately preceding the Royal victim, who, having rallied all the energies of her courageous spirit to vanquish bodily infirmity, moved with a firm step, although lame from rheumatism in her legs; still she walked proudly as the daughter of the "Poet King Jamie." Melville bore her train; and next came the weeping ladies, who seemed overwhelmed with grief. All were in deep mourning. The rear was brought up by Bourgoine, Lourion, and Louvais, the three medical attendants of the Queen.

A platform, twelve feet square, and two and a half high, overed with black cloth, and surrounded with a rail, had

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been erected at the upper end of the great banqueting hall of Fotheringay Castle, near the large fire-place, in which, on account of the intense coldness of the weather, a large fire was burning. On the scaffold was placed the block, the axe, a chair covered with black cloth, for the Queen, with a cushion of crimson velvet before it, and two stools for the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury. About one hundred gentlemen from the neighbouring counties had been admitted to behold the tragedy about to be enacted to satisfy the vengeance and hatred of Anna Boleyn's daughter. A strong guard was posted at every approach to the scaffold. Many of those present were so hopeful as to imagine that, at the last moment, the Royal mercy would have extended a reprieve. But Elizabeth and her ministers never indulged such a thought. No; mercy was to them a Utopian dream.

The dignified and melancholy sweetness of Mary's countenance, in which the intellectual beauty of reflective middle age had superseded the charms that in youth had been celebrated by the poets of France and Scotland, as well as her majestic and intrepid demeanour, made a profound impression on every one present.

At this stage of the proceedings there was a pause—a long and painful one—the Queen was unable to ascend the scaffold without assistance; Paulet tendered his hand, and the Royal lady accepted it with Queenly courtesy. "I thank you, Sir," she said—"this is the last trouble I shall ever give you."

The conduct of the Dean of Peterbourgh to the Queen was disgraceful, but there was no redress for any wrong.

The Queen desired to address the assembly, but was twice interrupted by the Earl of Kent, yet she continued to enforce the truth of her statement — namely, that she had been imprisoned, misrepresented, and cruelly defrauded

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of her rights on account of her religion, and was *now about to suffer death for that religion.* "I would," said the Queen, "willingly give ten thousand lives if I had them, and not only shed my blood, but endure the severest tortures in defence of that grand old creed which was established by Jesus Christ and His Apostles. My lords, let there be no doubts about my religious sentiments. I die firm in my religion—a true believer in all the doctrines of the Catholic Church. I forgive from my heart those of Scotland who have so much injured me."

Jane Kennedy then came forward, and having kissed her Royal mistress, took her last adieu. The Queen knelt down and prayed for a few minutes. Then her eyes were bandaged. She was led to the block by the Sheriff amidst profound silence. A long pause ensued, when the Earl of Shrewsbury rose and made signal with his bâton. In a moment the executioner appeared upon the scene, with the ill-omened steel uplifted; the Sheriff gave the final signal, and the work of slaughter commenced. After *three blows* the head of Mary Queen of Scotland was severed from the body. The head, streaming with blood, was held up to the gaze of the people present by the executioner, who exclaimed—"God save Queen Elizabeth!" "So perish all the enemies of our good Queen," cried the Dean of Peterborough. "Amen," said one solitary voice—that of Lord Kent. The Queen's ladies implored Paulet's permission to bear away the body to a chamber near the scaffold; however, they were rudely pushed aside by the hands which were still covered with blood, but the noble-minded maidens were not to be repulsed; they pushed forward again, and then, by command of Sir Amyas Paulet, they were thrust into a room and the door locked upon them, where they cried and lamented for two hours. Many affecting scenes occurred at

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Fotheringay Castle on this memorable Wednesday morning, but that of the faithful dog of the Queen was most striking, especially when compared with the conduct of the inhuman Paulet. On removing the dead body, and the clothes and mantle which lay beside it, Queen Mary's favourite little dog, which had followed its mistress to the scaffold unperceived, was found nestling under them. No inducement could prevail on it to quit the spot, and it remained lying beside the corpse, stained with blood, till forcibly carried away.* Jane Kennedy relates that the dog had a strong aversion to Paulet, and attacked him fiercely. It only lived three days after the execution, and partook of no food, but continued "a kind of death lament." It was a gentle little Skye terrier.

Henry Gray, Earl of Kent, who played such an unchristian and unmanly part at the execution of the Queen of Scots, was of an ancient family. He received little education, and was a well-known profligate in London. His grandfather was one of the convivial associates of Henry VIII. The elder Gray became an inveterate gambler, and nearly ruined his property. He died at an inn in Lombard-street, about 1523. The grandson of this Royal favourite was a Puritan, but one of a hypocritical class. He married an old woman for a few hundred pounds, and died without any lawful issue. Sir William Dugdale wrote of him in these words:—"He evinced much more zeal for Queen Mary's destruction than befitted a man of honour." His mode of life, like many of Elizabeth's Peers, was a reproach to the House of Lords. Tytler affirms that the Earl of Kent was the person who

* Mort de la Royne, in Teulet, vol. ii.

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prevented the Queen of Scots having her chaplain at the period of her immolation. But Paulet was well inclined to set aside the chaplain without the "intrusion" of Lord Kent. When imprisoned at Tutbury Castle, the Queen of Scots was left two years and four months without any chaplain. According to Gilbert Talbot, this was the action of Elizabeth *herself*. Very probable.

A distinguished writer of the 18th century states, that a man must have been a brute to the last degree not to be won by the sweetness of Mary Stuart's nature, the affability of her reception, and the charms of her conversation. Camden, who had a personal knowledge of Queen Mary, ascribes to her "a constant steadiness in religion, a singular piety towards God, an invincible greatness of mind, and a wisdom above her sex; the magnificent beauty of her person—all so perfect, modelled, as it were, from Nature's original."

It is known that three noted English historians of the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries, coincide in opinion as to the injustice done to Mary Stuart; proclaim her innocence and vindicate her character, and praise her honour, her genius, and her lovable bearing towards her friends to the last fatal moment when she departed so grandly to meet her Creator. "So long," writes Mr. Hosack, "as beauty and intellect, a kindly spirit in prosperity, and matchless heroism in misfortune, attract the sympathies of men, this illustrious victim of sectarian violence and barbarous State craft, will ever occupy the most prominent place in the annals of her sex."

In the darkest hours of her existence, even when she hailed the prospect of the scaffold as a merciful relief from her protracted sufferings, she never once expressed a doubt as to the judgment that would be finally pronounced on the fateful process between herself and her enemies. "The theatre of

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the world," she reminded her judges at Fot
wider than the realm of England." She appea
persecutors to the civilized world, and she has n
vain. In regions uninhabited or unknown whe
uttered the above words—in the great
United States, on the wide prairies, once
ness of the Red Man—in the measureles
the vast rising world of intellect and wealth
podes—from all points of the compass come dai
the story of the life and sufferings of the Qu
this moment creates as much interest as i
European Universities, Colleges, and homestead
More than three hundred authors have writ
different parts of the world upon the history of
but how few of them have dealt honestly witl
and laid before posterity a truthful narrative
Queens!" Carte, a learned and painstaking hi
almost unknown to the present generation, take
comprehensive view of the political position of
Scots. Carte says:—"The patience, the consta
uess with which Mary endured all the
indignities put upon her during her captiv
sufficiently admired."

"Time unveils all Truth!" According t
discovered papers in the Cottonian Library, in t
of the French Secretary of the Queen of Scots
Mary Stuart *was the victim and not the accompl*

The body of the Queen of Scots was detai
months at Fotheringay Castle, and then con
borough Cathedral, for interment. It was carri
black hearse, accompanied by a small torch-li
Bishop Howard received the coffin at the Cath

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when the service for the dead had concluded, the coffin was laid in a vault, where it remained for twenty-five years, till James the First removed his mother's ashes to Westminster Abbey, and showed his gratitude to the English monarch, whose pensioner he had been, by erecting a monument to the murderer of that mother.

The enemies of Mary Stuart, especially her near relatives, did not turn fortune to a good account. Lord Moray, for instance, died in debt, and his widow and children subsequently petitioned the Scotch Parliament for relief. Jeannette, Moray's sister, ended her days in disgrace; and the other brothers and sisters, and their children, were reduced to poverty and soon forgotten by their Kirk friends of former years.

Whether from principle, or remorse, several of Queen Mary's prominent enemies and persecutors returned to their allegiance, and after a hopeless endeavour to advance the Queen's cause, sealed their fidelity with their blood. The defence of Edinburgh Castle was conducted by a number of persons of the class above-named, and truly did their sufferings prove that they felt regret for their former disloyalty, and proclaimed the innocence of the royal lady whom they had impeached for "divers black crimes." Amongst those brave men were Sir William Kirkaldy and his brother James, and Lord Lethington, who were compelled, by dreadful privations, to surrender the fortress on the 29th of May, 1573, to Drury, who commanded the English army.

If Protestant writers have come forward to vindicate the character of Mary Stuart's persecutors and murderers, there has been, and still exists, an enthusiastic and chivalrous rivalry amongst writers of that creed, in favour of the Queen of Scots, which time has not chilled, nor diminished its high

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sense of justice. I cannot resist complying with the request of many English ladies, by quoting Professor Aytoun's lines upon the Queen of Scots—lines which do honour to the brilliant author of the "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers:—

"O, lovelier than the fairest flower
That ever bloomed on green,
Was she, the lily of the land,
That young and spotless Queen.
The sweet, sweet smile upon her lips,
Her eyes so kind and clear,
The magic of her gentle voice,
That even now I hear;
And nobles knelt, and princes bent,
Before her as she came;
A Queen by gift of nature she,
More than a Queen in name."

When Jane Kennedy was released from the imprisonment of Fotheringay, she became the wife of Andrew Melville, of Garvock, who, like his kinsman, had suffered in property and liberty for his Queen. Jane Kennedy and this gentleman were "engaged" whilst in captivity. King James, in order to testify his "gratitude" for Jane Kennedy's attachment to his mother, and his sense of her love and loyalty to the House of Stuart, appointed her to meet and attend his bride, Anne of Denmark, to Scotland. Willing to comply with the young King's request, Jane set out on her journey, and in crossing the rough waters of the Firth in an open boat, a sudden storm arose, the tiny vessel was capsized, and all on board perished. Such was the end of the heroic young lady who plunged from the window at Lochleven into the dark waters,

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and swam bravely in pursuit of the skiff in which her Royal mistress was then struggling for life and liberty. The memory of Jane Kennedy is still loved and honoured in many a mountain-home of Old Caledonia.

In 1660—a memorable period in the annals of England—a small book of some sixty pages was printed at Madrid by a Scotch gentleman named Charles Graham. The book in question gave an interesting account of the sufferings of Jane Kennedy and the other ladies who accompanied the Queen of Scots to Loughleven Castle. The writer states that all "honour was due to Willie of the Castle," with whose history my readers are already acquainted. According to the narrator, Jane Kennedy was a noble-minded woman. A copy of the "precious little book" is, I believe, at present in possession of a relative of mine in Lisbon, the Don Casinigo.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

The next event, great and pleasing to Englishmen in its results, was the Spanish exped England, known as the Invincible Armada. T the Spanish Armada for England roused the realm from end to end. No such manifestatio feeling ever occurred before. All parties and united in defence of Fatherland, and none pause what might have been the circumstances whic projected invasion of England. The invasion h in the frequent plunders committed in the "Span by the well-disciplined English pirates to whom ferred in a preceding chapter. Almost every connected with the Armada has been misrepres tarian and party purposes. Elizabeth, however, o invasion, proved herself equal to the occasion. She energy of many men, and the invincible courage of antiquity. The Queen appeared at Tilbury memorable speech to her army. She understood of men, and knew when and how to win their d only the male heroism of the country, but some daughters, rallied to the national defence. One Cheshire, Dame Cholmondely, was knighted b for the "brave gathering" which she headed

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vous at Tilbury. Elizabeth must have been proud that day, by "Royal-towered Thame," when she passed in review the hearts as well as the persons of her devoted subjects. Sectarianism concealed its baleful front in presence of the universal enthusiasm. Lord Howard, a Catholic, the Queen appointed Lord High Admiral; and right nobly did he justify the choice—the practised and trusted Drake was her Vice-Admiral; and Leicester commanded the land forces; over all she herself presided, and prepared to take the field as Commandress-in-Chief.

The Queen rode along the "brave lines" of her subjects, at Tilbury, the Royal helmet nodding with snowy plumes, rehearsing her life policy, and, like lesser monarchs, proved that she knew her subjects better than she seemed to know herself.

Elizabeth concluded her address in these words:—

"I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects. I am come amongst you at this critical moment, not for my recreation or sport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all; to lay down, for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman,* but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too, and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realms, to which, rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms. I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder."

* Elizabeth was about fifty-five years old at this period, yet a fine-looking woman, with what Whitgift styled "young and fascinating manners."

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The Queen desired to be conducted to the front rank of danger; but the Earl of Leicester remonstrated against such a course, in the following address:—

"As for your person, dear Queen, we, your devoted and loving subjects, cannot run any chance of danger to your sacred person. For, upon your well doing consists all the safety of the whole kingdom."*

The Queen complied with her "Sweet Robin's" request. It was a proud moment for Elizabeth, perhaps the grandest of her reign, which was a series of fortunate incidents.

For the first time the Spaniards fairly fled before their English pursuers, who were only defending their own country. Both parties seemed to have committed blunders, and the elements decided against any well-contested sea-fight. The want of ammunition compelled the English fleet to return to port, at a time when they might have dealt a successful blow against their adversaries. The Spaniards in their retreat met with no enemy. They had, however, to contend against a perfect hurricane; and, according to an old Spanish mariner, "the sea ran mountains high." The shores of Scotland and Ireland were covered with the wrecks of Spanish ships. When the Duke of Medina terminated his unfortunate voyage in the port of St. Andero, he acknowledged the loss of thirty ships of the very largest size, and ten thousand men. According to the despatches to Mendoza, there perished, or were taken by the enemy, fifteen sail of the line, carrying four thousand seven hundred and ninety-one men; and on the coast of Ireland, seventeen sail, with five thousand three

* Hardwicke State Papers, vol. 1, p. 577

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hundred and ninety-four men. The Spanish infantry at this period were of the first-class—the best in existence ; and it is highly probable that, if any land engagement took place, the "raw levies," of whom Elizabeth boasted so much, would have met with an enemy worthy of the occasion, and bringing to the combat a keen recollection of the English pirates in the Spanish waters.

When the Council of King Philip ventured to announce to him the fate of the Armada, he heard the news without any change of countenance, or any symptom of emotion. "I thank God," he coolly replied, "who has given me so many resources, that I can bear without inconvenience so heavy a loss. One branch has been lopt off; but the tree is still flourishing, and able to supply its place." The King immediately sent the sum of fifty thousand crowns to be distributed among the survivors, and in a few days later, another large donation. Philip was always munificent in money matters, whether for politics or charity. Strada assures his Spanish readers "that King Philip did not attach any blame to the Duke of Parma for the ill-success of the expedition."

From the defeat of the Spanish Armada till the death of the Queen, during the lapse of fourteen years, the English Catholics groaned under the pressure of incessant persecution. Sixty-one clergymen, forty-seven laymen, and two ladies suffered capital punishment for some or other of the "spiritual felonies and treasons" which had been lately created. The courts, in many cases, dispensed with the examination of witnesses. Liberty was generally offered to the accused, provided they abandoned their religion and took the oath, "declaring the Queen the vicegerent of Christ." The refusal was followed by death; and the butchery, with few excep-

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tions, was performed on the victim whilst he was yet in perfect possession of his senses.*

Whilst men and women of property were treated in this barbarous manner, and their effects "parcelled out to Court favourites or profligate squires," the reader may form some idea of the fate of those poor recusants who had no money to bribe the officers of the law, or to stay the reports of the rapacious spy who took freely from the proscribed, and subsequently sold them to Walsingham or Burleigh.

The history of those times appear like a dream in a chamber of horrors, yet all the incidents recorded are proved to be correct from contemporary evidence, and well attested State Papers.

The promises of liberty and equality made to the English Catholics upon the approach of the Armada were withdrawn when the elements decided the fate of the Spanish fleet; and the proscribed continued to be ruled with a rod of iron to the close of Elizabeth's reign.

When all England was in a panic at the expected approach of the Spanish Armada, the people of London made many preparations to avoid any "sudden surprise." The Government seemed half crazy over the matter, and were, as usual, inclined to act in a sanguinary spirit towards those who did not obey their proclamations. According to an Order in Council, every London householder was enjoined "*under the*

* See Chaloner's Memoirs of the Victims, vol. i. There are also many letters extant describing the scenes occurring at the executions of recusants. Toppclyff desired imprisonment and special punishment for the women who were recusants. He describes the fury of a woman who has taken to Popery as far worse than a man. His devise for punishing a Popish woman is printed in Strype, vol. iv., p. 39.

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penalty of death at the hands of the public executioners, to suspend a lighted lamp before his door *after sundown*." The people, who dreaded the very name of the Armada, like the *bogies* circulated during the Wars of the Roses, cheerfully obeyed the order, and the hangman was not required to enter upon the scene. When the panic passed away, the streets were again in darkness, and the highwaymen renewed their murderous occupations. In the times of Henry VIII., and later still, the only lights in the principal thoroughfares of London on moonless nights were supplied by the cressets and lanterns hung from the long poles carried by the night-watch. Time brought many changes, and not always for the domestic comforts of the people. By a statute of 1716, every London householder was required to suspend a light before his door from *six* to *eleven* p.m., on all moonless nights, with sufficient cotton wick to burn five hours. A penalty of one shilling was imposed for a neglect of this statute.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FURTHER PERSECUTION OF LORD ARUNDEL.

AT the period of the Spanish Armada (1588) Lord Arundel, who had been long years pining in a damp cell in the Tower, received a notice that if any—even the slightest—success attended the Spanish invasion, all the Papists then in prison might look for an *execution more swift* than any performed by Topplyffe or Yonge. No charge was preferred against Arundel, Gerard, Shelley, or Bennet, but that they obstinately persevered in the practice of a religion which the Queen and her Council declared to amount to "treasonable practices."*

It is true no massacre of Catholic prisoners took place; but, as far as Lord Burleigh was concerned, he would have made a "clean sweep out" of the dungeons, and place some hundreds of heads upon London Bridge and the gates of the Tower.

A new charge was brought against Lord Arundel—namely, asking a priest to celebrate Mass for the success of the Armada. Lord Arundel most solemnly protested that the prayers which he had proposed had no reference to the Spanish invasion. He merely sought the protection of Heaven for himself and his fellow-prisoners, who had been threatened with assassination by the agents of the Crown.

* Stowe, p. 749-750; Chaloner, p. 209-237.

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The second trial of Lord Arundel was brief, after an hour's consultation the "unblemished Peers," presided over by the Catholic, Lord Derby, pronounced the Earl of Arundel guilty of high treason. The noble victim heard the judgment pronounced with composure and cheerfulness. He begged, as a last favour, that he might be allowed, before his death, to see his wife and his son, a child about five years old, who had been born since his confinement in the Tower. The request was rejected by Elizabeth.

In a letter to his wife shortly before his "troubles were renewed," Lord Arundel wrote as follows :—"I beseech you for the love of God to comfort yourself whatsoever shall happen, and to be pleased with that which shall please God, and be His will, in all things." Lord Arundel died suddenly in the Tower, and the question is still undecided as to whether he was poisoned, or died from long confinement and want of necessary food. His death caused an immense sensation.

As long as the Countess of Arundel lived, she was doomed to feel the Royal displeasure. She could not remove from her house without danger of offence; she was obliged to solicit permission to visit London even for medical advice; and whenever Elizabeth meant to repair to St. James's, the Countess of Arundel received an order to quit the capital before the Queen's arrival. This was cruel despotism upon the part of one woman to another.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE RACE OF THE HOWARDS.

THE Howards appear at intervals from the ea
the first volume of the "*Historical Portraits*
memoirs of the Earl of Arundel in the 4th and
this work. I cannot do better, in parting witl
than quote the following review of this illustriou
the *Times* of March 5, 1883. The name o
soldier, upon whom was conferred the Dukedom
the second branch,' has been made familiar to
Shakespeare in his *Richard the Third*:—

"Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sol

The warning was disregarded, and the chival
battling stoutly, and with leal devotion, on the
Bosworth. Scarcely an epoch in English reco
battle of Hastings has been unmarked by the pro
of some member of this truly Historic House. T
is the *resumé* copied from the great journa
above:—

"On Thursday, the 28th of June in the present y
Dukedom of Norfolk will be four centuries old. The
such an anniversary cannot but awaken the historic
which cluster in such profusion around the name of H
were Dukes of Norfolk, it is true, before the title
upon the Howards, and the Howards themselves

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before they acquired the dukedom. But the title conferred on Sir John Howard, the 'Jockey of Norfolk,' has remained in the same family, and has descended, or been revived, exclusively in the male line, ever since Richard III. bestowed it on his great supporter, the maternal grandson of the last of the Mowbrays who had held the earlier dukedom. There are few families in England which can exhibit an older title, or boast of a more eventful history. The Duke of Norfolk is the premier Duke of England, and ranks among hereditary Peers immediately after the Princes of the Blood. One earldom alone, that of Shrewsbury, and not more than a dozen baronies can boast of an earlier creation, so that apart from his ducal rank the head of the Howards is entitled to rank by mere length of descent as one of the first nobles in the land. Nor is the family less remarkable for its historical eminence than it is for its length of descent and the variety of the branches in which its name has been ennobled. The first Duke of Norfolk of the present line was the descendant and the ancestor of sovereigns. The stem of his family may be traced with certainty in the male line to Sir William Howard, who was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in the reign of Edward I., and though the cautious Dugdale declines to carry the line further back, there is, nevertheless, good ground for believing that it may be traced to Hereward, the exile, who was banished by William the Conqueror. The mother of Sir John Howard, the 'Jockey of Norfolk,' was of even more illustrious descent. Her father was Thomas Mowbray, the last Duke of Norfolk of the earlier creation, and her mother was the daughter of Richard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, the descendant and representative of William de Warrenne, Earl of Surrey, who married Gundred, daughter of William the Conqueror. When Sir John Howard was created Duke of Norfolk in 1483, his son, Thomas Howard, received at the same time the title of Earl of Surrey. The earldom of Arundel remained for some generations independent, but it was eventually absorbed into the family of Howard by the marriage of the fourth Duke, Thomas, with Mary,

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the daughter and heir of Henry Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, whose only son by this marriage became Earl of Arundel in right of his mother after the attainder of his father.

"Such is the earlier genealogical history of the great Howard stock, which soon spread out into so many illustrious branches that Pope could speak in his day of 'all the blood of all the Howards' as symbolical of the very quintessence of English nobility. The first Duke of the line was slain at Bosworth fighting on the side of Richard III. The Duke was attainted by Parliament after his death, and all the honours of his house were forfeited. His only son, Thomas, was thrown into the Tower, where he remained in prison for three years. On his release his title of Earl of Surrey was restored to him, and in 1513 the dukedom, which had been lost at Bosworth, was recovered at Flodden, where the Earl of Surrey commanded the English troops. In 1514 the revived title of Duke of Norfolk was granted to him as the reward of his brilliant victory. From this time forward for nearly a century the vicissitudes of the House of Howard and its relations to that of Tudor form no inconsiderable part of the history of the kingdom. The sons of the second Duke were renowned in war by land and sea; two of his granddaughters became Queens of England, and his grandson, Lord Howard, of Effingham, the second holder of that title, commanded the British fleet which withstood and vanquished the Armada. Catharine Howard, the wife of Henry VIII., was the daughter of Edmund Howard, who was Marshal of the Horse under his father at Flodden Fields. Edward Howard, another son of the second Duke, was a sailor of renown, who was made Admiral of the Fleet by Henry VIII., and slain in action off Brest in 1513. Elizabeth, the Duke's daughter, married Sir Thomas Boleyn, and her daughter, Anna Boleyn, became the mother of Queen Elizabeth. In spite of the services of his father and brothers—perhaps, indeed, in consequence of them—the third Duke, Thomas, with his renowned son, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey fell under the displeasure of the imperious monarch, of whom Sir

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Walter Raleigh said that he spared neither woman in his lust nor man in his pride. The accomplished Earl of Surrey, equally celebrated as soldier, scholar, and poet, was accused with his father of Popish intrigues, and both were thrown into prison on a charge of high treason. 'The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time, and his sonnets display beauties which would do honour to a more polished age. He was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1546—a victim to the mean jealousy of Henry VIII., who could not bear so brilliant a character near his throne.' The principal charge against him was that he had quartered the arms of Edward the Confessor on his escutcheon, and though this was amply justified by heraldic authority, it cost the unfortunate Surrey his life.* The Duke himself escaped; the warrant for his execution† was signed on the very day of Henry's death, but it was never carried out, and the third Duke of Norfolk was subsequently restored to his honours and titles. He was succeeded by Surrey's son, who was destined to undergo the same fate at the hands of Queen Elizabeth as his father had suffered under Henry VIII. The Duke's grandfather and the Queen's grandmother were brother and sister, and before her accession he had been regarded as a possible suitor for Elizabeth's hand. He married, however, in 1556, his first wife being that daughter of the Earl of Arundel, who, as we have already said, brought the title and estates of Arundel back into the family of Howard. His second wife was the daughter of Lord Audley, of Walden, and from two of her sons are descended the present Earls of Suffolk and Carlisle. It was after the death of his third Duchess, a sister of Lord Dacre, of Gilsland, that the Duke fell under the displeasure

* In vol. iii. p. 122, of the "Historical Portraits," is printed a memoir of the romantic life and tragic end of the gifted poet.

† The circumstances under which King Henry signed Norfolk's death warrant are, perhaps, without a precedent in the history of England. I refer the reader to pp. 250-1 (vol. ii.) of the "Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty" for the startling scene in question.

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of Elizabeth on account of his intrigues with Mary Queen of Scots. He was placed on his trial at Westminster on a charge of having intrigued with envoys of the Pope and conspired to aid Mary, to whom he was alleged to have made overtures of marriage. The latter charge is substantiated by his own confession, but as the witnesses against him *are known to have been examined on the rack*, it must always be doubtful whether he was really guilty of any capital offence. He was found guilty by his judges, however, and was executed in 1572. The title of Duke of Norfolk was extinguished by his attainder, but was revived in 1664, when his great-grandson, Thomas, Earl of Arundel, was again created Duke of Norfolk, with the precedence of the original title. It is a singular illustration of the ruthless politics of the time that one of the Duke's judges at his trial in Westminster Hall was his great uncle, William, first Lord Howard, of Effingham, the father of the famous Admiral.

"With the death and attainder of the fourth Duke, the ducal title of Norfolk was extinguished, but not the fame of the Howards. The name and title of Arundel, which descended to Philip, the eldest son of the fourth Duke, by right of his mother, the Duke's first wife, was destined to be as illustrious in letters and learning as that of Norfolk itself was under the Tudor sovereigns in politics and arms. The name of Howard was destined to be ennobled in three Earldoms—those of Effingham, Suffolk, and Carlisle—and to be borne without a title by the ancient territorial families the Howards of Corby and the Howards of Greystoke. Elizabeth's Admiral, the second Lord Howard of Effingham, was created Earl of Nottingham; but that title expired with his second son, and the Earldom of Effingham has twice been conferred for distinguished military services on two of his later descendants. The first Howard Earl of Suffolk was the eldest son of the fourth Duke's second wife. Her second son, William. 'Belted Will Howard' of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, is thus described by Sir Walter Scott in his notes to that poem:—

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"'Lord William Howard, third son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, succeeded to Naworth Castle, and a large domain annexed to it, in right of his wife, Elizabeth, sister of George, Lord Dacre, who died without heirs-male in the 11th of Queen Elizabeth. He was Warden of the Western Marches; and from the rigour with which he repressed the Border excesses, the name of Belted Will Howard is still famous in our traditions.'

"The Earls of Carlisle are the direct descendants of Belted Will, while the Howards of Corby are descended from his second son, Francis. The Howards of Greystoke belong to the elder line, being descended from a grandson of Philip Howard, who became Earl of Arundel on the attainder of his father, the fourth Duke. A memoir of this Philip Howard, who also married a Dacre, like his younger half-brother, Belted Will, and suffered attainder like so many of his forefathers, was edited in the present century from contemporary documents by the then holder of the Ducal title of Norfolk. His son, Thomas, Earl of Arundel, the renowned scholar and antiquary, and the friend of Bacon, who died in his house at Highgate, was the collector of the celebrated Arundel marbles, now in the possession of the University of Oxford. He died at Padua in 1646, having quitted England at the beginning of the Parliamentary war. 'Discerning,' says Dugdale, 'the flames of war (occasioned by the prevalent party in the Long Parliament) more and more to increase, his age being also such as rendered him not fit for further military employments, he obtained leave from the King to travel.' A brief account of his life was published in the last century, together with some anecdotes of other members of the Howard family, by the eleventh Duke of Norfolk. His grandson, also called Thomas, Earl of Arundel, was the first of the line in whose behalf the title of Duke of Norfolk, extinguished by Elizabeth, was revived. The Earl of Arundel had petitioned Charles I. to restore the title, but though he was created Earl of Norfolk in virtue of his lineal descent from Thomas de Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk, a younger son of Edward I., and was appointed

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Earl Marshal, like so many of his ancestors—the office has since become hereditary in the family—the Ducal title itself was withheld. His grandson recovered it, however, in 1664, and became fifth Duke of Norfolk of the line of the Howards. This Duke, like his grandfather, was a scholar and a patron of learning. 'The Duke of Norfolk,' says James Theobald in a memorandum published in the eleventh Duke's 'Anecdotes,' 'after the establishment of the Royal Society gave that worthy society permission to hold their meetings in Arundel-house, but now, as it was to be pulled down, they removed to Gresham College; and as he had made the Royal Society a present of his noble library, that was also removed thither.' The revived title remained in the direct line until the death of the ninth Duke, who was succeeded in the Ducal title by the eldest representative of the house of Howard of Greystoke, Charles Howard, at that time proprietor of Deepdene, near Dorking, a property of historical interest, whose glories were celebrated by Aubrey. Deepdene was ultimately sold by the Norfolk family, and passed into the hands of the Hopes, in whose possession it has again gathered associations of surpassing interest.

"It is unnecessary on the present occasion to pursue further the history of the House of Howard. In a few months it will reach the four hundredth anniversary of the day when the great ancestor of the race was ennobled, and no one who reflects on the varied and eventful history of the family during those four hundred years can doubt that the anniversary will be full of profound interest for all whose imagination is lively enough to be touched by the romance of English History and the renown of noble names."

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CHAPTER XL.

DEATH OF THE EARL OF LEICESTER.

AN incident which occurred in the August of 1588 apparently disturbed the domestic life of Elizabeth. At this period Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the Royal favourite, of whom the reader has seen much in the preceding volume of this work, died by a violent death; whether it arose from natural causes, or the anguish of disappointed ambition, or what appeared more likely still, from poison administered by his own wife* and her supposed paramour, remains one of those undiscovered mysteries which frequently surrounded assassinations in those times. Maister Bliss relates that "poison was administered by the Countess of Leicester to her husband out of revenge for his attempt to assassinate her lover, Sir Christopher Blount.†

The Queen "cried and sobbed, and partook of no food for days." Her "Sweet Robin" was gone; the "grief was seated deeply in her heart." So reports the ladies in waiting upon Elizabeth. Several of the obsequious nobles, such as the Talbots and the Russells, presented addresses of condolence to their Sovereign "*upon the affliction to which she was*

* This lady was known in early life as the beautiful Lettice Knoleys, the Queen's cousin. She was subsequently married to Walter, Earl of Essex, who died under mysterious circumstances in Ireland.

† Anthony Wood's Athenæ, vol. ii.

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reduced." The Queen is represented as "comforted by such devotion to her *inner feelings.*" The real sentiment of those false courtiers was one of detestation and scorn for Leicester.

Money had frequently a potent influence in allaying "grief or disappointment" with the Queen, for within three weeks subsequent to the death of Leicester she seized upon a large portion of his effects, and ordered them to be sold, in order to discharge a debt which he owed to herself.*

It is said that the "bad son of a bad father sometimes generates worse qualities than his sire." Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, possessed none of the few good points attributed to his father, but far excelled him in every bad one. The father was accused for his chief offences of "daring ambition, time-serving, and unscrupulous disregard of every principle of honesty and honour." The son looked upon these as the mere elements of education, in which he felt bound to make a daily advance. His Protestantism, and the show of piety exhibited by him on public occasions, were arrant pretence, transparent to all who knew him, and unwillingly assumed by himself as an unavoidable obeisance to a dominant hypocrisy. The only one quality in which Leicester was sincere was his hatred to the religion of his ancestors, and as this hostility happened to be based upon self-interest, one may safely hazard the presumption that its stamp was genuine. The De Quadra correspondence, and other State Papers, as well as evidence obtained from the most recent records, have withdrawn from the wall of History the last slender fastening upon which the apologists of Robert Dudley could hang one shred of reputation.

* See Camden's Annals, p. 583.

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The "undeserved public appointments" conferred on Leicester by his Royal mistress attracted the marked attention of all parties in the State.

The influence of Leicester over Elizabeth presents itself in many important State affairs, and notably in placing him at the head of the army which she despatched to Belgium to aid the rebellious subjects of King Philip. Here the Queen again displayed her inconsistency, for she was a firm believer in the "Divine right of Kings." It is said that she considered it "a dishonourable action to aid rebels who were notoriously opposed to crowned heads." Elizabeth wished to impress upon Philip that her interference between him and his disaffected subjects was merely to "bring about a reconciliation." To accomplish this policy—a policy in which she was not sincere—the Queen strictly forbade Leicester, as her representative in Belgium, to accept of "no honours or favors from the Protestant rebels to her good brother of Spain." But the views of the favorite differed from those of his Royal patroness. The ambition of Lord Leicester aspired to the place which had been possessed and forfeited by the Duc de Anjou. On his arrival in Holland, Leicester asked, and after some hesitation obtained, from the States the title of "*his* Excellency, the office of Captain-General of the United Provinces, and the whole control of the army, the finances, and the courts of judicature." When the news reached England, the Queen manifested her displeasure by a sudden burst of passion. She swore "several oaths" as to how she would punish this disobedient subject. But when Elizabeth ascertained that Leicester sent for his wife, whom she hated with the most deadly feeling, then her rage knew no bounds. She stamped her foot with increased energy, and indulged in those terrible imprecations which

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often affrighted Harrington and Essex. Affairs w
serious. The Queen swore by "——, that she
audacious upstart know how easily the hand wh
him from the dust could beat him to the gr
Each day the Queen announced the recall of Le
friends were marked out for undeserved insult.
was, however, convinced that his Royal mistre
him, and to appease the Royal anger, he sent his
England. A few letters of "penitence for his
above all, a renewal of his devoted love for the Q
him to the affections of his Sovereign. During
times childish altercations, Elizabeth often t
strike a fatal blow, but had never the courage to

The lover understood the woman, and his triu
time was complete.

By the spirit of his conversation, the ardour of
and the expense of his entertainments, Leicester s
the ascendancy which he had acquired, that for
though he might occasionally complain of th
his Royal mistress, he ultimately triumphed
competitor. As a statesman or a commander l
little ability. His extreme rapacity and ambiti
bounds; and many years elapsed before he would
pretensions to the hand of Elizabeth. His pres
this case excited the indignation of whatever r
national pride amongst the nobility.

"Were we to judge," writes Lingard, "o
character from the language of his writings, we s

* Hardwicke State Papers, p. 299.

† Camden's Annals Hardwicke's State Papers; Letters to I
in Wright, vol. 2

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to him the praise of distinguished piety. If, however, we accept the statements of his well-informed contemporaries, the delusion vanishes, and Leicester stands before us as one of the most dissolute and unprincipled men." We are further informed, that among the females, married or unmarried, who formed the Court of Elizabeth, *two only escaped his solicitations. That his first wife was murdered by his agents, that he disowned his marriage with the second for the sake of a more favoured mistress, and that to obtain that mistress he first triumphed over her virtue, and then administered poison to her husband.**

To these well attested charges has been added a long catalogue of crimes—of treachery to his friends, of assassination of his enemies, and of acts of injustice and extortion towards those who had offended his pride or refused to bend to his pleasure.

An expressive passage in the writings of Lord Coke, in reference to a wicked Saxon judge, may be used with striking appositeness in dealing with Lord Leicester. "He lived without love, and died without pity, save of those who *thought it a pity he had lived so long.*"

So much for the first, and longest retained, of Elizabeth's favourites.

* Camden's Annals; Lingard, vol. 6, p. 518.

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CHAPTER XLI.

ANOTHER ROYAL FAVOURITE.

The Earl of Essex failed in his attempt to solve the "Irish difficulty," not altogether from incapacity, but rather from honesty and indiscretion, and the fact that he was surrounded by a staff of officials who dishonoured England by their cruelty and rapacity. Essex returned from Ireland without the Queen's permission, and thus left himself in the power of the Cecil party, to which was attached Lord Nottingham, Francis Bacon, and Sir Walter Raleigh.

The Queen ordered a private trial of Lord Essex before eighteen commissioners, "empowered to pass a censure," but not a judgment, on the prisoner. This tribunal was considered by lawyers to be unconstitutional; besides, the members of the Court were selected from amongst the bitter enemies of Essex.

The attempted "rising" of the noble prisoner and his followers were not against the Queen, but her Council, who were immensely unpopular at the time. However, the mode adopted to rid the Queen of her evil advisers proved fatal to nearly all concerned. Several were consigned to the Tower, and after a time pardoned, amongst whom were Lord Southampton. The Royal vengeance pursued Essex, and he had little hope of mercy from the Queen.

Suddenly the warrant reached the Tower, and the Queen,

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by her action, proved beyond doubt that she was the daughter of Henry Tudor.

About eight of the clock on the morning of the 25th of February, 1601, Robert, Earl of Essex, was unexpectedly led to the scaffold, which had been erected within the court of the Tower. As usual, the headsman delayed the blows according to Toppclyff's new plan for causing additional torture. After *three blows* the head was severed from the body, and held up to the gaze of the savage spectators, who felt a delight in such scenes. Essex was no traitor, but indiscreet when surrounded by such enemies as the Cecils and the Bacons. He was attended to the scaffold by three Anglican clerics, whose words, to use his own expression, had "ploughed up his heart." Never did a prisoner behave with greater humility, or manifest more sorrow for his errors against the Divine law. He also felt deeply for having spoken disrespectfully of the Queen. The real treason consisted in the following words, which were conveyed to her Highness by the ladies of the Court, who were in all probability in the pay of the political enemies of Essex:—"*An old woman as crooked in mind as she was in body.*" * These words were fatal to the fallen Earl. The Queen was now prompt in action. She commanded Lord Darcy to hasten the execution.†

It was remarked that Essex had no interview with his wife, children, or friends. He took leave of no one, and seemed to think that he was forgotten by all those who professed love or friendship for him. When kneeling down at the scaffold, he burst into tears, asking the Sheriff to excuse his weakness.

* Osborn Memoirs, p. 93.

† Camden's Annals, p. 860.

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Lord Essex, unlike other royal favourites, had
same time the affection of the Sovereign and of th
Queen's Council caused a list of treasonable prac
and his "mad-cap associates" to be publishe
charges obtained no credit from the people.
judicial murder of Essex, raised a strong feelin
Queen, and her ministers, who were received wi
of abhorrence by the populace.*

At the age of thirty-three, perished the hon
minded Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. I
Anglican clergy of London preached in his favo
describing his benevolence and kindness to the
he gave large quantities of food daily; and
debtors were not forgotten by him at Christmas.
were thoughtful and unostentatious; and t
London long cherished an affection for his men

The closing years of the sixteenth century bro
the great public men of Europe to the grave.
August, 1598, William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, di
year, after having held office under Queen I
period of forty years. In the third volume o
have entered at some length into the political l
great statesman.

In the autumn of 1598, Philip, King of Spa
upwards of forty-three years he held a place i
history of Europe. I have already referred to
Philip.† I again contend that no politician
been represented in such opposite colours. As

* Birch, vol. ii. p. 510.

† See vol. iii. p. 108, of the "Historical Port

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was bound to maintain the colonies belonging to Spain; the real question then at issue was—"By what means did he uphold the Spanish rule in the Netherlands." Philip was a monarch possessed of considerable statesman-like abilities, but his haughty temper seldom permitted him to act in harmony with his ministers. Nevertheless, the humblest of his subjects might address him. The announcement of Philip's death excited unwonted emotion in Elizabeth. The astute old politician had sunk into the grave, and his sister-in-law felt that her time as a sister autocrat was near at hand. The name of Philip brought upon the scene many recollections of the days of "Golden Eliza" and her departed friends.

There are some matters in relation to Philip of Spain, which I cannot omit placing before the Student of History. It has been alleged by several English writers that King Philip was the "mere creature of a bigoted and ignorant priesthood." The very opposite was the fact. In the first place, the clerics of Spain during Philip's reign were far from being ignorant. That they were bigoted, and hostile to the Reformers I have no doubt, and they likewise desired to persecute those who were opposed to the Catholic Church. The priesthood, however, did not control Philip in his political schemes. Indeed, he frequently acted in a cruel and despotic manner to Churchmen who disobeyed his orders, and he was as ready to send a bishop as an humble friar to a dungeon. He thought little of human life where the dignity and prerogative of the Crown were interested. His religious sentiments were for many years a mixture of superstition and hypocrisy. Like Queen Elizabeth, he had often been upon his knees praying and signing death-warrants within the same hour. Towards the close of his reign, he became amiable, and was evidently under the control of

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religion. The feelings of the stern politi
vanished from the scene. One of the
writes:—"The proudest monarch in the wor
himself to the dust. He visits the victims c
hospitals; he washes the beggars' feet; when
many diseases, racked and tortured with pain
exclaimed 'I am but a man, a poor sinner wl
past life. To the will of God I submit in all t
and honour to His name."

Philip was exceedingly temperate, both
drinking, and not unfrequently had his physici
to warn him against any provocative of
hereditary disease, which, at a very early period
affect his health. After a light repast, he gav
such of his subjects as desired to present th
He received the petitioners graciously, and
they had to say with *patience*—for that was
was long known as the patron of artists—painte
architects, and sculptors. The German or
testant artists were prized for their genius, and
feelings delicately respected by the King.

The "reduced householders" of Madrid, and
had reason long to remember his benevolence. H
were likewise extended to poor "strolling pla
romantic stories of life in the Spanish provinces
with the feelings of "a young man of the world
Philip the Second of Spain.

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CHAPTER XLII.

LAST DAYS OF ELIZABETH.

THE reader is aware that Queen Elizabeth possessed an immense wardrobe, the greater part of which were the New Years' gifts of wealthy, or apprehensive loyal subjects. She also received an annual stock of valuable jewels.

The Peers, spiritual and temporal, made offerings of money, the Archbishop of Canterbury presented forty golden angels, and a case of honey; for the latter the Queen had "a sweet tooth." Under the Stuart dynasty, the "giving and receiving" of New Years' gifts died out at the English Court.

The Queen's domestics made offerings of gold comfit boxes; also boxes of cherries and apricots. The persons who made the presentation generally spoke in complimentary terms of the Queen's domestic life, and the numerous good offices she performed with her own hands for the peasant women and their children in her provincial tours. It was no wonder that a feeling akin to gratitude prompted them to style her "good Queen Bess."

Elizabeth made the greatest display of regal magnificence when foreign ambassadors were present. During dinner, the company enjoyed vocal and instrumental music; next some pleasing conversation on domestic topics, in which she permitted "a free license."

It was rare to find a courtier acquainted with no language

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but his own. The ladies studied Latin, G
Italian, and French. Others were famous
and the ancient dames read the Scriptures and
the young ladies studied music, and perforn
and other instruments. Every young lady
keeping, but they were not able to produce
confectionery as the Portuguese house-wives

The ceremonial of Elizabeth's Court rival
of the East; no person, of whatever rank, vent
her otherwise than kneeling; and this attitude
by all her ministers, with the exception of Lc
whose favour, when aged and infirm, 'the Q
with its observance.

Elizabeth had an inconsistent mode of "mc
many subjects. For instance, some of her c
ments showed the utter contempt she ente
priestly office, when such persons as her Cou
Dr. Dee, and Dick Tarlton, received lucrative
from her as a reward for having amused the
moments of frivolity. When Tarlton died of
Queen conferred his Church living upon the E
Upon the fitness of this appointment it is unne
any observation.

"The Reformation," writes a distinguishe
Elizabeth's policy, "gave a great amount o
'Good Queen Bess' over the Church lands.
vacancy of any preferment, she claimed *a righ*
the income to her own purposes,* and she force
exchange their lands with the Crown, the

* Hook's Archbishops of Canterbury, vol. x.,

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certain in every exchange to make the best of the bargain. Out of this property the Earl of Leicester managed to obtain considerable grants, and the clergy *too often connived at his robbery* and wrong, themselves receiving a compensation, inadequate so far as the Church was concerned, but, at the same time, sufficient to offer a temptation to individuals.

The courtiers of Elizabeth's reign minutely set down every incident, however trifling, in the daily movements of this remarkable woman. One day, about a year before the death of the Queen, Sir John Harrington, like others, endeavoured to amuse his royal godmother by reading some "jocund verses" of his own composition to his Sovereign, when her Highness smiled at the affected simplicity of this studied courtier, and, after a pause, full of emotion, the Queen replied :—"My worthy godson, when thou doth feel creeping Time at thy gate, these fooleries will please thee less. I am now past my relish for such matters."

The courtiers looked one at another ; the silence was unbroken. They retired from the scene, and the Queen sat alone for nearly two hours.

In the October of 1602 Elizabeth paid several visits to Greenwich Park, with only two attendants, who kept at some distance behind. Here in the evening twilight she wandered alone in pensive mood, her thoughts undisturbed by surrounding influences, and took no note of life, save in those evidences of decay which nature never gives so gently as amidst the trees—the falling of the leaves, and the murmuring sighs of the autumn winds. She may have fashioned amidst such scenes the sounds of loved voices never more to greet her as in the joyfulness of youth. In the solitude of her retreat, and the loneliness of her heart, the proud, exacting monarch felt that she was but a woman, aged, infirm, tottering

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upon the verge of the Infinite ; yet she still clun
which was fading away from her vision. But it
to deceive even herself. The once buoyant spi
temperament had all but vanished, and no effort
the fact that the end was approaching.

In those long hours of sleepless lassitude whicl
restlessness that ushered in dissolution how peop
been the mind of Elizabeth, conjuring up the
passing in spectral review her buried affect
purposeless glories ! In the ghastly procession
less, to be found all the love, the loyalty, the
frivolity, and the deception of a long reign in
virtue had a representative, every crime a manife

Randolph, the foresworn ambassador, had die
ominous message to Francis Walsingham. T
vindictive Knollys, who had so often intervenec
Queen and mercy, had likewise passed awa
Hunsdon, who, like Blanche Parry, had been
of secrets which could not challenge inves
journeyed to the Land of the Hereafter, bequeatl
statement of his Dantesque vision—the processio
a life's experience made lurid by remorse. Rober
evil genius, the once beloved and admired, h
the grave an unconscious suicide; the "faithf
had departed from the scene; Walsingham, the
devoted, who might at his end have apostrophised,
the "self-sacrificing" Hatton, too, had gone ; an
handsome boy, the youth, and *the* man,—loved, ill-
and, in a fit of acrid anger, decollated. Those
gloom upon the declining days of Elizabeth ; and
she grieved more for the absence of her faithful
ladies of her Court, who had fostered her at

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Hatfield, and with whom, when laying aside the potentate, she indulged in communings of handsome Thomas Seymour, and the days of her lovable and interesting girlhood when Golden Eliza was playfully called the "Queen of Hearts" by her young maiden companions.

Towards the close of October (1602) nearly all the valued friends of the Queen had preceded her on the ageless highway. A sad picture the lone woman presented ere her own turn came to hear the dread decision for evermore on the nothingness of earthly power.

About the beginning of March, 1603, Elizabeth surrendered herself, without resistance, to a fit of despair.

The incident of the ring is a mere essay of romance. Even when a young woman, Elizabeth was not inclined to be romantic. Lord Essex was no lover; he never came upon the scene like Leicester or Hatton. The Queen had known him from childhood, and "patted and slapped him alternately." She appeared like an old maiden aunt with a spoiled nephew. He amused the "fast decaying old woman" with many tales of life in London. She gave him liberally of her purse, and "mended his quarrels with the fashionable mad-caps of the time." The scandals concerning the mother of Essex and Lord Leicester was long a source of bitterness to the Queen. The Countess of Nottingham was not the person to whom a young man like Essex would confide such a secret. Here is the narrative said to be put forth by gossiping Dudley Carleton, the English Ambassador in Holland. According to Carleton, the Countess of Nottingham being on her death-bed, sought an interview with the Queen, and, with great grief and remorse, informed her Majesty that the late Lord Essex, whilst under sentence of death, sent to the Countess of Nottingham a ring which the Queen gave him some years previous, with the as-

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surance that if he ever lost the Royal favour to
said ring, which should prove a reconciliation.
of Nottingham was charged with this delicate
for reasons best known to herself, retained the r
time later," writes Carleton, "the Countess
death-bed, and sent for the Queen, to whom
her treachery, and besought forgiveness." Acc
narrator, Queen Elizabeth, on recognising the ri
whelmed with grief. Then bursting into a
passion, swore at the dying woman; caught
her, and dragged her about in the bed, excla
may forgive *you*, but I never will; no, never."
again burst into tears, and instantly retired."

It was contended that the Countess had ac
advice of her husband. The whole affair is a n

In old age, Elizabeth's vanity was still
vigorous; yet she became weary of life. She ha
no children; no Royal relatives; in fact, none
and certainly *beloved by none*. Her strong men
fail; her second childhood was even more frien
first. Her once joyous and buoyant spirit seeme
to have departed.

It is difficult to imagine with what varied f
beth contemplated her end. One of her most
biographers arrives at the conclusion that she di
in religion and uneasy in conscience." The d
death Archbishop Whitgift * made a fervid p
Queen, which was read to her several times; an
it is said, "she received much comfort."

* See Strype's Life of Archbishop Whitgift, vol. 2

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"It is almost a fearful task," writes Miss Strickland, "to trace the passage of the mighty Elizabeth through the dark valley of the shadow of death! Many have been dazzled with the splendour of her life, but *few, even of her most ardent admirers, would wish their last end might be like hers.*"

The courtiers and ladies about the Queen ascribed her last illness to various causes—social and political. The aged monarch could perceive that she had outlived the popularity of the people, and the esteem of the upper classes. The growing symptoms of a desire for change was everywhere manifesting itself, and her Prime Minister was not slow in telling her that she should listen to the dictation of younger people. When she heard the whisper of the "ugly old woman," she expressed a wish that her labours were at an end. The approach of a crisis in her illness produced a fearful shrinking from the "future," when the soul seems poised on the narrow threshold that divides time from eternity. The Queen refused both medicine and nourishment. She displayed "an unusual melancholy both in her countenance and manner." No one could persuade her to go to bed. It was reported that she saw some figure watching over her bed, which caused "a dreadful emotion." The question may be asked—"Was her mind in any way astray at this period?" Lady Southwell affirms that she never lost her senses for one moment, but was prevented from speaking on account of a sore throat. When the Archbishops of Canterbury and York (Whitgift and Hutton) visited her she became offended, and told them "to be off—she was no atheist, but she knew full well that they were but *hedge-priests.*" Miss Strickland questions the state of the Queen's mind when she spoke thus to prelates of her own Church. However, Miss Strickland is aware of the fact, that Elizabeth treated the Anglican bishops

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in a shameful manner. For instance, Coxe of
prelates. Let me again remind the reader how
the revenues of Ely into her own purse for nin
further refer the reader to p. 307 of the third
work for a scene between Elizabeth and her bi

Lady Southwell states that the Queen ke
fifteen days, besides the three days she sat up
one day, when being pulled up by force, she ol
on her feet for fifteen hours.

The last hours of Elizabeth's life "exhibited
paradoxically yet truly said, "a restless calm ;
sleep, from which sleep she never awoke. H
place about midnight on the 24th of March, 1
choly, disconsolate, forlorn, and miserable old w

In old age Elizabeth became like what th
people styled "a hag, or witch." The Queen
of the last gold coin that was struck with the
time-worn lineaments to be destroyed.

The funeral of Elizabeth was attended by an
concourse of people, amongst whom were her ol
friend Archbishop Whitgift, William Camde
Stowe. The upper classes viewed the scene with
for, like cold calculating men of the world, th
preparing to salute the "rising sun."

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CHAPTER XLIII.

CHARACTER OF ELIZABETH.

At times Elizabeth appeared whimsical, kindly, capricious, inconsiderate, cruel, and affectionate, swayed by a haughty masculine temper, and a desire to domineer over the intellects and convictions of others. The freedom of opinion and dissent which, as proved by Professor Brewer's "State Papers," was allowed to officials in the earlier days of her father's reign, was ignored by Elizabeth—cautiously, but effectually. Yet irresolution to do—a repugnance to act *ex mero motu*—was a practice with her which seemed inevitable. To deliberate was her delight—to resolve, irksome and distasteful. She would ask, if she did not adopt, advice from foreigners as well as from Englishmen, and even some Irish notables were consulted on matters of importance. Her general maxim was that of her grandfather—to trust no one; still, strange to say, she placed reliance on those whom she doubted, and in the gravest questions the most artful and tenacious amongst her ministers finally triumphed, and proved that the learned and sagacious Elizabeth was, after all, an impressible woman.

No thinker of the present day believes that, in a political point of view, Elizabeth was the peerless being her pane-

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gyrists describe, and less still that she descended to the level of antagonistic description. She was a true woman of her kind, and in that sense she was a great woman. She had wondrous discrimination, but her disposing power was superior to her discernment, so that she often fashioned good out of bad instruments. Her conduct developed a mixture of greatness and littleness, as Bacon said—"excellent in great things, she lowered herself in small ideas to positive meanness." Yet, if, like her father, where money and presents were concerned, she consulted principle less than justice, she made in the aggregate a better disposition of the means supplied, although her liberality was too frequently the offspring of a whim, and the recipients of her bounty unworthy favourites, who reciprocated by flattering one whose undeniable penetration could not save her from acting like the vainest woman of her time. The guiding hand was lax; virtue was too seldom esteemed, and vice too often stalked unreproved. The Queen wished to be favourably spoken of by posterity, but at the same time cannot be acquitted of throwing an air of mystery around many of her acts, which she evidently deemed the world could not approve, and which she therefore desired to conceal.

Sir Robert Cecil has left on record a brief but comprehensive description of his Royal mistress, when he wrote thus of her: "She was sometimes *more than a man, and at other periods less than a woman.*"

Mr. Froude's varied and extensive research leads to the conclusion that Elizabeth "*must be judged by her actions;*" but, perhaps, a more reflective school of Historical Students may examine "cause and effect." However, in another chapter of Mr. Froude's Portraits of Elizabeth, he says "*she preferred to lie and twist, and perjure herself,* and betray her friends, with a

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purpose at the bottom *moderately upright.* . . . Nature, in fitting her for her work, had left her without *that nice sense of honour which would have made her part too difficult.*" *

Elizabeth's character involves a series of marvellous contradictions, and the unfortunate circumstances connected with her birth led to subsequent rebellions and disorders in the State. Her talents have been over-rated, and under-rated, by Party. It is certain that her intellect never rose to a pitch of grandeur. Selfishness surrounded all her actions, whether public or private. The ease with which she asserted or denied whatever suited her purpose was only equalled by the cynical indifference with which she met the exposure of her lies as soon as her purpose had been answered.† In fact Elizabeth legislated almost exclusively for the *present.* That wisdom and grasp of mind attributed to her had no sympathies, no desire to become a benefactor to Posterity.

In all ages dishonest statesmen and weak-minded monarchs have rested their trust for success upon the divisions of the people. Were it not for the divided state to which England was reduced by religious changes and Communistic tendencies, Elizabeth could not possibly have maintained her position for so many years. She lived in an age of revolution and irreligion. The religion ostentatiously paraded by many notables was pure hypocrisy, allied to a system of reckless lying and brazen dishonesty ; but in her own systematic lying Elizabeth had no equal amongst the prominent European politicians of her time ; her untruth was sustained by masculine oaths that sometimes affrighted even men like

* Froude, vol. xi. p. 561.

† Green's History of the English People, vol. ii.

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Cecil or Walsingham.* For instance, the memorable signing of the death warrant of the Queen of Scots presents an appalling picture of the means adopted by Elizabeth to uphold the false position which had its origin in her illegitimacy. She has frequently been credited with the virtues of "forgiveness and generosity," but her conduct to Davidson and several others was both cowardly and treacherous.† She suggested to Paulet to have his defenceless prisoner poisoned,‡ but he understood her character so well that he did not fall into the error which subsequently brought ruin upon Davidson. The Queen knew, or perhaps guessed, how far she could go, and what she could safely accomplish by her crooked policy. The future was a matter which Elizabeth always shrank from contemplating, and would not permit any discussion touching it. Like her father, she did not care to estimate in any way what might be the verdict of Posterity. Yet, however rude and reckless with regard to the feelings of others, the Queen seemed acutely sensitive as

* James the Fourth, of Scotland, remarked to Don Pedro de Azala, the Ambassador of Spain, that the *Royal word, once pledged, ought to be considered as the strongest guarantee for the truth of a monarch's statement.* Elizabeth's actions, when involving *truth*, were sadly opposed to this maxim.

† See Sir Harris Nicolas, "Life of William Davidson," printed in 1823, from the original records. This work forms the most conclusive and perfect evidence of Elizabeth's perjury and shocking oaths in relation to the signing of the death-warrant of the Queen of Scots.

Elizabeth's letter to Paulet on this subject is still extant. Wingfield, an apothecary, was the person suggested by the English monarch to make the royal captive "*stiff and done for*," without the trouble and consequences of employing the headsman. Lord Leicester writes to Hatton in these words:—"*Why not call in the apothecary?*" In Paulet's Letter-Book and other State Papers are to be found startling proofs of the deadly feeling of Elizabeth against Mary Stuart.

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to her own honour as a woman, and eagerly wished the world to think so. She felt deeply the history of the divorce question in relation to Queen Katharine, and the part her own mother had played in that State scandal.

Wharton, writing in the days of Charles the Second, states that Queen Elizabeth "caused several Continental books upon her mother's history to be purchased up and destroyed." And it was further related that Elizabeth consigned this delicate task to Sir Francis Walsingham and his Continental agents. It is certain that Elizabeth always felt annoyed at any allusion to her mother, or the circumstances bearing upon her own birth, or the scandals of the divorce litigation. Sir John Harrington states that he heard Queen Elizabeth speaking with great scorn of her mother, whom she styled "*that woman.*"* Roger Ascham, in a letter to Anthony Delabarre, affirms that he heard the haughty Duchess of Somerset "rating the young Elizabeth on one occasion, when she called her Nan Boleyn's *bastard.*" This was in Edward's reign.

One canker was constantly gnawing the Queen's heart—namely, her *illegitimacy.* No Act of Parliament could remove Archbishop Cranmer's judgment in the case of her mother's divorce; and Cranmer's judgment was confirmed by an Act of Parliament passed in Henry's reign; Cranmer and the other bishops voted for that Bill—in fact, they dared not vote against it. On coming to the throne, Elizabeth and her Council never sought the repeal of the statute against her as an illegitimate. Sir William Cecil assured the Commons that the Princess Elizabeth was "the rightful and lawful heiress

* I have referred to the above incident in the first volume of the "Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty."

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to the throne of this realm." Cecil's statemen
by Parliament in the face of the public records,
scandals with which the country was so well ac
most extraordinary action of the venal Parlia
of passing a statute declaring Elizabeth the
England, without any allusion to her mother'
Archbishop Cranmer's solemn judgment aga
marriage. I refer the reader to Vol. 3, p.
"Historical Portraits," where the claims of El
throne are discussed at some length.

Judging by Elizabeth's general policy, she re
on the shifting and corrupt action of her min
any wise principle which might command tl
respect of mankind.

To the present time historians who have s
rebels the men who rose in arms for Mary Stu
attempted to make out a legitimate claim for Eli
English Crown. Until that claim has been fai
proved according to the constitutional laws
nations, the name of Elizabeth must remain o
History as that of a courageous, a gifted, and
scrupulous usurper, who sacrificed human lif
scale without a grain of pity or remorse.

In preceding chapters I have referred to w
cated facts to prove that in the later years o
reign she became remarkable for cruelty, desiri
from Lord Burleigh if a more painful mod
could not be inflicted upon many of her politica
nay, more, she so far forgot her dignity as a m
grant an interview to that inhuman being, Tc
executioner, to explain to her the new plan he
for *prolonging the pain of certain political prisone*

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handed over to him for final slaughter, after repeated racking. The Queen seemed regardless of the saying of a wise and humane monarch, "that wordly greatness, *when stained with the blood of an oppressed people, yields neither happiness nor glory.*"

Notwithstanding the dark calendar of Elizabeth's actions, bygone chroniclers have betrayed the ordinary class of English readers into the fallacy of believing that the last of the Tudors was "Good Queen Bess." Such is the result of a perennial misdirection of History—mayhap compelled by circumstances and by prejudice, or more still, by want of access to accurate knowledge. I have essayed to dispel a too-pervading misconception; and it is to be hoped that the long-suspended mist will gradually dissolve before the advancing sun of national intelligence, and that other epochs of the British nation may be similarly treated—thus verifying the words of the motto of this work: "TIME UNVEILS ALL TRUTH."

THE END.

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